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POST

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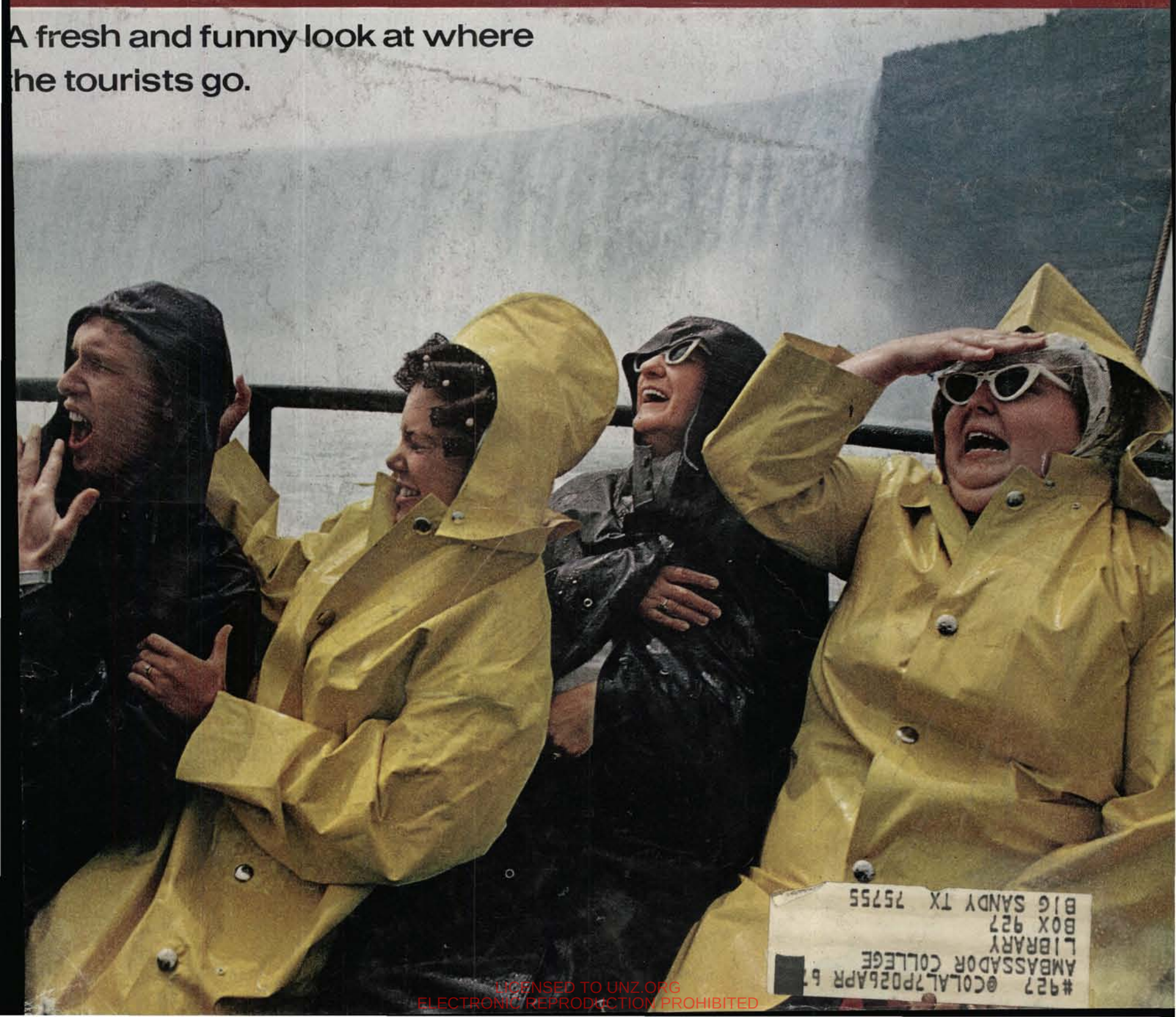

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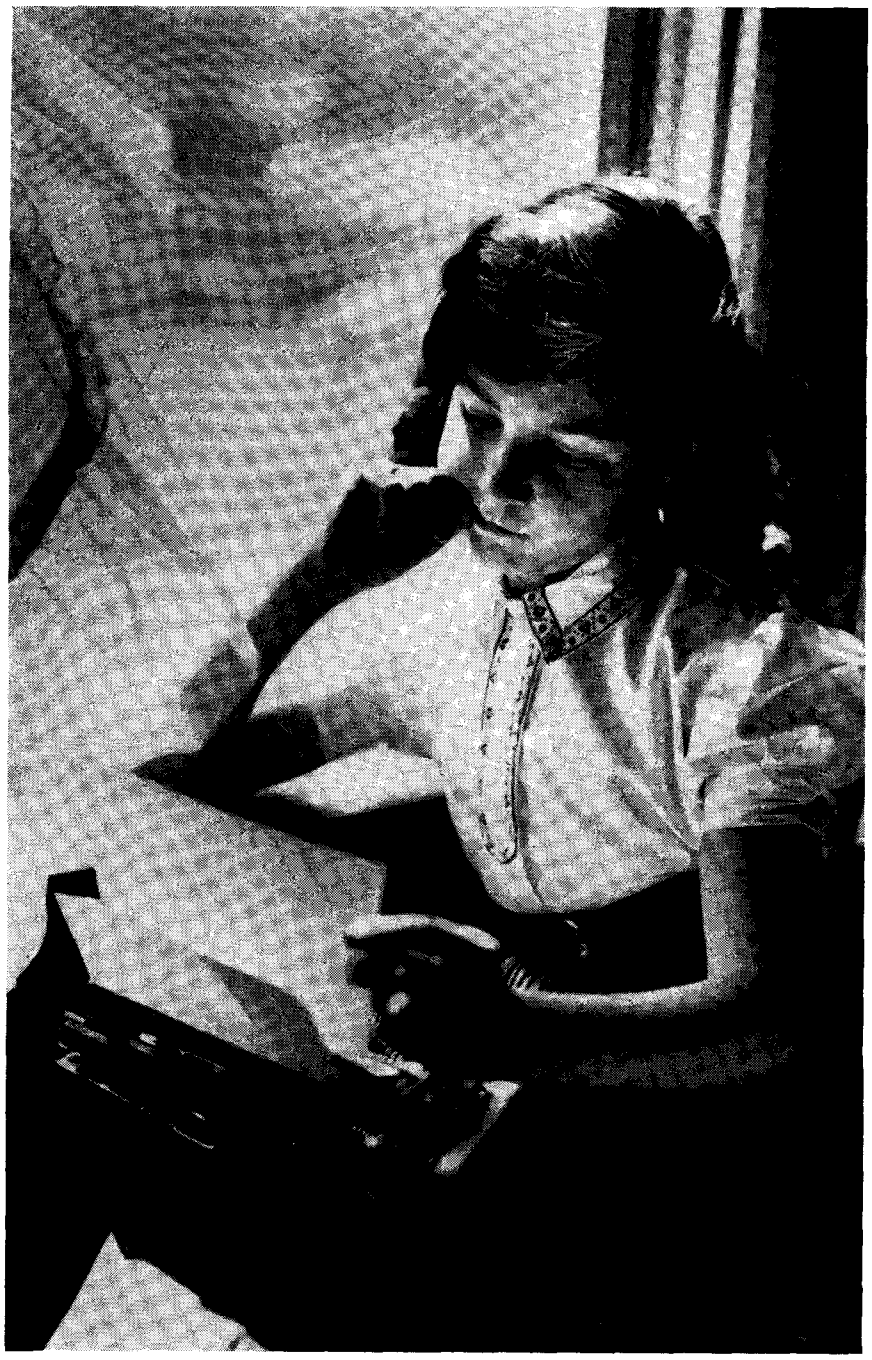
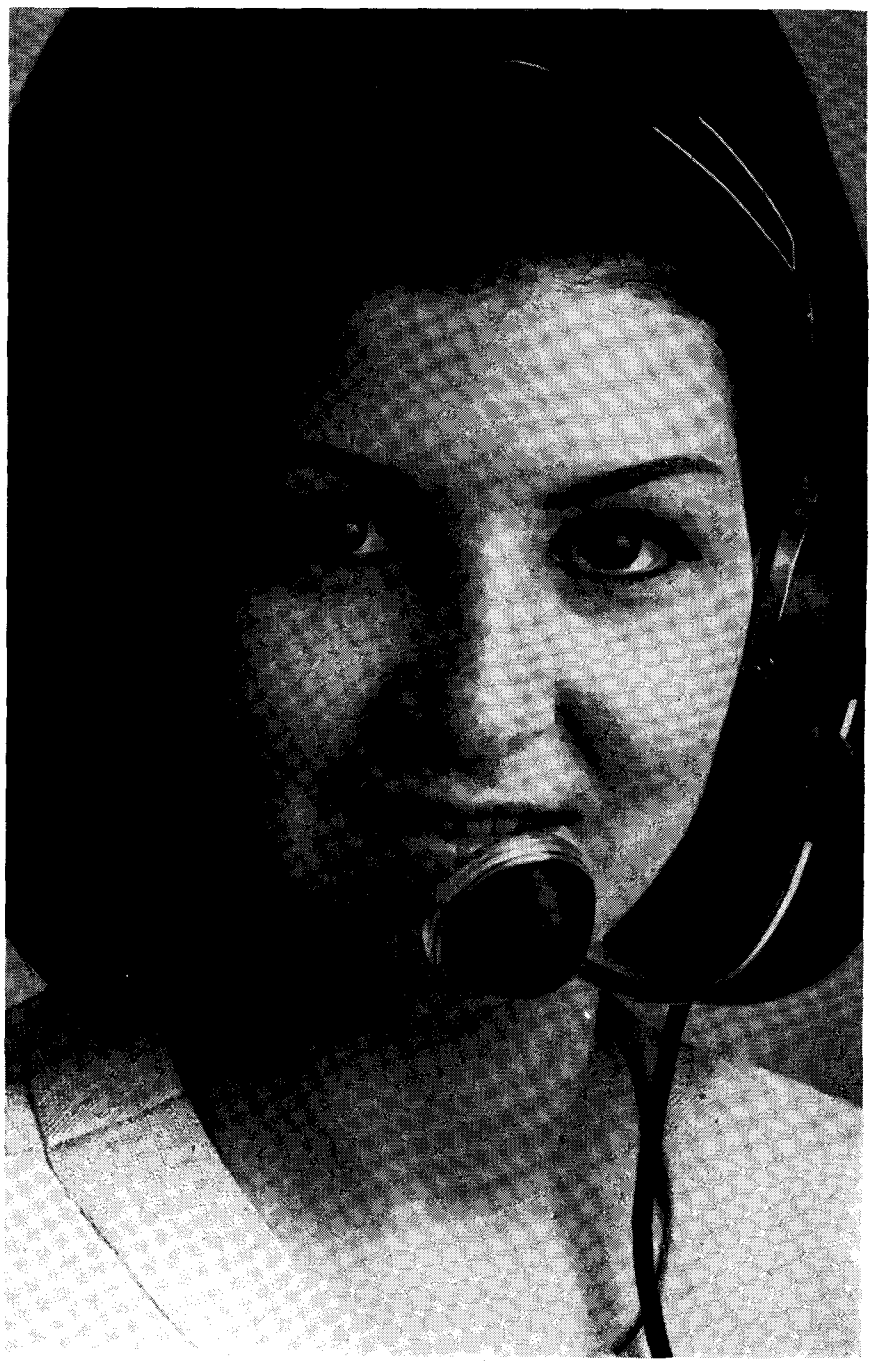


CAROL ANN IN 1957



CAROL ANN IN 1965

Because an operator saved her mother, Carol grew up to be an operator, too!

Carol Ann Pagano lives in New York City.

In January, 1957, her mother, Mrs. Arthur Pagano, felt ill and fainted as she picked up the phone to call for help.

Fortunately, a quick-witted telephone operator traced the call, then notified a neighbor and a doctor who hurried to help.

When 11-year-old Carol Ann came home from school and learned what had happened, she sat down at her new toy typewriter and wrote a grateful letter to New York Telephone. Typing and grammar both wobbled a bit but there was nothing uncertain about the last sentence: "I hope that when I grow up I will work for the telephone company."

Carol never forgot the incident. She did grow up and her wish came true. Two years ago, after finishing high school, she applied for operator's training and was accepted.

Today, she's a full-fledged operator and we're glad to have her with us. She's enjoying her job and hoping that she'll measure up if crisis comes —so that sometime, perhaps, another small girl may have reason to write a thank-you letter to Carol Pagano.

* * *

Tradition and training combine in Bell System people to create a strong instinct to help. Many times, in emergencies, they've been able to save lives and property by acting promptly. Even when they miss, it's not for want of trying. You can help protect your family by teaching them when trouble strikes to dial "O for Operator."

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The Saturday Evening
POST

Founded in 1728 by
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About this issue

When *The Post* decided to assign an article about American tourism, following the advice of President Johnson to "see America first," the writer naturally chosen for the task was ANNE CHAMBERLIN. In just two years on the staff, Anne has traveled more miles than she can count. Her first article described a cross-country flight in an old Ford trimotor (Aug. 10-17, 1963). Subsequently she has reported on Caribbean vacation spots (March 14, 1964); a visit to the temple of Abu Simbel, which is being threatened by the damming of the Nile (June 6, 1964); and the perils of traveling on Russia's national airline (Nov. 28, 1964). The cover by JOHN LAUNOIS shows tourists getting a close-up of Niagara.

Anne Chamberlin

▶ *THE POST regrets that it failed to note in its previous issue that EVELYN LINCOLN'S articles on her experiences as John F. Kennedy's personal secretary were excerpted from her forthcoming book, MY TWELVE YEARS WITH JOHN F. KENNEDY. Mrs. Lincoln's book will be published on August 30 by David McKay Co., Inc., at $5.50.*

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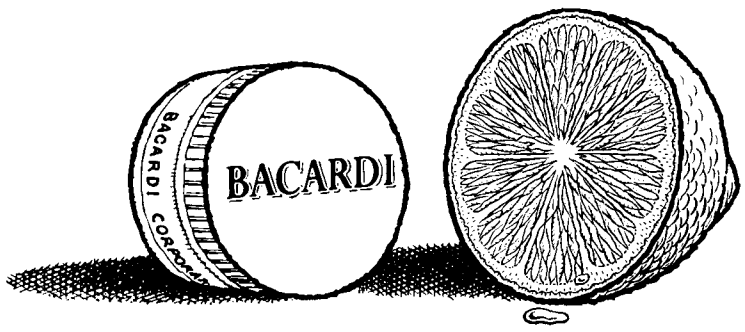

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Letters

Santo Domingo

As a Venezuelan student at Louisiana State University, I just read Mr. Tad Szulc's article WHEN THE MARINES STORMED ASHORE IN SANTO DOMINGO [July 31]. Washington follows to the letter all the recommendations of the so-called Latin American experts who do not know anything about Latin America. When something like Santo Domingo is reported, the average American, who does not care about what is going on outside the U.S., goes to turn the TV off.

I am glad that there are foreign correspondents like Mr. Szulc, who writes: "The five weeks I spent there at the height of the crisis failed to convince me there was a real risk of 'another Cuba.'"

The only thing that the U.S. accomplished in the Dominican Republic was to increase the distance between the U.S. and Latin America.

A. R. PONCELEON
Baton Rouge, La.

● A few more articles such as this one, over a period of time, and you will be successful in destroying all the confidence the American people have in their Government. Keep writing from hindsight, point out all our blunders. Second-guessing is a wonderful game. If anyone ever challenges you, you can always use the old newspaper phrase, "We don't make the news, we just report it," but is this really true?

CHARLES S. GRAHAM MOTT
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

● Is our land so "high-society" minded, so immersed in affluence and book education, that it no longer comprehends upward-yearnings and freedom-aspirations of common people? Is every man who looks toward the stars a Communist?

The ineptitude of embassy men and our Government's scared reponse to the Santo Domingo crisis appear to desert our American heritage and to deny our basic ideals and principles fought for since 1776.

E. PHILIP VOGEL
Cincinnati, Ohio

Surfeited

I've seen a few of THOSE SWINGING BEACH MOVIES [by Richard Warren Lewis, July 31] where Frankie Avalon is supposed to be a big surf king. He'd better be careful he doesn't fall into the tank. In these movies, surfers are more interested in girls, fighting with "beans" and dancing ankle-deep in sand. Not so.

I've lived in California all my life within 15 miles of the beach. Most of the surfers in Southern California and Hawaii are a great bunch of kids, not trying to show off on the beach. There are a few gremmys who display abnormal amounts of affection, dress on the beaches, gang up on other surfers and their gear. When we are willing to get up at four A.M. to surf, do you think we're going to waste good time talking to some gremmy sitting on the beach for five hours? Hah!

PAM "FLOWER" SCHULTZ
Burbank, Calif.

● The girl getting the hose job on page 87 is not *Playboy*'s prize playmate of the year, Jo Collins, as identified in your caption, but rather the girl who definitely should have been—Astrid Schulz (her professional name is Astrid de Brea).

THOMAS H. SCHULZ
Hollywood, Calif.

Who's who

A thousand thank-yous for your July 31 issue. I am a quintuplet fan, and your article on them was wonderful. [THE FISCHER QUINTS: SUMMER ON THE FARM by John Bird]. I had given up hope of ever seeing anything about them again. Please keep it up!

I have a request, though. Would you be kind enough to identify the quintuplets on the cover of this issue? Aside from Jimmy, I have no idea who is who.

BRENDA CANNON
Brooksville, Fla.

From left to right, after Jimmy: Maggie, Cathy, Mary Ann and Margie.—Ed.

Air and water

If your editorial, DON'T BREATHE DEEPLY [July 31], has as much impact on the American people as the protests against water pollution have had for the past 50 years, then the American people will go on breathing foul air for decades to come. What the American people do about air and water pollution within the next decade may determine their fitness as American citizens. If they fail in their obligations of stewardship, then let them go on breathing foul air and drinking treated sewage. And let them remember that "When Nature can no longer be punished, human victims have to be found."

MYRON SHOEMAKER
Laceyville, Pa.

Old Case

Ed Linn sure chopped up poor old Case [THE LAST ANGRY OLD MAN, July 31]. I knew Mr. Stengel in 1910, when he started to play pro ball in Kankakee, Ill. He was a year and a half older than I, a nice guy, a good-looking blond fellow. He wasn't a wild kid, just a guy trying to play ball. Down through the years I have met and talked with him five or six times, and he was always friendly.

No doubt he was bothered plenty by many people. The reason I say this is that I managed vaudeville and legit theaters for about 11 years in the '20's, and I saw how the dear public could make it tough for people in the limelight. You can never please 'em all. I suspect that Case pulled a few bad ones, but that is why we have erasers on pencils. So Case is not entitled to the article—Ed Linn was a bit harsh.

PETER H. SCHAFER
Miami, Fla.

Out of Vietnam

I have only recently returned from Vietnam, and I thought I might be able to help your readers understand why, as Stewart Alsop writes, the advisers in the field "seem so damn happy." THE MEANING OF THE DEAD [April 24].

I suppose that, in part, Stewart Alsop is right that we were happy to be on our own, away from "the elephantine Army bureaucracy," but under the conditions we had to live in, believe me, it would take much more to make us happy.

In Vietnam you see a lot—political-minded officers who care little for anything but their own advancement; poorly trained troops and poorly governed civilians. You see all this, and you expected it. But you see and feel even more. You see the people, poor and starving, and the children dying in a war they don't understand. You see this and you wonder, How can they keep fighting under these conditions all these years?

I got my answer from a Vietnamese who had fled from North Vietnam after the partition, who was forced to leave part of his family there. He put it simply: "*Dai Uy*, it is better to be dead than Communist. Your people have not seen, so they do not understand. I have

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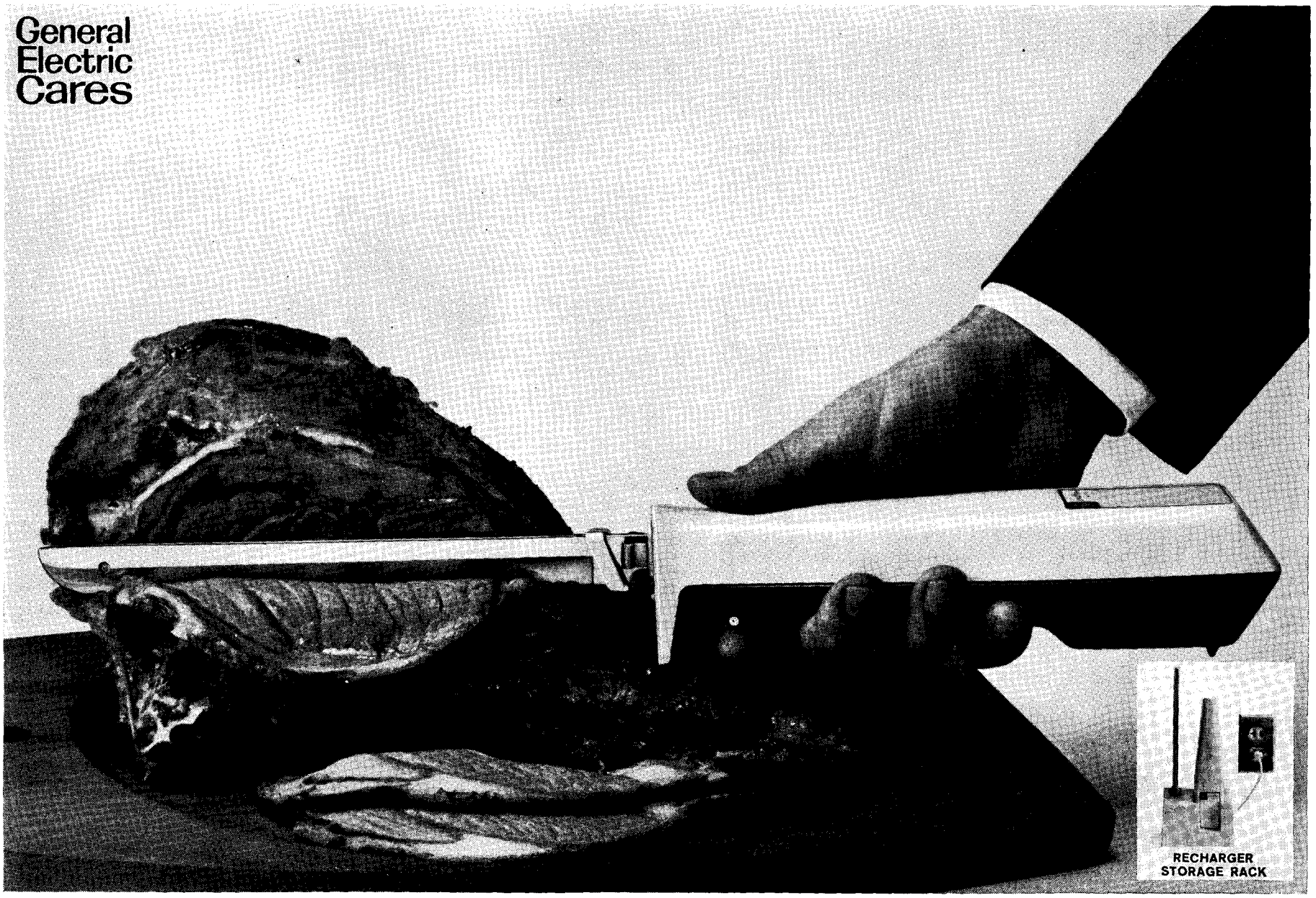
GENERAL ELECTRIC HAS IT!



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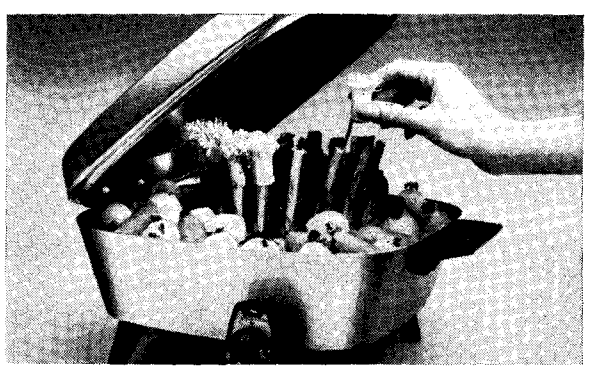

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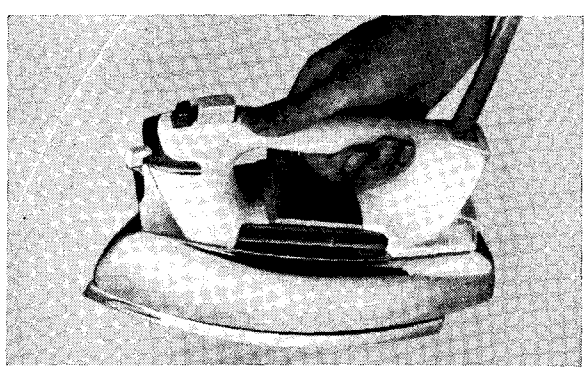

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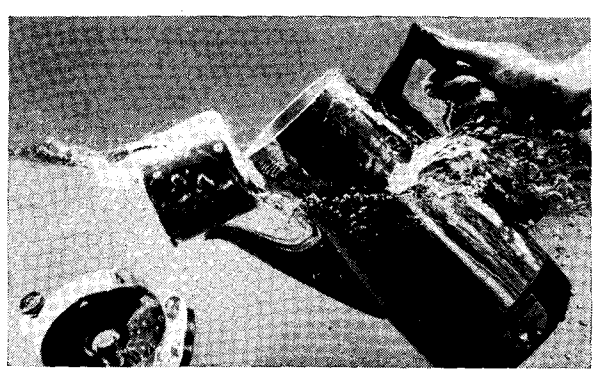

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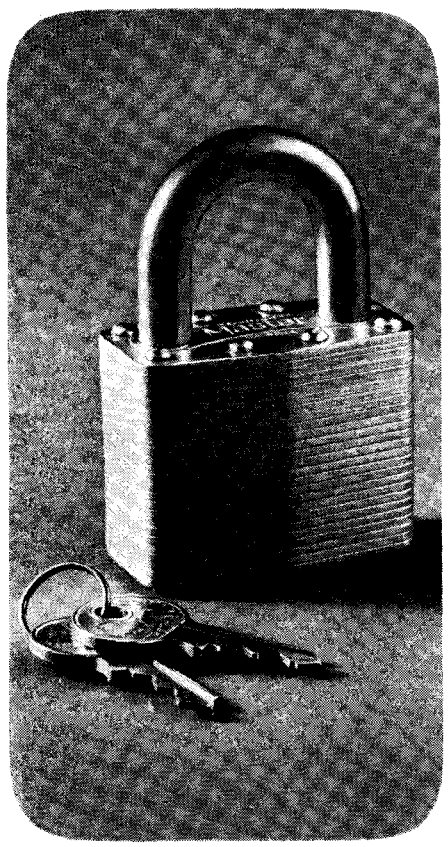

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Letters

seen it so I fight." And so you begin to understand what it's all about: 15 million people who are fighting for their lives and for their freedom. You begin to see that indefinable something that must have been in our country when we drafted documents like the Declaration of Independence and fought our own war for freedom.

This "something" seems to be disappearing in our country. But it's there in Vietnam. In the quiet of the jungle, in the hot, steaming swamp, in the rugged mountains to the north, it's still there.

As for our critics who say we should leave Vietnam and ask what benefits we derive from staying there, I can only ask, "Why should we have to 'get' anything out of it?" Isn't it enough to say we're helping 15 million stay free? Do we have to make a profit on the deal? Dear God, I hope we haven't slipped that far.

RICHARD J. RATKE, CAPTAIN, U. S. ARMY
Fort Knox, Ky.

Wealth

Thank you for THE NEW BIG RICH—A POSTSCRIPT [July 31] by Stewart Alsop. As the wife of a college minister who has had seven years of college and seminary education, we fall into the category of those whose less-than-$7,000-a-year salary forces us to pay some tidy sum annually to Uncle Sam. Yet, to me, an investment of money in income taxes is an investment in a way of life I very much enjoy. When we donate to a worthy charity, we feel very much a part of it. Therefore, I am thankful to be able to participate in America's progress.

I cannot help but wonder if this gratitude is not lacking in the breed of new big rich?

PRISCILLA S. LYTCH
Yanceyville, N.C.

● Some kind of legislation will, I hope, be devised to control these predatory characters [AMERICA'S NEW BIG RICH by Stewart Alsop, July 17]. What is good about them? What have they really done to help? And, as your editorial points out, they don't know what to do with money anyway.

F. R. WHITTLESEY, M.D.
Morgantown, W.Va.

● I went to school at Southern California in the Howard Ahmanson era there. We had a couple of great econ professors named Fagan and Wernette, who called the depression several years in advance. Even then, Howard was well known for his business acumen and for his broad-gauged activities. His philanthropies are much greater than you picture them—he has been one of the great benefactors financially of the University of Southern California and of other good causes of which I am aware in California. Would that we had a dozen more like him in the state.

CRAIG P. SMITH
San Francisco, Calif.

● It takes less brains than luck and greed to make a lot of money. It isn't any harder to collect money than it is stamps. In fact, it's easier: Money has a way of multiplying.

THOMAS RABERS
Hartford, Conn.

● Edwin Land for President! At last, an "authentic intellectual" who thinks of human beings as individuals with potential, not as a thoughtless mass to be manipulated into the kind of life determined by theorists as "best" for them.

It may surprise Mr. Alsop to learn that there are many reading his article who do not consider Doctor Land's theories to be "moonshine," "impractical," "debatable" or "preposterous," and who do not find it hard to share his "highly optimistic view of human capabilities."

NAN HAWKINS
Fort Smith, Ark.

● Now you are talking. Instead of world-weary nonentities, you've given us real people, vitally alive and deserving of admiration. I admit that I didn't admire all the millionaires discussed equally much, and one considerably less than the others. But I immediately added John MacArthur to my list of genuine heroes.

ANNE ANDA
New York, N.Y.

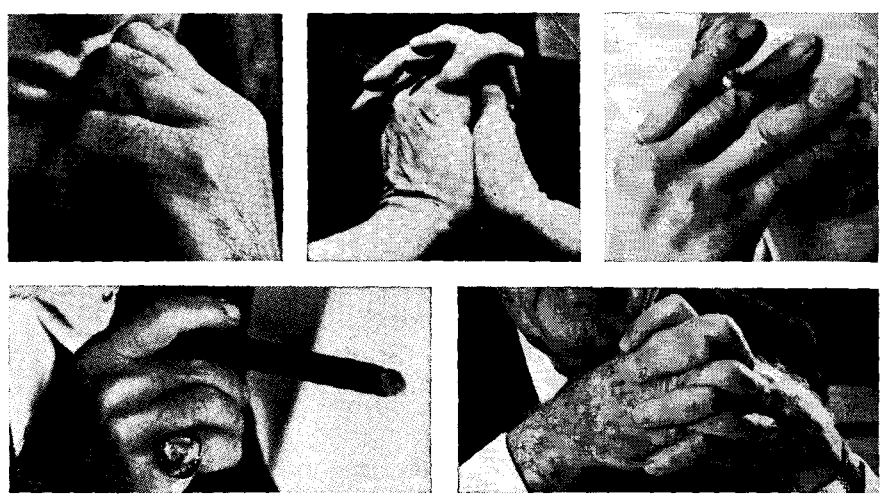
● I can picture the new millionaires gleefully rubbing their hands in anticipation of free Medicare for the treatment of their ulcers.

F. A. PATTERSON
Windsor, Ont.

● Thanks for that wonderful article on rich men. The photographs are especially fascinating, because of the photographers' use of hands.

SUSAN BETZ HOSKIN
Carmel, Calif.

A hand is worth a million . . . or more. Those below belong to Dr. Edwin Land, Howard Ahmanson, and John MacArthur (top row, left to right); W. Clement Stone and Henry Crown (bottom row). Photos by Ollie Atkins and Bill Bridges.—Ed.



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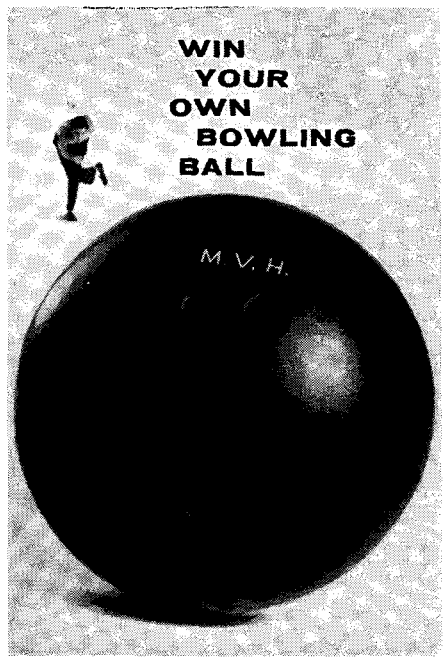

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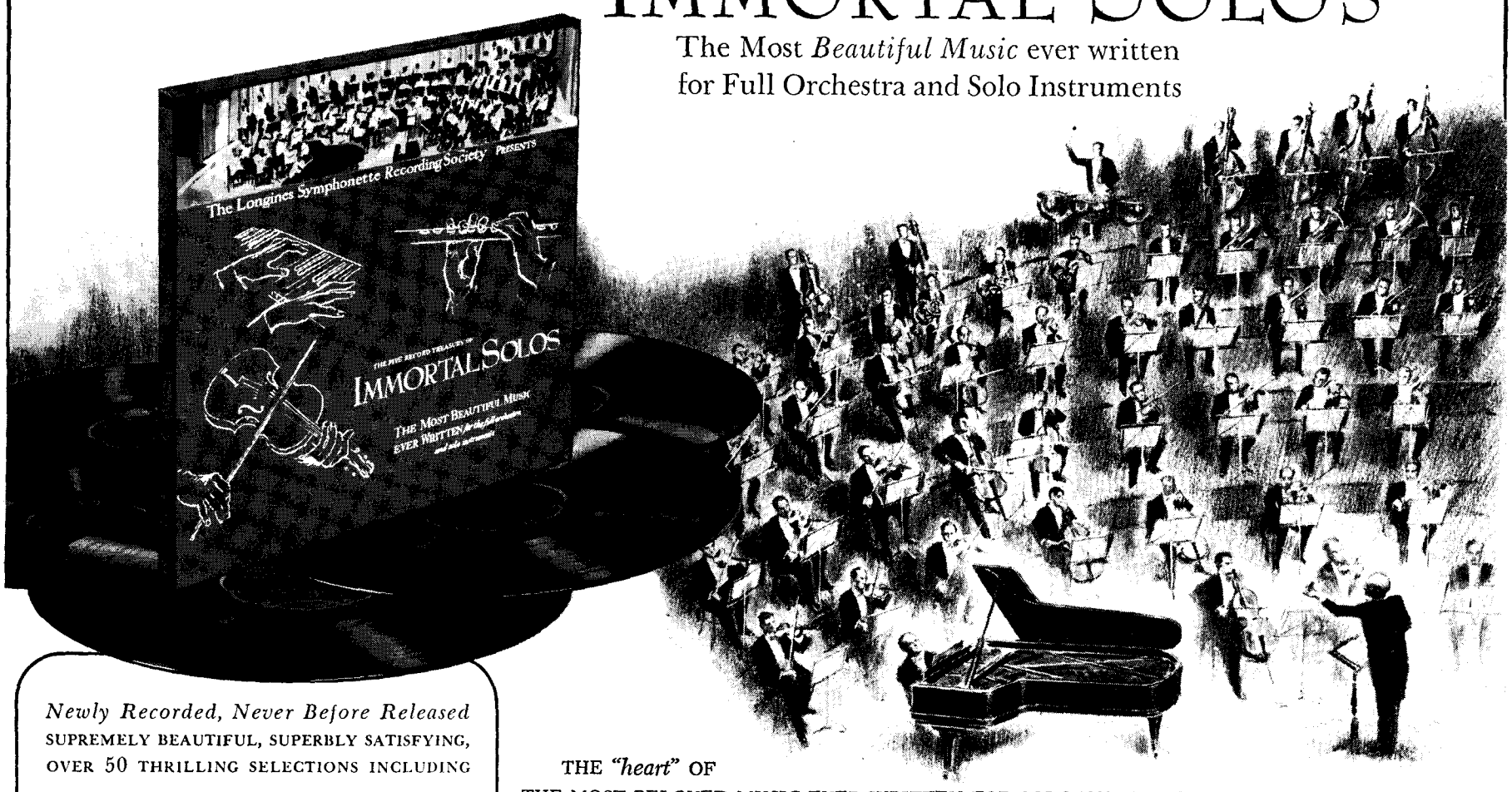
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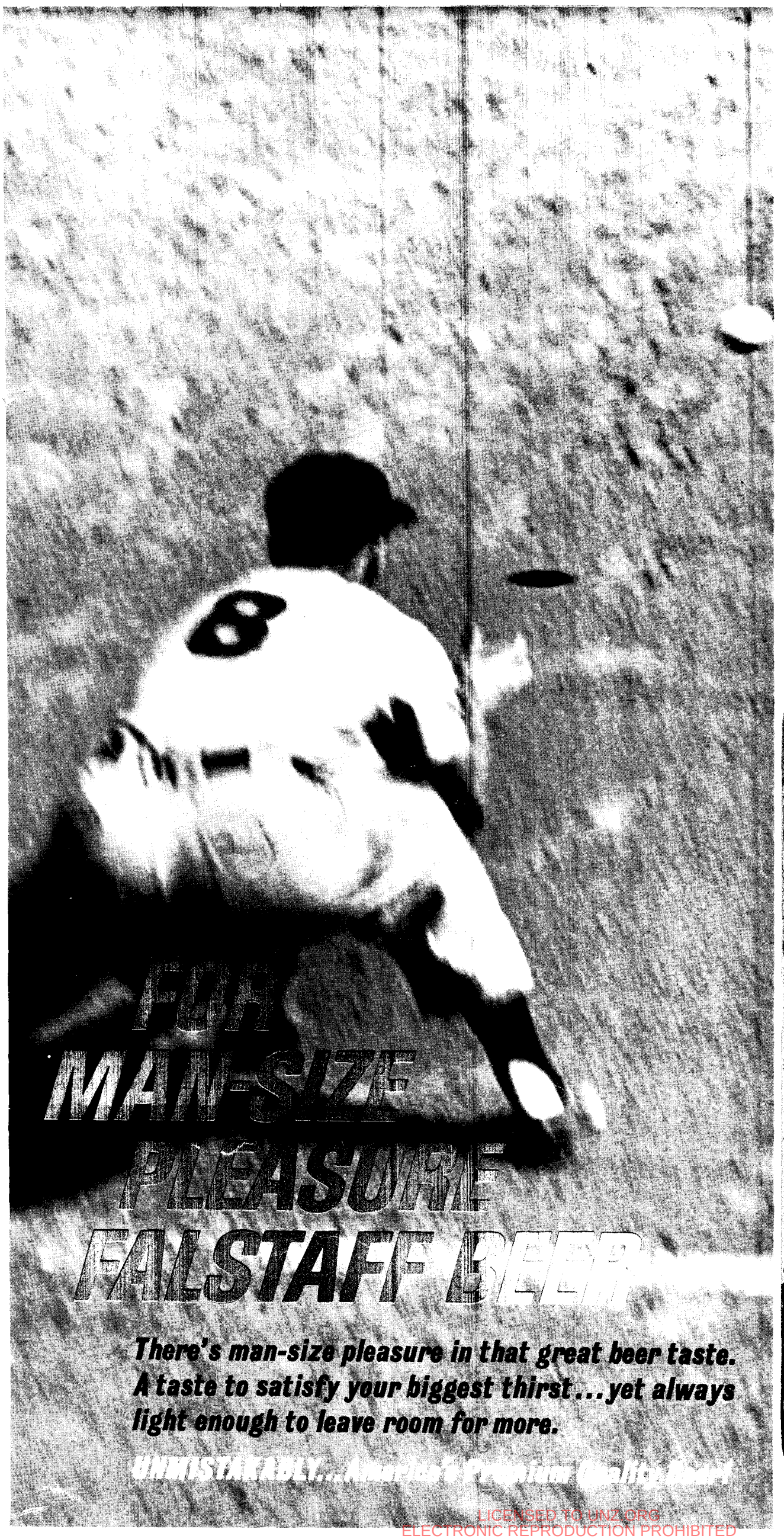
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Speaking Out

Slum clearance is a hoax

By Daniel M. Friedenberg

It is time to stop playing the cynical charade called "slum clearance." Only a few years ago the program seemed the high hope for our decaying cities and their slum dwellers, but this dream has turned as bitter as the reality. Title I—the federal subsidy program for urban renewal—has spawned corruption, produced gushers of profits for promoters and giant corporations, and pushed slum dwellers into worse pigsties. We must face up to these wretched facts, scrap the program, and then go on to produce a new approach that can succeed.

One measure of urban renewal is the current attitude of minority-group leaders. Originally they were among the most enthusiastic supporters; now, the N.A.A.C.P. and other Negro groups militate against Title I. The noted Negro writer James Baldwin has labeled urban renewal as "Negro removal." And planner Lyle E. Schaller put the matter bluntly in the magazine *The Christian Century:* "Urban renewal may prove to be the contemporary counterpart of the 19th-century canal and railroad building, creating a new band of robber barons to outshine the Drews, Fisks, Vanderbilts and Harrimans of yesteryear."

As a builder and manager of apartment houses in New York City, I am familiar with the basic problems involved in urban renewal: High rents, created by high land and construction costs, discriminate against the displaced poor more than any deliberate racial or ethnic policy. An example is the apartment house I constructed a few years ago in the city's Lincoln Square area. For a site I purchased several brownstones, occupied by Spanish-speaking Puerto Ricans, struggling young artists and a wide assortment of other tenants. To cover the purchase and building costs, I had to charge an average of $75 per room per month in the new building. The high costs dictated the high rent, which dictated the type of clientele. The new apartment today has an exclusively upper-middle-class white tenancy.

I was paying the bills on that project myself, of course. If the project had been under Title I, the city would have condemned and bought the land and buildings and sold them very cheaply to a developer. The loss—the difference between the purchase and resale prices—would be covered by public funds, two thirds from the Federal Government, the rest from the city. As a sweetener the developer would get an attractive mortgage with FHA insurance.

In theory, combining the city power of condemnation with federal subsidies seemed to be a brilliant device to meet a crisis in our cities. It would destroy the slums, create new housing units, bring vitality to blighted areas and increase tax revenues. And the developers could charge rentals that would give the poor a place to live decently.

Tragic results have come from this attractive theory. In actual operation, Title I has primarily been used to move Negroes out of the more central and valuable areas. According to the most recent figures, 72 percent of the families washed out by redevelopment have been Negroes who have inevitably been driven into the more remote black ghettos. Second, urban renewal has destroyed many more housing units than it has created. As of last count, 150,000 units had been demolished and fewer than 43,000 built, with two thirds of the cleared land given over to highways, parking lots, offices and civic and cultural centers, rather than to new housing. Next, the few apartments built have seldom met the promise that they would rent cheaply. A survey several years ago indicated that the subsidized housing rented for $33 to $100 per room per month, whereas the evicted tenants had been paying less than $10.

After 15 years of experience with this program, almost all responsible experts agree that urban renewal is not merely a failure—it is a disaster. Time after time, buildings acquired with the promise of "redevelopment" have been milked for their rentals. Land has been cleared and left idle for years. The few units built have been mostly of the cheapest design. Payoffs have been made to political figures. Land seized by condemnation has been used to underwrite with taxpayer money such New York institutions as Lincoln Center and the Coliseum. Perhaps the only feature about Title I that some might call attractive is that it makes a lot of money for promoters, big realty men, and prime national corporations.

It is true that political corruption and favoritism are old complaints in American history. It is also true that high profits cannot be condemned of themselves. But what is distinct about urban renewal is the cynical use of the poor. A federal program becomes suspect when it acts as an investment program for large interests under the guise of clearing the slums. A program subsidized by the taxpayer is a lie when, claiming to aid slum dwellers, it really drives the poor from bad to worse rat holes.

The operation of Title I has been conducted largely above and beyond the democratic control of the community. Free and open competitive bidding is rare. Kickbacks, contributions to the "right" political party, deposit of funds in selected banks, trashy construction, choice of slumlords and racketeers as promoters—the web of political and financial contacts has been revealed in scandal after scandal.

New York City is the best example of the web of influence in Title I activities. For instance, it was revealed at a public hearing that the "West Village" project, on the west side of Manhattan's Greenwich Village, was assigned to a builder five months before the city even indicated interest in the condemnation. In the same area a luxury housing project called Washington Square Village went ahead despite the fact that the condemned land was not a slum. The new tenants sued, claiming a half million dollars for shoddy construction. Finally New York University purchased the project, permitting the owners to liquidate at a fat profit. N.Y.U. promptly applied to the city for lower taxes in order to make up the cost of purchase.

An even more disgusting example of Title I failure was a project called "Park West Village." The original promoters, after buying the slum property at a large subsidy discount, simply collected full rents for several years instead of starting demolition. When pressure mounted they dumped the deal. A legislative investigation established that the promoters had sucked off $600,000, though delinquent in city taxes. It was disclosed

The author, who has worked as a longshoreman and hod carrier, is president of several New York real-estate corporations. Mr. Friedenberg has published articles in many magazines and is currently writing a book for the Macmillan Company.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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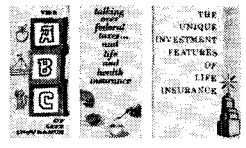

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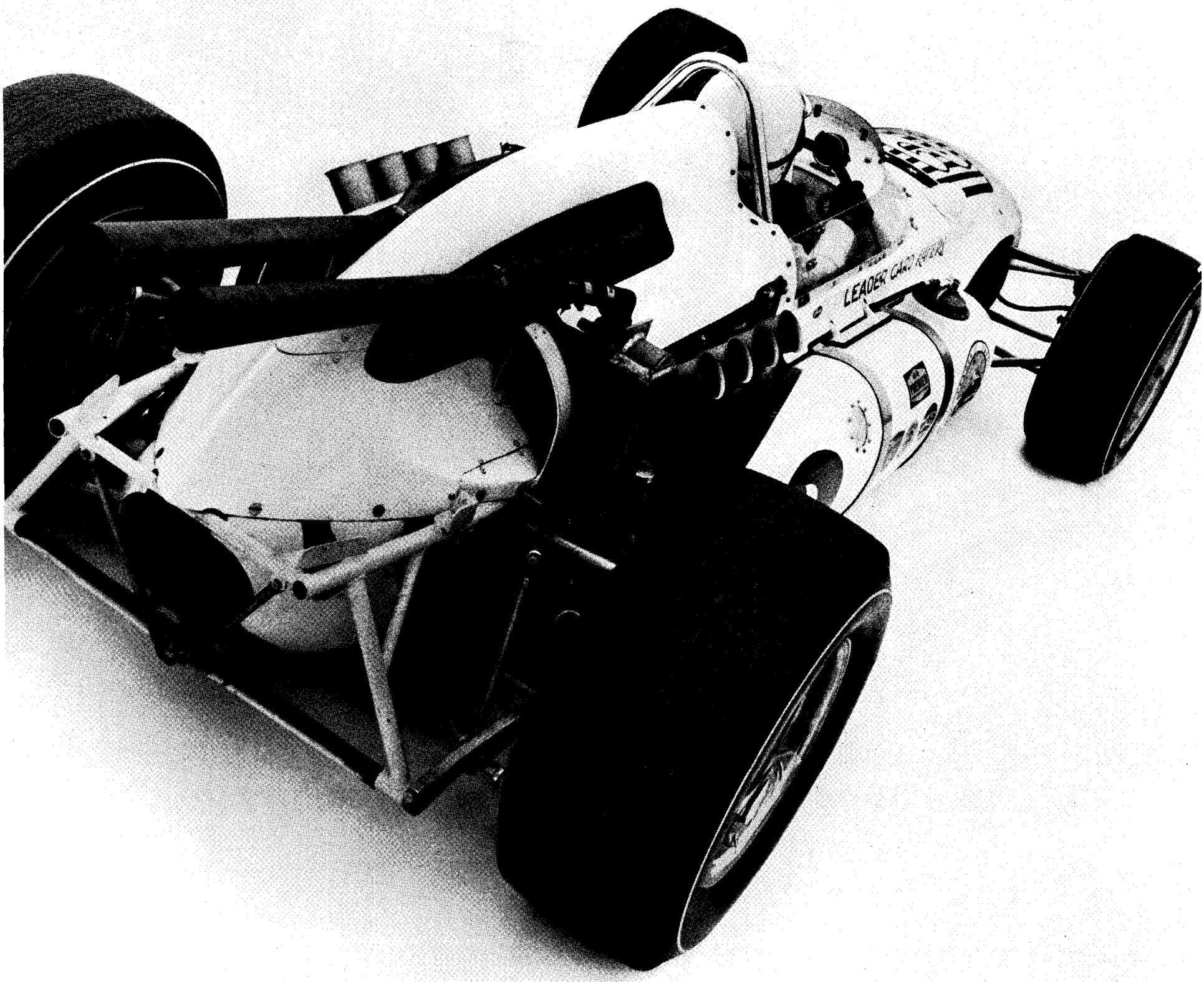

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A Volkswagen is O.K. for racing down to the delicatessen, but that's about it.

Still, it may be some consolation to know that Volkswagens have a lot in common with cars that race for a living.

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So when one wheel goes klunk on a bump, the other wheels do nothing at all. They stick to the road, and so does the car.

Many racing cars use this suspension system. No other passe ger car does.

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Not all racing cars have engines in the back. Only every winn at Indianapolis this year.

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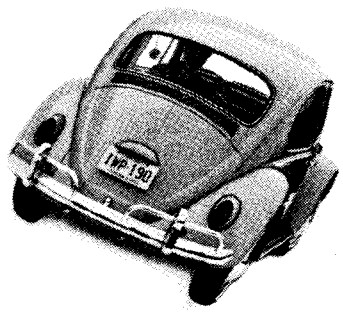

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are still following the Volkswagen.

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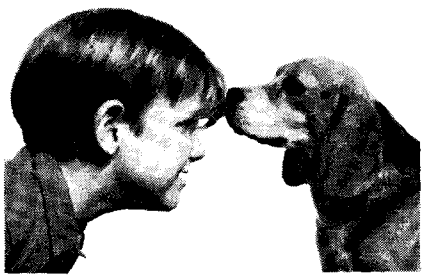

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shortly thereafter that 15 of the 25 sponsors of a Brooklyn project were the same people who had been parties to the Park West Village scheme, and that some of these same persons held stock in four of the nine Title I projects authorized in New York City to that date.

Responsible realtors and national corporations, though free of taint, cannot help being tarred by Title I scandal. But the helpless poor are the real victims. Distrust of the program is so acute that when plans are announced for a program of slum rehabilitation in Negro areas, as in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn, Negro tenant groups protest.

Urban renewal was not conceived in this spirit. It was created as an affirmative solution to the terrible obsolescence of American cities. After World War II our major cities showed signs of decay. The middle class had begun its trek to the suburbs. Its place was taken by Negroes flowing out of the rural South and Puerto Ricans and Mexicans seeking a better life in the United States. In the downtown areas decrepit properties sat on valuable land. As buildings got older, their income fell and landlords grew reluctant to spend money for improvements.

Regular private investment could not supply the cure. Population increase had sent the price of centrally located land soaring. Simultaneously, building costs also tended to shoot up—and for a very good reason. The mutual interest of capital and organized labor is to maintain an unspoken truce. The unions fight against laborsaving devices and for ever shorter hours. Investors, to defend themselves against strikes, go along with old-fashioned methods and high wages just as long as renting is maintained at a profit. And the need of the banks and insurance companies to invest money safely at the highest possible return in effect assures their neutrality. Under pressure to increase social services, municipal governments desperately seek more revenue. And the tax assessment on real estate is an easy neck to grasp. Thus our economy tends to push land, construction and maintenance costs higher and higher. And private capital, in its traditional role, is helpless to build decent housing that can rent to any but the upper middle class and the rich.

The Federal Government set out to change this through slum clearance and FHA. And it is now proved beyond a doubt that these programs cannot succeed. According to the best estimate yet attempted, of all the housing that FHA has financed, only 1½ percent has been for people with an annual income under $5,000. The final proof lies in the experience of cooperatives and unions, which build at no private profit. Even their costs are too high to permit renting to the poor. No matter how FHA and Title I are modified, they will to a large extent remain devices for rich builders to get richer erecting housing and cultural and financial institutions for the upper middle class, whereas the poor will be kicked out and forced into worse slums.

If there is an answer to this terrible problem, it lies more in changing our way of thinking than in manipulating subsidies for the same old interests. As the Rockefeller Brothers Fund has somberly stressed, "The blight of slums is spreading at a rate far in excess of our efforts to remedy it."

The first step is to accept an obvious fact. The urban poor cannot be housed properly under present techniques; indeed, we can't even satisfy middle-class needs. The second step is to look at the bogey-word "subsidy" with unblinkered eyes. Tariffs, which all industries seek, are subsidies. The tax-reducing depletion allowance given to oil, coal, timber and certain metals is an immense subsidy. Agriculture is largely supported by gimmicks. The greatest part of war research and production is supported by the Government. In fact, it is hard to find *any* example in basic industry of free competition and the free market in the 19th-century sense.

It is curious that the war industries should be publicly subsidized while housing is manipulated as a source of profit for the rich at the expense of the poor. For that is the inner meaning of Title I—a device whereby high-rent housing is erected by government subsidy for the benefit of private individuals and corporations, on the neck of displaced minority groups.

The last step in this new thinking is to take action. An autonomous agency, separate and independent from the political intrigues and pressures of Washington, should be created with the aim of producing a minimum of one million housing units a year at prices the poor can pay. Either the Federal Government would supply the funds, or the agency could issue tax-exempt bonds. The agency would earn "dividends" that could revert to the Government or pay off the bonds; and the same inflationary factors now raising realty values for private owners would enrich this agency as well. A national building code applicable to agency construction would eliminate local restrictions on modern materials and techniques. This could cut building costs as much as 30 percent.

According to projections of the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, reducing the military budget 20 percent (an aim presently being striven for) would enable us to rid ourselves of the slums in a decade without raising taxes. For a nation that spends 25 times as much money on building highways as on urban renewal, this hardly sounds like a revolutionary goal.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of such a program is that big business should be first, and not last, in support. The materials used today in Title I projects would be paltry compared with the demand in producing a million housing units a year. Labor would also benefit. With an enlarged market for construction workers, labor leaders could be more relaxed about their fears of laborsaving devices and their demands for shorter working hours.

The question is whether we can think anew and act anew. The results of the current urban-renewal program are clear enough to justify dramatic change. Title I should be thrown out, and a program based on reality installed in its place. For redevelopment must create better housing at a price the poor can afford. Unless this is done, a nation willing to spend up to $200 billion for two men to visit the moon will condemn untold millions of its citizens to squalor.

Daniel M. Friedenberg

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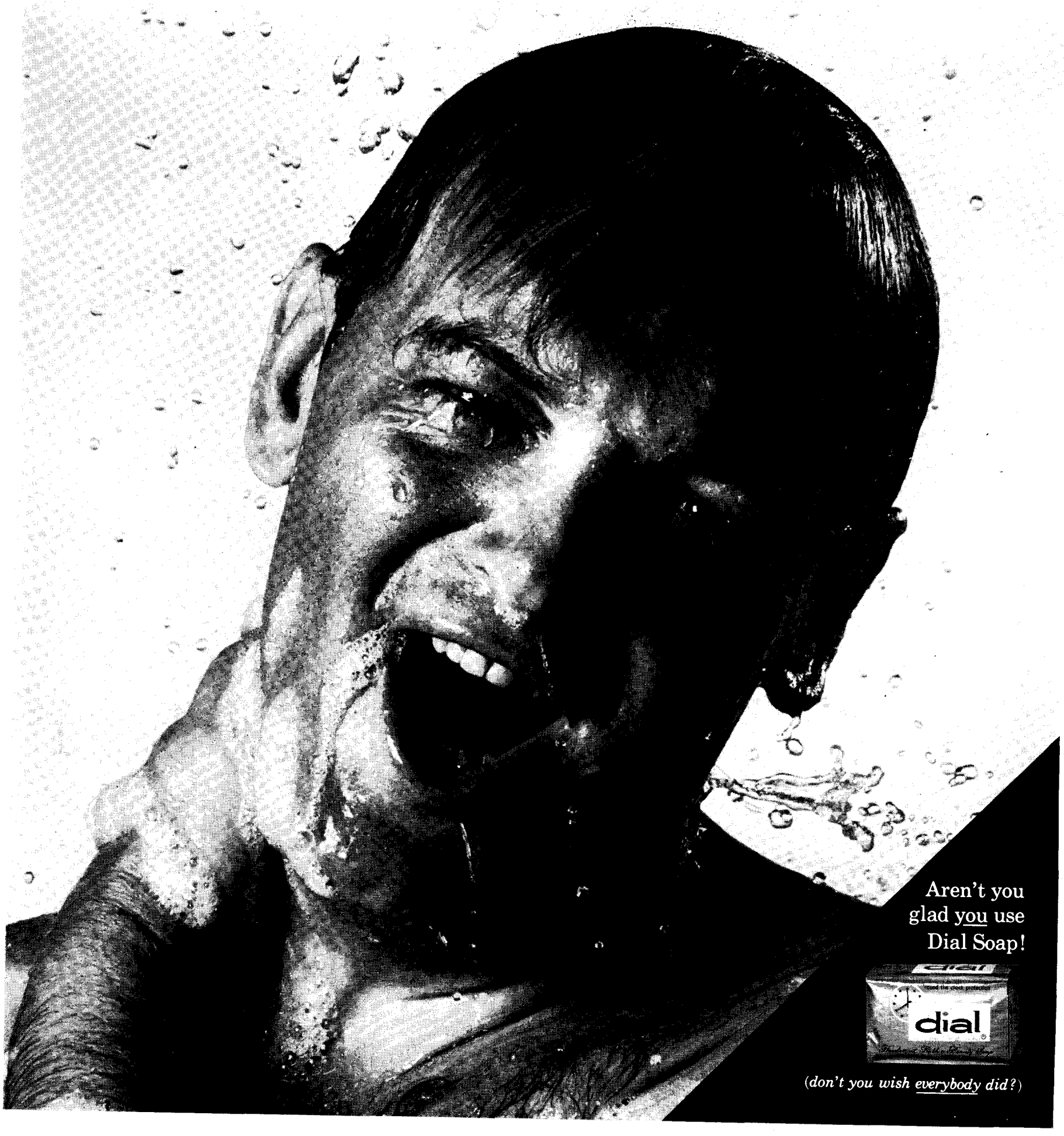

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Robert Kennedy and the liberals

WASHINGTON:

Sen. Robert Kennedy is rapidly becoming the leader and spokesman of the northern liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Although they are not as powerful as they once were, the northern liberals, with their labor allies, still constitute the Democratic Party's hard core. Thus the freshman senator from New York is emerging as the second most important figure in the national party power structure, after the President himself.

Logically and ideologically, the leader and spokesman of the liberals ought to be, not Robert Kennedy at all, but Vice President Hubert Humphrey. Humphrey is a founding member of Americans for Democratic Action, and thus a simon-pure, certified liberal. He has long been second only to Adlai Stevenson in the hearts of liberals of the A.D.A. stripe.

But Hubert Humphrey now has the job Robert Kennedy once wanted—for which Kennedy can be eternally grateful. As Lyndon Johnson's Vice President, Humphrey's main task has been to act as the Johnson Administration's ambassador-at-large to the liberals. He has thus been placed in the position of defending those policies which liberals most dislike—notably the escalating American involvement in the Vietnamese war, and the Dominican intervention, both of which Kennedy has criticized by implication.

In this and in other ways, the very able Vice President is being made to look, far too much for his own good, like Lyndon Johnson's man. It is fatal to a politician to look as though he were owned by another politician. The Vice President has lately become aware of this danger, and he has toned down his praise for the President, once almost as lyrical as Jack Valenti's famous panegyric. But in the nature of things, any Vice President, if he wants to keep his job, must be the President's man—and that is above all true of Lyndon Johnson's Vice President.

With Hubert Humphrey boxed in, Robert Kennedy is filling the resulting vacancy as leader of the liberal Democrats. Kennedy's critics in his own party have often expressed doubt that he is a "real liberal" at all. These doubts are shared by Kennedy himself. He dislikes the word "liberal," on the sensible grounds that nobody really knows what the word means. And if Kennedy is a liberal, he is certainly not a conventional, or A.D.A.-type liberal.

When he was a young man (which was not very long ago), Robert Kennedy compiled a list of the 10 men he admired most, and near the top of the list were the names of Herbert Hoover and Douglas MacArthur. Among conventional liberals, there is only one name *less* admired than those two—that of the late Joseph R. McCarthy. When he was in his 20's Robert Kennedy, by his own choice, served the McCarthy committee as counsel.

Whatever the word "liberal" does mean, it does not mean, to conventional liberals, a man who hero-worships Herbert Hoover and General MacArthur, or a man who worked voluntarily for Joe McCarthy. Has Robert Kennedy changed, then—become more liberal in his views? The question annoys him. "I don't go for analyzing myself," he says testily, in his flat, rather gravelly voice. Does he still greatly admire Herbert Hoover and General MacArthur? Certainly. He worked for the former President on the Hoover Commission, and came to respect and admire the old man very much. As for MacArthur, President Kennedy admired him very much too (the last time they talked, incidentally, the general again warned the President against becoming involved in a land war in Asia).

Robert Kennedy is equally unapologetic about working for McCarthy. He did so because he thought the McCarthy committee was going to do a serious job of investigating crime and corruption. When he found out he was wrong, he resigned. But although it might be politically useful to say a lot of bad things about McCarthy now, "the man is dead, and I'm not going to do it."

McCarthy was hated more by liberals than any other politician in modern times, and yet the man who refuses to say bad things about him is becoming a sort of liberal lodestar. One reason for this paradox is the memory of his much-loved brother (who was himself no simon-pure liberal). Another is the creeping liberal disenchantment with President Johnson. Lyndon Johnson has presided over the most liberal domestic program in 30 years, and the disenchantment today remains more a curiosity than an important political phenomenon. Yet it could become important, and in that case Robert Kennedy would be its chief beneficiary.

Kennedy is anything but a fool, and he is not about to challenge the power of a very powerful and very popular President. He is not a hypocrite either, and he does not pretend that he has any really basic policy differences with the President. But he has been at pains to emphasize his personal and political independence of Lyndon B. Johnson. And this highly visible independence, at a time when the whole Democratic Party looks like a rather restive personal fiefdom of the President's, is one secret of Kennedy's growing political power.

Another secret is the simple fact that Kennedy really is different in some ways from the brash 27-year-old who worked for Joe McCarthy. "I hope I've learned something in the last ten years," he says, "and understand some things better." No intelligent man could live through Robert Kennedy's last 10 years without coming to "understand some things better."

There is an underlayer of genuine idealism beneath the brusque Kennedy manner and the wolfish Kennedy grin, and there are no timid compunctions about using all the power of the Federal Government to deal with such problems as poverty and racial injustice. It is in this sense, rather than the conventional or A.D.A. sense, that Kennedy is a liberal. He is also a most formidable politician and a most remarkable man.

Robert Kennedy's mission in life, in accordance with the Kennedy tribal laws, is to finish his murdered brother's unfinished business as President. It is hard to see how Kennedy can reach the White House as long as Lyndon Johnson has anything to say about it, which may be for a long time. Yet there is something about Robert Kennedy which conveys a feeling that somehow, someday, he will be President in his turn.

Stewart Alsop

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The greatest boy in the world deserves Mass Mutual protection

It's wonderful to have him home from camp, and it's a comfort to know there are still quite a few years left before he goes off on his own for good.

You will want to make the most of those years to give him a headstart in life—the pleasures of camping, the comforts of a normal home life and the opportunities for a good education—no matter what may happen to you.

In planning ahead for security like this you'd be wise to call in the man from Mass Mutual.

Why the Mass Mutual man in particular? Insurance rates may vary only slightly from company to company. But the ability of insurance agents does vary. Mass Mutual men are widely recognized as the ablest of professionals. (Example: one Mass Mutual man in eight has qualified for the Million Dollar Round Table, one of the top insurance honors. The industry average is one in 69.)

Yet the services of the Mass Mutual man cost you no more. In fact, they may very well save you money. You can rely on him. Call him today.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts / organized 1851

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Out to launch

By John Skow

Admiring friends, marveling at the serenity with which I endure fate's buffets, often ask for the name of my psychiatrist. Abercrombie, I tell them.

Vienna man? they ask.

No, New York, I say. Also San Francisco, Colorado Springs and Chicago.

Surely you are putting us on, they cry in astonishment and in unison when I explain that I am referring to the renowned sporting-goods house of Abercrombie & Fitch.

Not at all. I reply with dignity. Abercrombie can cure your twitches. Of course the cure *costs* more than a psychiatrist's, I continue, but if you are serious about getting well. . . .

Usually at this point I tell them about the beer-can launcher. One day several years ago, twitching piteously after an hour spent with my financial adviser, a balding 24-year-old who worked for an institution with the word "Friendly" in its name, I crept into the New York branch of Abercrombie & Fitch. I did not need a beer-can launcher; what I needed was an immediate, unsecured loan amounting to perhaps half my year's salary. But with the sure instinct of a dog eating grass when it is ill, I shuffled unsteadily through the store, hoping no one would notice that my shoes were unshined and the four one-dollar bills in my wallet needed pressing.

A word of explanation here—the cure offered by Abercrombie is, essentially, that of a very high grade of fantasy. Some sufferers try to duplicate this therapy by visiting Rolls-Royce showrooms and discussing extra-cost options with the attendant. But Rolls-Royce sells only one vision, and Abercrombie can provide a dream for each dreamer. Its catalogue, a glorious pharmacopoeia for the poor in spirit, offers a floating armchair for your pool, a nonsink badminton game, and a battery-operated water lily that winks gently at you through long nights of love and laughter. Also, should T.H.R.U.S.H. agents obtrude, a floating rescue light and a floating rifle.

Abercrombie even has vast warehouses full of objects with dog heads painted on them—liquor glasses, wall plaques, ice buckets, burial urns. Why dog heads? I don't know; it is not my dream, but it is someone's, and Abercrombie is prepared to serve.

The marvel that had beckoned to me, however, was the beer-can launcher. This, as the catalogue explains it, is a beautifully made device (or rather, a beautifully crafted device; everything at Abercrombie is crafted, which means it costs more) that uses a blank .22 cartridge to catapult an empty beer can a full hundred feet into the air. The launcher is intended to provide grouse-hunters with target practice. One stands on the lawn with a shotgun, and one's footman stations himself behind and to one side, equipped with the launcher, some blank cartridges, and a supply of beer cans. To have any kind of practice session means emptying a lot of beer cans, but the footman may be asked to do this.

I do not have a shotgun, as my wife pointed out to me later. No matter, I needed therapy. Caught up in a dream of footmen, yachts, and smiling girls in ankle-length dresses knocking Abercrombie croquet balls around green lawns, I visited the store. On the seventh floor, among grouse guns engraved with hunting scenes, I found a salesman. He was elderly and dignified and wore a suit that would have aroused the envy of Anthony Eden. He looked like the titled older brother of the tanned chap who had sold me the marvelously therapeutic $40 tennis racket labeled EXECUTIVE MODEL the year before (other stores sell rackets labeled PANCHO GONZALES, and the Abercrombie improvement is enormous; with the Executive Model you do not merely vanquish your opponent, you fire him with two weeks' pay).

I told my man I wanted a beer-can launcher. I did not actually address him as "My man," but I thought about it—this is what the bracing air of the Abercrombie gun room does for you. He looked at me doubtfully, and then said "Um, yes, a tinned-beverage propellant," or something of the sort. Of course, the launcher was not to be used for, um, horseplay, he went on. I said certainly not. He looked at me sadly, but he finally charged the launcher to my account.

At home, I admit, the launcher seemed to lose its magic. I fired it once or twice, and the cans rose 100 feet into the air, and I went out and picked them up on the lawn. Then I put the launcher in its box in the closet. Sometimes I would bring it out at parties, and guests would walk out on the porch with me and shoot it a few times and then begin talking about Kierkegaard again. The last time we moved, the launcher was left behind.

But the other night my wife woke me at 2:45 A.M. "Where's your beer-can launcher?" she said in a tense whisper. "There's a whippoorwill outside in the maple tree. He's been calling since midnight and he's driving me crazy. I want you to shoot him with something." I threw a couple of Christmas bookends at him without effect, and the next night he was back.

I am looking forward to buying my second beer-can launcher; I think it will raise my standing with the salesman at Abercrombie. I'll go in wearing tweeds and tell him I want another launcher. "Like the old one, my man," I'll say. There is a lot of moral capital to be had here—visions of long misty evenings spent on the croquet lawn thundering at beer cans, while the footman sways woozily behind me, a case of Old Frothingslosh at his feet.

I like the sound of that. One of these days I may buy a floating rifle. □

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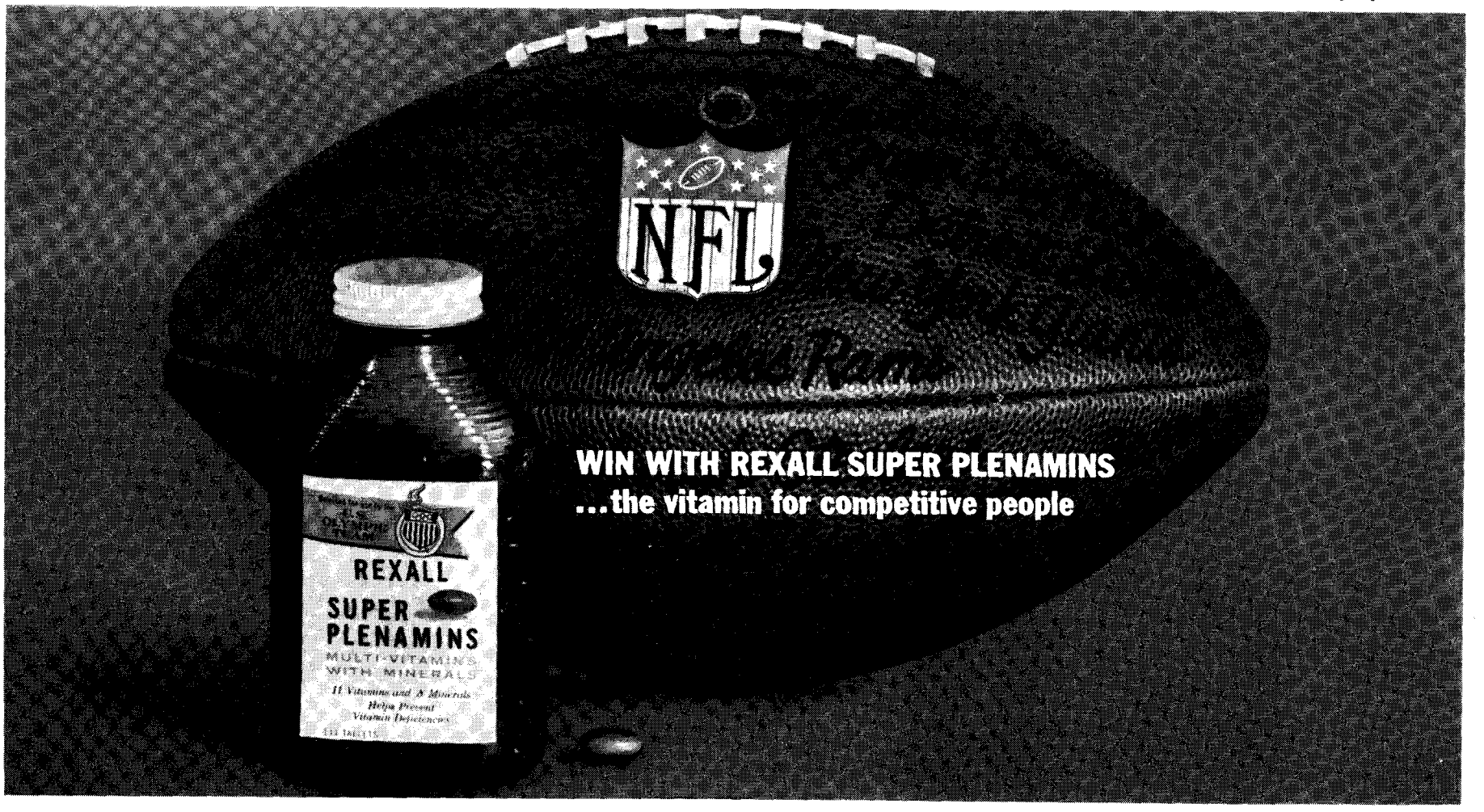
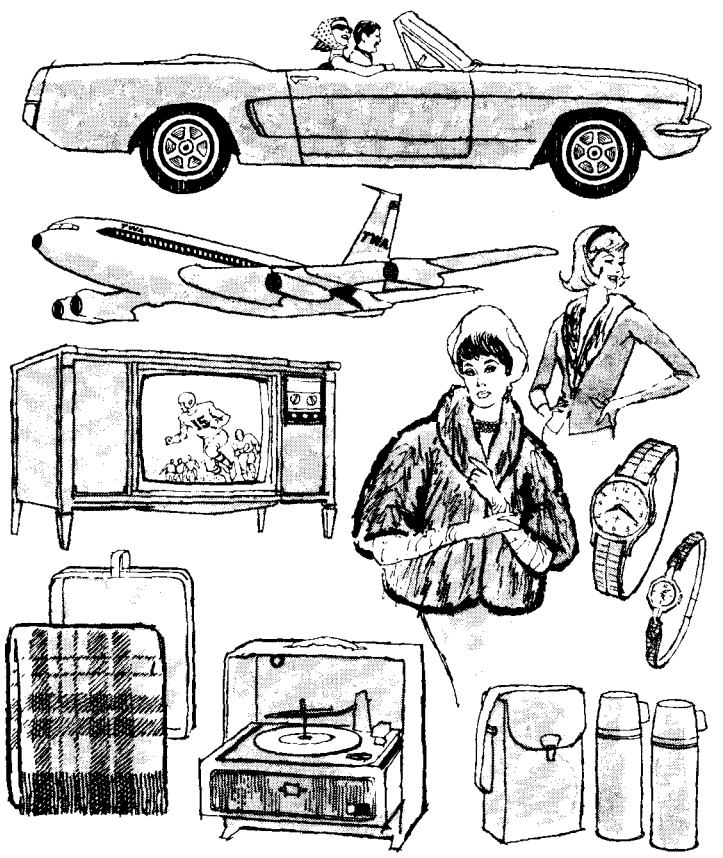
Now—on the training tables of all 14 teams* in the National Football League—the same vitamin selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team



WIN

a Mustang Convertible, a trip-for-two via TWA to the College or Pro Bowl Game of your choice, plus other fabulous prizes!

Rexall Super Plenamins Kickoff Sweepstakes



Nothing to buy, write or figure out! Over 2,200 exciting prizes offered! Get your free entry blank at your Rexall store.

Chalk up another honor for Rexall Super Plenamins! Already selected for use by the U. S. Olympic Team, Super Plenamins is now the official training-table vitamin of every team in the National Football League. This winning Rexall formula delivers 11 vitamins and 8 minerals including iron, plus liver concentrate. And it's sold on a money-back guarantee. Small wonder it's America's largest-selling vitamin-mineral product. Ask for Super Plenamins today—but only at the store with the Rexall sign.

GRAND PRIZE: A NEW FORD MUSTANG CONVERTIBLE, the family fun-in-the-sun car that goes everywhere, and does everything ...plus a complete RCA home entertainment center featuring color television, stereo Hi-Fi and AM-FM radio; a fabulous Douglas mink stole; an RCA Victor portable stereo phonograph; a Douglas cashmere sweater with mink collar; a pair of Waltham watches; a Troy Zip-a-Robe stadium blanket, and an Aladdin Porta-Pak® thermos kit.

BONUS GRAND PRIZE to qualified winner: An exciting trip-for-two via TWA to the U.S.A. College or Pro Bowl Game of your choice... including round-trip transportation, hotel accommodations, meals and tickets to the game!

3 SECOND PRIZES: Brand new RCA color television sets. BONUS to qualified winners: RCA Victor portable stereo phonographs.

3 THIRD PRIZES: Fabulous Douglas mink stoles. BONUS to qualified winners: Douglas cashmere sweaters with mink collars.

100 FOURTH PRIZES: Men's Waltham watches with handsome expansion bands. BONUS to qualified winners: Ladies' Waltham watches.

500 FIFTH PRIZES: Troy Zip-a-Robe stadium blankets with zip-up cases. BONUS to qualified winners: Aladdin Porta-Pak® thermos kits.

1000 SIXTH PRIZES: Rexall Super Plenamins—144-tablet bottles of this famous vitamin-mineral supplement.

Sweepstakes ends Sept. 30, 1965. Sweepstakes is subject to rules defined on the entry blank. Offer is void where prohibited by law.

Rexall

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS ARE SOLD ONLY IN REXALL DRUG STORES. ASK FOR THEM IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN.

*Baltimore Colts, Chicago Bears, Cleveland Browns, Dallas Cowboys, Detroit Lions, Green Bay Packers, Los Angeles Rams, Minnesota Vikings, New York Giants, Philadelphia Eagles, Pittsburgh Steelers, St. Louis Cardinals, San Francisco 49ers, Washington Redskins.

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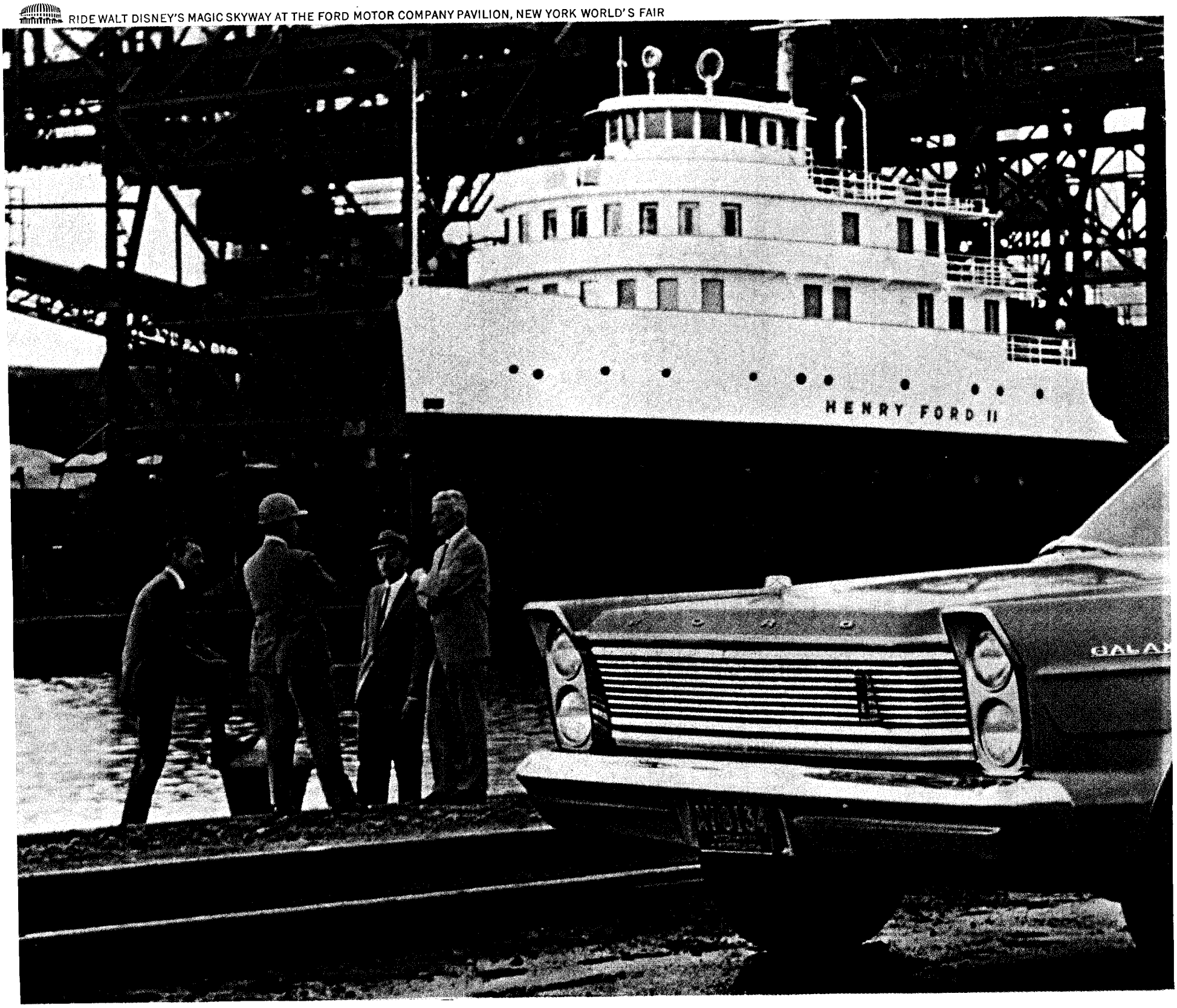
Ford Motor

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



ore boat to showboat

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Company is:

When we began building it, this Ford Galaxie LTD was part of a mountain of ore in Minnesota.

That's where our quality production begins—right with the raw iron ore. We ship the ore in our own boats. We make almost 50% of our own steel. We make our own safety glass, vinyls, paint—Autolite batteries and sparkplugs, too.

We are the only manufacturer that builds a car from the ground up—controls quality every step of the way. This enables us to set and maintain unsurpassed quality standards.

When it comes to quality, we move mountains.

Ford-built means better built

Ford

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD
COMET • MERCURY
THUNDERBIRD • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

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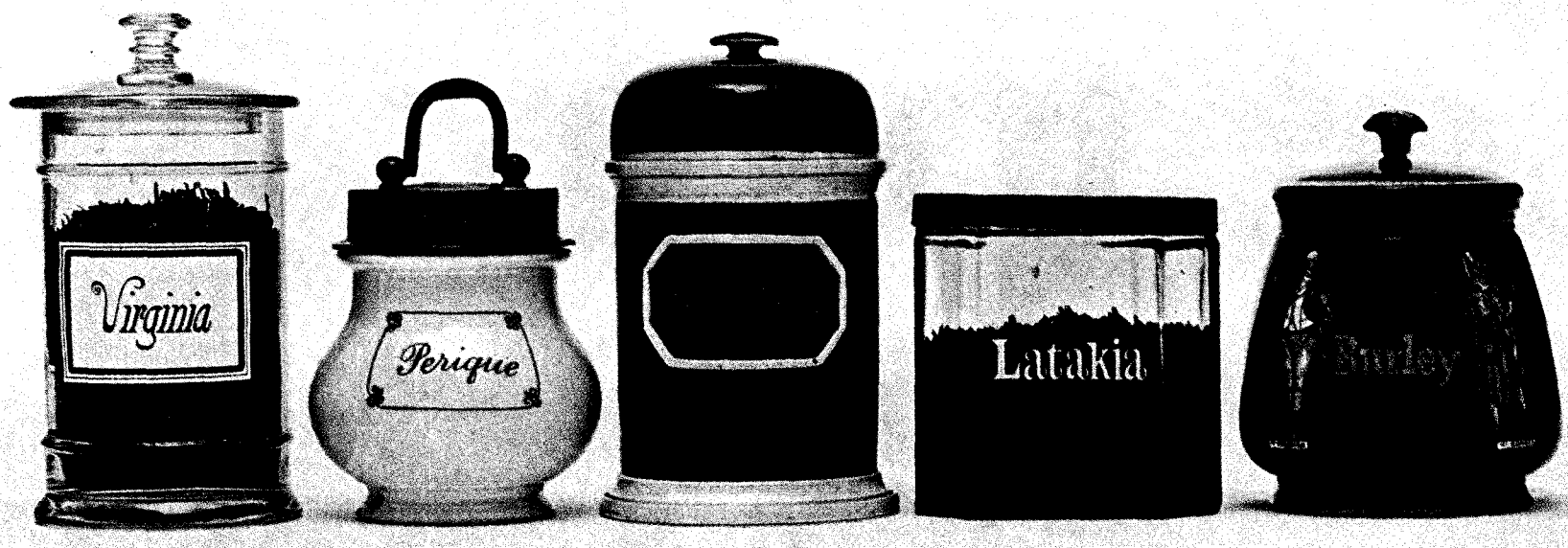
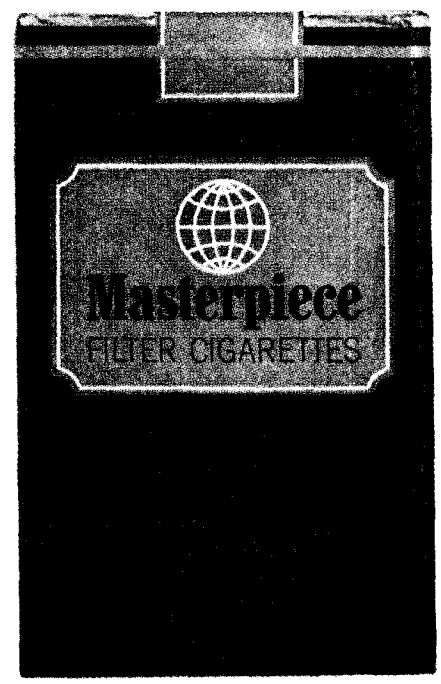


Until now, these distinguished tobaccos were never offered to cigarette smokers.

Today, a master blend of the world's five great pipe tobaccos is available in a filter cigarette.

Masterpiece cigarettes have briar tips. They come in unique briar-grain packages.

And their distinctive flavor explains why they cost a bit more.



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SEE AMERICA FIRST

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

A well-meaning patriot's tour of U. S. travel "attractions" discloses several which have not yet been paved over, and demonstrates how many strange places can be visited without letting a single dollar fall into foreign hands.

At first, when President Johnson said the balance-of-payments deficit was so bad that *his* family was staying home this summer, and he hoped the rest of us would too, it sounded easy enough. When Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall added that Santa Fe was as interesting as Seville and there were more Rembrandts in New York than in Amsterdam, it sounded as though it might even be fun—especially for people who lived in Santa Fe or New York.

Then a new, disturbing note crept in. The Vice President started complaining that last year there were 80 million people in this country who never went anywhere at all. And Secretary of Commerce John Connor said that if Americans traveled around the place more and got to know each other, we wouldn't have so many Tensions. And after all that, the word got out that more Americans were headed abroad this summer than ever before. It was alarmingly clear that just staying home wasn't enough. Out there in the Travel Gap, America needed every volunteer it could get.

Now that I've done it, I can advise that it isn't just a breeze to *plan* a trip around this country. The travel agencies

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Drawings by DES ASMUSSEN

The Saturday Evening POST

Resembling cowled monks, sightseers in slickers ride the MAID OF THE MIST for close-up of the thundering granddaddy of U.S. tourist lures. Other Niagara visitors prefer drier view from nearby bars.

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have put up posters saying SEE THE U.S.A. But they don't seem geared to advise an American on how to go about it, except in small, packaged fragments ("7-day-6-night all-inclusive off-season package to Fort Lauderdale, Fla."; "26 days Raleigh, N.C., to California and Golden West and back in a bus"). And besides, they make more money selling the more expensive foreign trips.

"Attractions" is how they describe our national landmarks in the travel trade—which makes them sound like a series of booths in a big amusement park. And when I asked which were, say, the nation's 10 most famous tourist spots, I was told firmly that no one in the trade would want to reveal a thing like that as it might offend the "Attractions" left off the list.

When you're left alone with a map, it doesn't take long to realize that this country has the world's most challenging collection of places that you can't get to each other from. The best a disorganized citizen can do is throw away the charts, map out his own haphazard American Sampler and keep moving until he wears out—which is exactly what I did. If it seems expensive, just remember that the Vice President says that "each travel dollar multiplies into three dollars when it enters the economic mainstream." And it's only after you come home that you have to face all the people who tell you where you *should* have gone. I am still trying to explain how I managed to miss the Statue of Liberty, Concord Bridge, Disneyland, Baraboo, Plymouth Rock, Jackson Hole, French Lick, and several other parts of our heritage that are so basic I don't dare mention them.

Wherever I went, there were plenty of places to spend the night. But until this country gets a fearless tip sheet like France's *Guide Michelin*, you have no idea what you're in for when you pick up your room key—unless you just have yourself wrapped in brown paper and mailed from one Holiday Inn to another, in which case you begin to think you're back where you were yesterday.

Most of the motels I sampled are enough to start a sit-in at the next builders' convention. How poignantly I recall the crumbling plaster, the stale "refrigerated" air, apparently processed through an old sneaker, the brown walls and brown bedspreads, bathed in the sallow light of 25-watt bulbs; the paper-thin partitions that transmit the reverberations of a flushed toilet six rooms away.

It was a pleasant surprise, though, as I registered at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis, to discover a mallard duck standing behind me—and four others swimming in a fountain in the middle of the lobby. As any visitor to the South could guess, they are direct descendants of the mallard ducks placed in the fountain when the hotel was built in 1926, and when not in the lobby, they inhabit a pillared plantation on the hotel roof resembling the set for "Tara" in *Gone With the Wind*. At three in the afternoon a red carpet is rolled out. With the lobby bellmen in white gloves on both sides, and a rapt audience of hotel guests and nine-year-old boys, the ducks march back to the elevator to their roost. In a country which lacks a Buckingham Palace to change the guard at, I think it is nice to know that this fine ceremony is going on every afternoon in Memphis, Tenn.

Wherever you go, there is plenty to eat. Although you can see what Alexis de Tocqueville meant when he wrote his mother during his tour here in 1831 that "the absence of wine at our meals at first struck us as very disagreeable; and we still can't understand the multitude of things that they succeed in introducing into their stomachs here."

The Tourist Rampant: Texas hat, Bermuda shorts, a Grand Canyon view.

If he were coming here this year he would have to be warned that we have lamb chops with mint sherbet, grapefruit with chicken liver, and lukewarm *café au lait* in the most grandiose new caravansary in New Orleans. There is a bottled, salmon-colored substance called "French Dressing," which would take General de Gaulle's mind off our mistakes in Vietnam if he knew about it. And there is apparently some Orwellian Central Ministry of Bake, which supplies all the breads, pies and cakes of the nation. A wise and traveled friend of mine believes it to be located in Flint, Mich.

By mastering the rich tapestry of the local drinking laws, it is even possible, except almost never on Sunday, to have wine with dinner. Things go easier on the whole trip if you learn to like your reds iced and your whites warm.

All in all, after being around loose in this country at mealtime for several months, I found that sitting down to a freshly caught fish, a home-baked pie, or a recently picked vegetable is an event to remember. For just stopping down the road for a meal, I've done better in Burma.

But despite these hazards I managed to cover quite a bit of ground before I wore out, starting with an absolutely basic Attraction:

NIAGARA FALLS

The most sobering news from Niagara Falls is that they're *rationed*. So much of the Niagara River has to be siphoned off to turn the huge new power generators downstream that the falls are allowed to have only 750,000 gallons per second when the tourists are watching and half that amount late at night when they aren't. It took $18 million in dental work on the gaps around the lip of the Canadian Horseshoe Falls to keep it looking like a real waterfall.

The news from *our* side is that the American Falls may be about to collapse. Our part of the great cascade has always been a wild tangle of boulders and bald patches, but it got worse in 1931, when a huge chunk broke off from the midsection and crashed to the bottom, followed in 1954 by 285,000 tons of a promontory until then reserved for tourists.

A number of people think that if we aren't careful, the bottom of our side will begin to look like detergent suds poured over a pile of old shoes. And geologists are saying that if we don't get rid of the rubble and brace the top with reinforcing rods, the American portion of this Natural Wonder may become an ordinary set of rapids, not even a serious challenge to a spawning salmon.

There is still a Honeymoon Deluxe Motel, but the basic American who comes to Niagara Falls today is usually not on his honeymoon (a vogue nobly initiated by Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, who married a lady from Baltimore in 1803). He is more likely to be in the company of the wife and the 2.7 lovely children trying to decide where to eat dinner, or wondering as he sits in the International Lounge at the Parkway Inn, where to have what the menu lists as "Bo'joe-lay" or Chot'-oh-nuf-due-Pop" with his steak.

The fine old firetraps like the Cataract House, whose register notes that "A. Lincoln and family" took room 158 for a time in 1857, have gone up in smoke. But in the past four years seven new motels have risen in their place. Mr. E. Dent Lackey, the mayor, keeps his groundbreaking shovel close to his desk near the feather headdress, rhinestone earrings and shell necklace he occasionally wears as Rah-Da-Na-Wah-Nee-Tah, honorary tribe member of the Tuscaroras, who used to own the place.

For $1.25 you can still rent a rubberized suit and visit the Cave of the Winds, named for a cavity *behind* the American Falls, first reconnoitered in 1836. Here terrorized tourists can stare damply at pale shafts of daylight through a curtain of water whose deafening thunder was once described by a lady visitor as "the sweet strains of Nature's anthem." But most of the cave's flooring broke loose (taking three tourists with it) on Labor Day of 1920, and the trip, although still a thrill, is now confined to a spray-swept catwalk.

You can also board a new, sturdy descendant of the original *Maid of the Mist*—a small passenger boat named for an old custom of the Senecas, who used to choose the fairest maiden of the tribe twice a year, load her into a white canoe with a dowry of flowers and groceries and push her over the falls to be the bride of Manitou, the god of the falls who in those days lived underneath them somewhere (and may yet). This *Maid of the Mist*

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and its predecessors have been taking thrill-seekers for a spin in the roiling waters around Manitou's place for 119 years and have never lost a tourist.

In spite of the favorable odds (four of seven people who have done it survived), one no longer goes over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The last cutup who tried it was arrested and fined $113.

But today you can visit the Niagarama, a sort of animated wax museum, and recall with awe the great kinetic seizures of the past. Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, a "refined 43-year-old schoolteacher," led the way over the brink in 1901 in a steel-bound Kentucky barrel, her natural ballast augmented by a 100-pound anvil. In blurred photographs she is shown being helped ashore at the bottom looking like a bundle of damp laundry.

I fear tightrope walking is passé too. The most dramatic exponent of this was Jean François Gravelet, otherwise known as Blondin, who in 1859 strung a rope between the Canadian and American cliffs and had the ladies in the crowd shredding their handkerchiefs while he turned somersaults, sat, lay down, and walked with baskets on his feet. He came back in 1860 and this time, with the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) in the audience, stood on the rope over the abyss while a sharpshooter on the *Maid of the Mist* below put a bullet through his hat. He also pushed a wheelbarrow across, cooked an omelet on a griddle and, failing other volunteers, gathered up his manager, Mr. Harry Colcord, and carried him across on his back. The Prince's comment on all this was, "Thank God it is all over."

Of course, if any of these old-timers came back, they wouldn't recognize the place. Most of downtown Niagara Falls is being uprooted in what the mayor calls "Operation Rebound." "We are but stewards of the Falls for mankind," the mayor says. "And I am unalterably opposed to the honky-tonky concept of this city."

The "Rebound" plans call for an 85-acre International Rainbow Garden, with a Convention Hall, high-rise parking deck, international department store and, as the mayor puts it, "the water treatment with boating," or "a walking treatment, or a rickshaw or something." The theme, he says wistfully, "is to get them out of their cars."

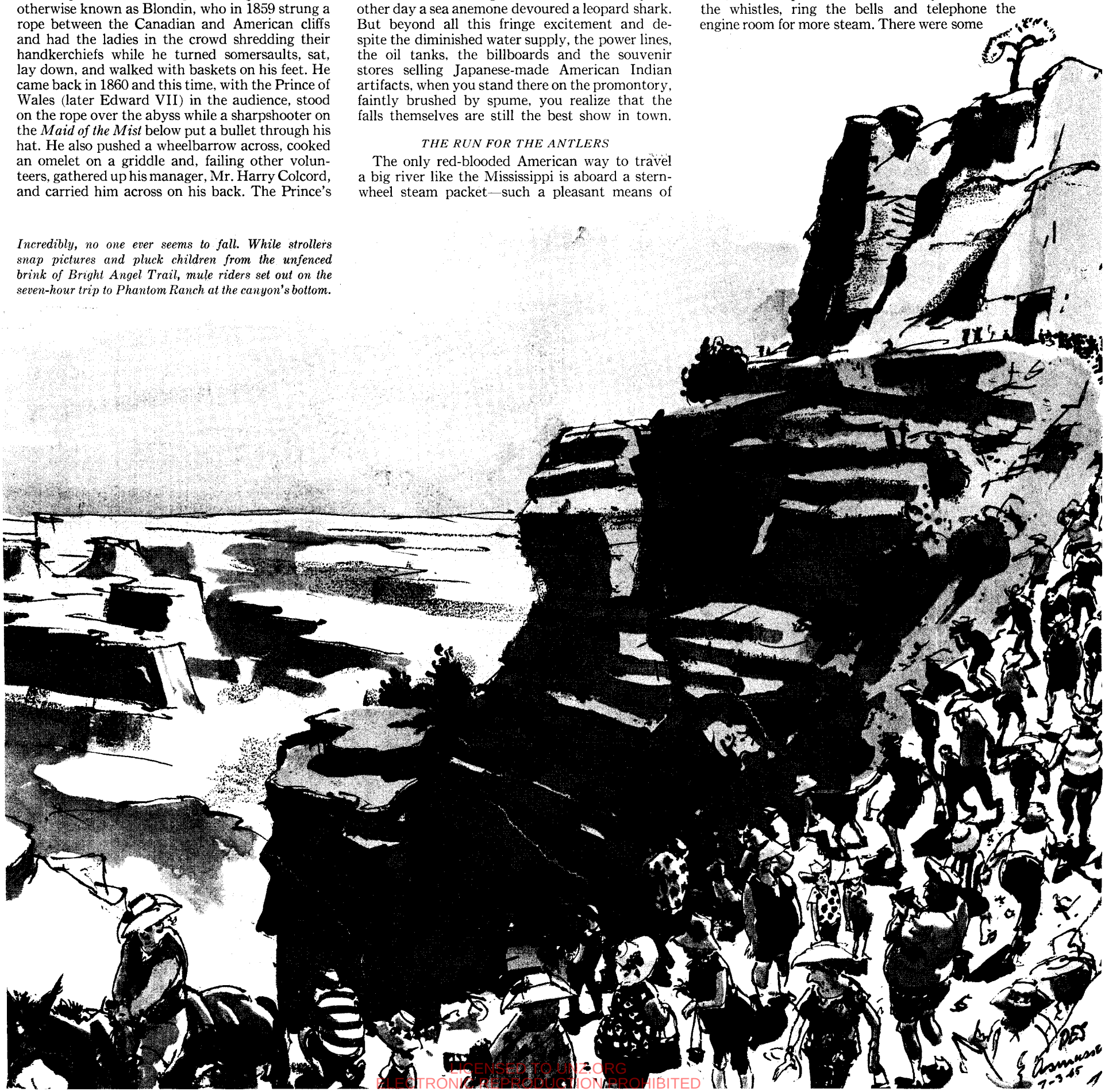
Already Niagara Falls has a new two-story, circular aquarium, four trained dolphins and one trainee, and a 70,000-gallon tank in which only the other day a sea anemone devoured a leopard shark. But beyond all this fringe excitement and despite the diminished water supply, the power lines, the oil tanks, the billboards and the souvenir stores selling Japanese-made American Indian artifacts, when you stand there on the promontory, faintly brushed by spume, you realize that the falls themselves are still the best show in town.

THE RUN FOR THE ANTLERS

The only red-blooded American way to travel a big river like the Mississippi is aboard a stern-wheel steam packet—such a pleasant means of travel that there is only one boat left which still takes overnight passengers: The *S.S. Delta Queen*. I boarded the *Queen* in Memphis as she was on her way to Louisville, Ky., to race against a stern-wheel excursion boat, the *Belle of Louisville*, for a set of gilded elk antlers, "Symbol of River Supremacy"—a very hectic time on any boat.

To a salt-water person, the biggest thrill in being aboard a steamboat during a race is not so much "Will It Win the Race?" as "Will It Float If It Lets Go of the Dock?" When I first saw the *Delta Queen* it looked like one of those four-tiered cakes you can order at a supermarket, with long, green-trimmed porches strung along the sides.

The inside of the cake looked as though it would go to the bottom even faster than the frosting. Upstairs, in a fanciful little cupola nailed to the roof, was the pilot house where they steer, blow the whistles, ring the bells and telephone the engine room for more steam. There were some



Incredibly, no one ever seems to fall. While strollers snap pictures and pluck children from the unfenced brink of Bright Angel Trail, mule riders set out on the seven-hour trip to Phantom Ranch at the canyon's bottom.

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maps and a radar, over near a black, stuffed wampus cat with a red rubber ball in its mouth. But you didn't catch the pilots looking at them much. As one of them said, "The river is like walking around in the dark in a room you're familiar with. You know where the furniture is, so you don't bump into it."

Downstairs, so to speak, the *Queen* had a grand staircase with brass-trimmed treads, Tiffany-glass lampshades and cabins equipped with the same kind of flyswatter they use on boats on the Nile. With this kind of architecture, it was no wonder, when we pulled out of Paducah in what the pilots' log described as "Raining like Hell," that two bridge games were flooded out in the lounge.

The *Queen* was powered by two 1,000-horsepower steam engines which pushed a huge, bright-red wooden paddle wheel, stuck out in back between two oversized window boxes thickly planted with mint for the juleps in the Mark Twain Lounge. Between the two gleaming pistons the chief engineer sat at a mahogany rolltop desk, with a comfortable clutter in its pigeonholes: box of Band-aids, bottle of glue, red plastic egg, instruction book, three flashlights and a can of No-Tox.

Full-tilt, flanks heaving and woodwork creaking all over the boat, the *Queen* could achieve a speed "a little faster than you can walk," as one of the pilots said, "but not much." After we left Memphis, I took a shower, ate dinner and watched a movie, and I could still see the glow of the city over the back fence before I went to bed.

And there was plenty of time, during the four days and nights it took to get to the starting line, to find out that most of the steamboats that preceded the *Queen* and the *Belle* have either blown up, caught fire or gone to the bottom after crashing into obstacles. There has been such a turnover, in fact, that most steamboats are largely composed of salvaged pieces of other steamboats.

Probably the most vital part of the *Delta Queen* to have made a round trip to the bottom was its steam calliope. The "cally-ope," which is accepted river pronunciation, unless you say "steam pie-anna," which is more accepted, sank with the *Water Queen* in 1937. But it was fished up, dried out and finally captured by Mr. E. J. Quinby, chairman of the board of Greene Line Steamers, Inc., which operates the *Queen*.

When the great day came, they dropped a starting flare from a helicopter, whistles blew, flags flapped and the paddle wheel sent a foaming splash into the mint boxes. But most of the passengers were too busy at their assigned task to see much of what was going on. Old prints of past races show them throwing groceries into the fireboxes to Help Get Up Steam. In *this* race they threw the food into the passengers. One of our tacticians figured that the deeper the *Queen* sat in the water, the faster she would go, and the heavier the passengers, the higher the waterline. So the chef laid on a huge racing spread that included a suckling pig with an apple in its mouth.

We passengers did our part with a will, one lady costumed as Martha Washington, and one gentleman disguised as Mark Twain, with white-cotton eyebrows and matching suit.

The people who ate at tables near the windows could see the Ohio River going by, bearing its coffee-colored load of mud, dead fish, rotting branches, and discarded plastic detergent bottles past downtown Louisville. On the right side you could even see the *Belle of Louisville*, falling farther and farther behind (boiler trouble). One man said he might have taken a picture "if I didn't have my mouth full." When we crossed the finish line, after going six miles up the river and six miles back, the *Belle* was three miles behind—so far that we couldn't have seen her even if we'd been on deck.

As we staggered up from the dining room, while small boys on the riverbank pelted the *Delta Queen* with rocks, it was clear that steamboat racing was not, as a Cincinnati paper called it, "as thrilling as your first kiss." But at least it's one of the last sporting contests left in this country that you don't have to watch while it's going on. In fact, you don't really have to know who won when it's over.

THE TRAINS ARE STILL RUNNING

People who live in Connecticut and Long Island may not realize it, but in some areas the railroads are still part of our national heritage and the legacy of some of our most exotic citizens. (A railroad-building ancestor of mine, for example, was once described as "a living, breathing, waddling monument to the triumph of viciousness, greed and vulgarity.") Since California is one of the places you can still get to in a train, particularly if you start from Chicago, I decided to add this to my tour.

A sightseer sketches "pioneer home" (opposite).

It's a strange feeling, these days, to orbit two nights and a day in a speeding trajectory and still not get to where you're going, although as trains go faster and faster they are beginning to look more and more like planes. The Santa Fe Super Chief, which I took, had a shiny silver fuselage and huge, tinted plate-glass windows, and it dripped mysteriously from the underside the way planes do when you wonder if the pilot knows it.

On the inside, without that camaraderie of shared terror which unites air passengers, the train was not so sociable. Pullman passengers are now installed in separate cubicles, various parts of which can be disassembled and transformed into something else. The back of the seat unlocks from the wall to turn into a bed; a shelf above the toilet turns into a washbasin, and a whole section of one wall unlocks to reveal three-eighths of a closet.

People had assured me that I would *see* a lot more from a train, and I must say I did learn more about people's backyards than I usually do in a plane. And it was nice, when we finally reached Los Angeles in a heavy fog, that we didn't have to circle. No matter how bad the weather, you don't have to peer out and see the engines woggling under the wings like loose molars.

On the other hand, a train trip leaves you with more surrealistic and lasting worries. How, for example, did that upended washing machine land out there in the middle of the endless pampas? Or that Renault with no wheels leaning against the door of that tin shack? How many coups have they had in Vietnam since we left Chicago? When you fall behind this way, you never catch up.

FUN IN THE GOLDEN WEST

On the plus side in Los Angeles, I found that the advertised "return to elegance" at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills includes telephones in the bathroom and leaving your shoes outside the door to be shined. (When Dr. Walter Hallstein, president of the European Economic Community, was an official guest in Washington some years ago, he left *his* shoes outside his door at Blair House, and they were thrown away.)

But a good deal of the city appeared to be throttled in mummy wrappings of gray cement, its population condemned to a lifetime of perpetual movement from one part of the endless conveyor belt to another. Riding the Freeways, a pastime which can easily consume most of your stay there, you find the only relief in the monotony is watching the automobiles gradually disintegrate from the relentless pounding. Instead of discarded sandwich wrappers and beer cans, you pass old pieces of mufflers and hubcaps and odd bits of chrome. I was lucky enough to see several car fragments drop off before my eyes during my visit.

Los Angeles also contained several fine travel agencies happy to unload another pound of travel folders. The one on top of the pile urged me to go to Catalina Island, "a different kind of world, where Nature's gifts of beauty have been preserved for you to enjoy today." It sounded like an exciting opportunity to see some trees.

The most challenging part of the trip, of course, was what the folder called "The FUN of getting there!!" It starts with a long, picturesque ride to the Catalina Terminal, which is off the Harbor Freeway, which can be reached by the San Diego Freeway, Hollywood Freeway, Santa Ana Freeway, Long Beach Freeway, Golden State Freeway, or San Bernardino Freeway, if you know exactly how to do it. If you take a taxi, allow $16.00. If you drive yourself, allow an extra day.

The terminal itself is about like any big ship wharf, except that it's more Gay. Since I had to leave my hotel at 6:30 in the morning to be in time for the sailing, I think it will be even more gay when they get the coffee machine fixed.

The brochure said the crossing on the *S.S. Catalina* was going to be a "refreshing, completely entertaining" cruise. I realized what they meant when five young men with rather long hair installed themselves along one wall of the terminal, beside a sign which said they were THE SHIPMATES OF THE S.S. CATALINA, and started making very loud noises on two guitars, one violin, one bass fiddle and some drums, every one of which was plugged into an electric socket in the wall.

Most of the passengers wore big round badges that said "HELLO, My Name is ————." The seagoing rig for a number of the ladies was stretch jeans and high-heeled gold clogs, with their hair in curlers and metal clips, or in elaborate, lacquered structures towering above their heads. One gentleman wore three Band-aids instead of shoes, and although he was bare from the waist up, he carried a shirt in a brown paper bag.

Once we got on board, most of the passengers sat on the floor in the blue smoke haze of the

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lounge where the Shipmates resumed their activities with the electrified instruments. A small, rather somber group took up stations near the life rafts. It being by now 10 in the morning, many people compensated for the broken coffee machine by ordering whisky sours and Bloody Marys in the enclosed cocktail veranda.

The sight-seeing buses, our shipboard "announcer" said, would "leave from the steamer pier or a short distance thereof." The drivers wore costumes that were part cowboy and part Roxy usher, with a ticket puncher in the pistol holster.

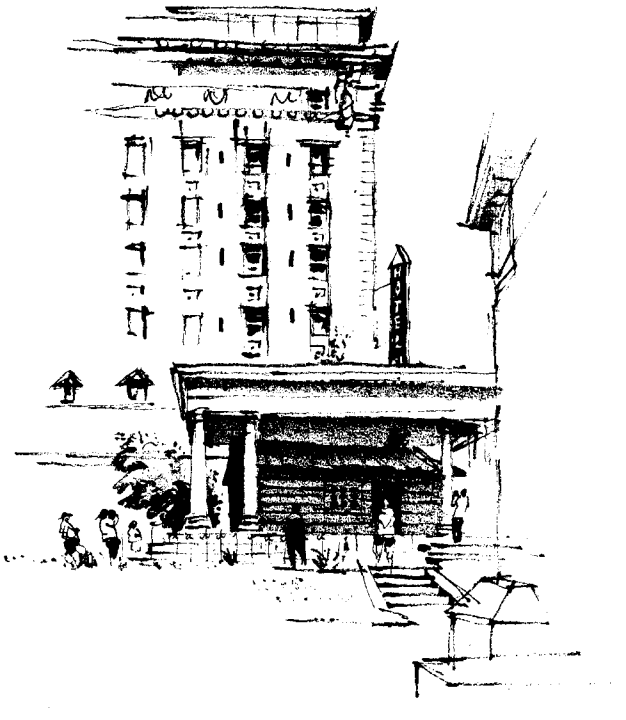
Our driver was a great card ("I'm a lousy sailor; I get seasick when I wash dishes"), and while we didn't get too close to Nature, I learned a lot of things from him which I won't soon forget. I heard that in the center of Catalina there is a herd of 150 buffalo, brought over years ago to be extras in a movie. They somehow got away, have now settled in, and occasionally make forays on the fringe of town, knocking things over.

There is also, the driver assured us, "a guy here who says Mass in sneakers," and in Avalon I saw with my own eyes such things as Kelly's Taco, June's Mad Clothes and Antiques, a coin laundry with coin hair-dryers and a gift shop heavily booby-trapped with signs saying, IF YOU BROKE IT YOU'VE BOUGHT IT.

The Beautification situation in the upper or clifftop section of Avalon, as our driver explained it, is that "the buildings have gotta conform to the Spanish style. The stucco, and the tile and the chicken wire—the whole *enchilada*."

As we sailed away from Avalon, the power cruisers, with names such as Lover Boy and Blu Heron, were parked in neat rows outside the Casino, the suntan-oiled owners lying on the cabin roofs, sipping drinks and listening to the radio, while wisps of refuse and garbage floated past in the translucent blue-green water.

"Nature's gifts of beauty" seemed better preserved in a strange little enclave in metropolitan Los Angeles: The La Brea Tar Pits.



Greek columns shelter old Salt Lake City home.

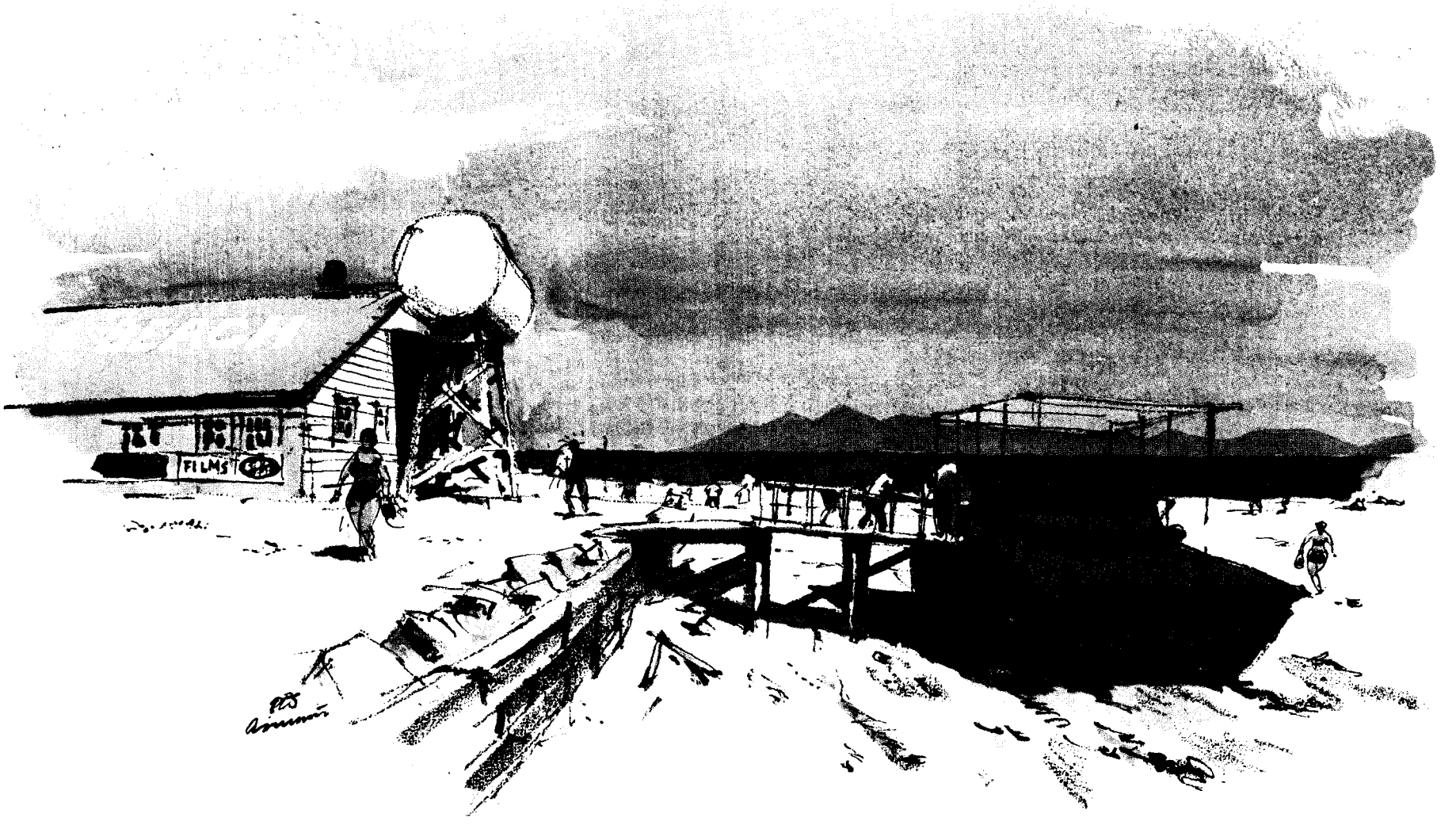
The scientists have discovered that these mysterious seeps of tar, first found by a Spaniard in 1769, have acted for countless centuries as a sort of thick, black quicksand, trapping any bird or animal that happens to venture onto their surface. Rancho La Brea, as the area was once called, was given to Los Angeles County by its last owner as a park, and the odd-shaped splotches have been fenced off so they won't collect any human samples. But paleontologists have found that this bubbling stickiness holds a fantastic collection of the bones of the birds and beasts that were roaming around Los Angeles during the Ice Age. In Pit No. 9 alone they found the crowded skeletons of the great short-faced bear, the great lionlike cat, the saber-tooth cat, the dire wolf, camel, horse, bison, ground sloth, imperial mammoths, 10 American mastodons, and 15 elephants.

In the Observation Pit, an excavation with a house built over it, bones have been isolated in a fixed position so that a diagram can explain them. Even if you are nine years old (as many of the Pit visitors appear to be) and not yet a paleontologist, you can make out the skull of a wolf, hipbones of a large ground sloth, a mastodon skull and assorted bird bones. You can also buy tiny models of the previous inhabitants, the most popular being the American mastodon (*Mammut americanum*) for $2.00 and the saber-tooth cat (*Smilodon californicus*) at $1.75 apiece.

As if it weren't encouraging enough to find a trace of the Ice Age right on Wilshire Boulevard, across from a big billboard saying CADILLAC, STANDARD OF THE WORLD, there has recently arisen like Aphrodite out of the very midst of the pits the new Los Angeles County Art Museum, a rare example of a huge new building that is airy, elegant and an ornament to its historic site. Much of the building is set in ponds, with big mobiles sprouting out of them like metal lotus plants. Jets of water splatter each other and bat the lotus leaves about, making a noise like wind chimes in a pagoda.

GRAND CANYON

No one gets full credit for visiting the Grand Canyon unless he rides to the bottom on a mule and spends the night at Phantom Ranch, somewhere near the center of the earth. Short of taking a public stand, like the lady in my hotel who announced, "I'm not going to put my life in the hands of some dumb mule," the only respectable way to get out of this trip is to be so fat that the mules can't carry you.



War-surplus amphibian makes brief tourist excursions on the Great Salt Lake, whose murky, eye-stinging waters have receded from old beaches.

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Serene and beautiful Catalina becomes a Coney Island with palms when shipload of visitors arrives at noon from the mainland. The ship's orchestra blares, the sun- and fun-seekers swarm over the sands, and garbage bobs on the dancing waters of Avalon.

It is also possible to walk down—an alternative which involves walking back up, and last year 1,301 people did it. Another 2,182 chose the mule and 1,576,000 just peered nervously over the edge and went home. Although the journey is only about a mile straight down, if done in a parachute, the trail covers about seven miles each way and takes some seven hours, regardless of whether you are headed up or down. The path grows narrower and steeper every time you think about it, both before and after. Survivors are considered so brave that the Fred Harvey Company, the firm which runs the Grand Canyon hotels, the restaurants, the gift shops, the mules and the Hopi Indian dances (part of the Retail Division), awards them a parchment certificate as a member of the Order of the Master Mule Skinners.

For those who are courageous even when cold, the trip also operates in the winter. It is undertaken every month of the year, through rain and snow and sleet, by so many otherwise sensible people of all ages from all over the world that it is necessary to book one's mule six weeks in advance. One lady in my party had booked her "mool," as she called it, all the way from Germany.

A potential Master Mule Skinner has only to approach the edge of the South Rim the evening before his trip to get an idea of just how brave he is about to be. The setting sun bathes the wild buttes, crags and other landscape upheavals in an ominous and surly glow, while a rasping wind rattles the ponderosa pines. He realizes with horror that the faint track snaking down that perpendicular cliff is the path he and some mule he has never seen are scheduled to embark on next morning.

The only comfort is to think how Mr. Cárdenas, the Spanish explorer who was the first white man to see the place in 1540, must have felt. He had been sent off to find a good interstate route to the Seven Golden Cities (which neither he, nor anybody else, has ever found), and he suddenly found this gaping hole blocking his path. After a week of trying to find a way to the bottom, Cárdenas lost his chance for a full credit by turning back.

When morning comes, you lurch over the first dreadful drop aboard your mule, like Sydney Carton in his tumbrel. Regardless of the gallows jokes and the pitiful farewells at the top, the management insists that the same number of persons who disappear over the precipice at the head

Tourist strikes outlandish mainland note on the island's fashion scene.

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of the Bright Angel Trail in the morning reappear ("top out," as the wranglers say) from the Kaibab Trail the following afternoon. Certainly—despite the many perils we faced, including low-flying helicopters, which scared even our mules—the only loss sustained by my group was a set of car keys, which one of the grandmothers in the party dropped somewhere above the halfway mark.

In defiance of gravity, you descend past a geological Rosetta stone, where the history of the planet is laid open like a cut layer cake. The most recent layer, nearest the top, is already 200 million years old—that is, after dinosaurs, but before people. From then on, if you can recognize all you're looking at, the trip is like a visit to an outdoor Smithsonian Institution, full of the cast-off cuff buttons of an age so remote as to be incomprehensible. The change in climate, from the cold top at 7,000 feet to the hot bottom at 2,000, is about like a journey from Boston in early winter to Miami in midsummer, a one-day challenge to any wardrobe.

However, for a good part of the Permian part of the trip, as this top layer of rock is called, one is engaged in working out a suitable arrangement with one's mule. Looked at from the ground, as something to be climbed up on, a mule seems rather large in the morning and larger still after lunch. Viewed from on top, as the sole object between you and eternity, it seems extremely frail, slanted and slippery.

After we passed a Metrecal can, at about the fourth hairpin turn of the 53 we did before lunch—too far down the trail to turn back—the wrangler called a halt to counsel us. "Hold the reins at all times, sit up straight, don't get off unless the guide is holding your mule, and make the mules keep up," he said, to give the illusion that we had some control over them. We didn't, of course, and we soon learned that Pistol Pete, Mamie, Vera, Brigitte Bardot, Elmer, Wess, Tug, Salem, George and Thelma were highly trained technicians with their own rigid rules and an ungovernable preference for the outside edge of the trail. They also cared deeply about all green things growing just beyond the rim of any precipice. The mules have their own system of coffee breaks, and our caravan would come to a solemn halt each time we came upon one of these highly aromatic rest stops. The mules like to park at these moments with their tails to the walls and their front feet dangling at the edge, while you sit frozen in the saddle hoping no move you make will be misinterpreted as a signal to take another step forward.

The sooner you decide to put the mule on automatic pilot, the sooner you can concentrate on trying to find the prehistoric lizard tracks, the Indian paintbrush, the yucca and all the other things you came from the East to look at, before the pain in the leg muscles takes over. By the time you reach the final test of endurance—a one-mule-wide suspension bridge over the river to Phantom Ranch—you feel you have relived Lawrence of Arabia's march on Aqaba and are too tired for fear.

But it turns out to be worth the struggle. Phantom Ranch is a small Shangri-la hidden in a lush, green grove of cottonwood trees by a sparkling stream; the dinner I had there was one of the best meals of my entire trip. And when you finally "top out," next day you realize the great advantage a Master Mule Skinner has over slackers who think that the Grand Canyon is just a mottled, verdigris splotch that the pilot of their jet tells them is down there to the left of their lunch trays. And of course our little band was happy to have added a set of car keys to the other fossils for the scientists of future eons to puzzle over.

WONDERS OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE

These are stirring times to visit the Great Salt Lake. In addition to being the nation's largest sinkproof swimming hole, it has been recently found to be a vast chemical storehouse, full of a lot more than just table salt. Chemical companies from all over the country are competing with swimmers and nature lovers and each other for a chance to exploit the magnesium, potash, lithium, chlorine and other substances that go through a lot of pipes inside buildings with smokestacks on top and come out the other end as money.

Banes of the beach advance, with transistors asquawk.

Meanwhile, as it has done from time to time in the past, the lake has been steadily sinking for 11 years and only this year has begun to rise again.

Sunset Beach and Silver Sands, the two remaining places to swim, are on the southeastern shore near U.S. Highway 40. Silver Sands is named for the owner, Mr. John Silver, rather than for the color of the beach. And getting there is not like the usual drive to the seashore. Along the way we passed an electrolytic plant, a fertilizer plant and a copper-reduction sluice—and it was snowing. In addition to the waste material ducts from the chemical plants, the hazard facing a Salt Lake resort is that winds push the lake's thick water up the beach, as though it were in a tilted teacup, and when it recedes it leaves thousands of tiny brine shrimp, one of the few creatures which can live in all that salt. Once beached, they die, exuding an odor which competes vigorously with the raw sewage that Salt Lake City pours into the Lake.

Between the newfound chemicals and those sentimentalists who still insist the nation needs a sinkproof swimming hole, the state of Utah set up a Great Salt Lake Authority to straighten things out before the Great Salt Lake turned into a puddle of ill-smelling sludge.

Starting next year, a treatment plant will handle the city's sewage. Meanwhile, the authority has come up with an enormous plan to divide the lake into sections with dikes made from ore residue, keeping one segment for the chemical companies and another for wildlife, boats and people.

This plan is rather long range, and to be on the safe side it's a good idea to buy one of the key chains at the Salt Lake City airport made of Salt Lake salt crystals. It could be your last chance.

THE ALAMO IS IN GOOD HANDS

Of course there have been some complaints about the *location* of the Alamo, right in the center of San Antonio in the high-rent district. Coming in from the airport, my taxi driver said he "wouldn't put it past them" to "try to move it someplace more convenient—if they dared."

They don't dare, of course, because anyone tampering with the Alamo would have to do so across the fallen bodies of the 2,000 ladies who currently comprise the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, custodians of the Alamo since 1905.

This shrine of Texashood, already a roofless adobe shell at the time of the battle in 1836, was blown up on Santa Anna's orders, rebuilt by the U.S. Army, burned again in 1861. The Convent portion was turned into a wholesale grocery store, and finally the whole lot was sold in 1903 to a syndicate, which proposed to put up a hotel on it. Yet the Alamo has miraculously risen from the rubble, thanks entirely to the Daughters. Clara Driscoll, a wealthy Daughter, whose grandfather was a hero at San Jacinto, the battle the Texans won by shouting "Remember the Alamo," single-handedly put up the money to buy the property. Eventually it was given to the state of Texas, which put it in the hands of the Daughters.

To understand the formidable work of these ladies, one must first realize that only a woman over 16 who is a lineal descendant of those who participated in the Revolution—and not the Revolution you might think, but the one between the Texans and the Mexicans—can be a member. The cut-off date, after which it no longer matters whose great-granddaughter you are, is February 19, 1846, when the flag of the Republic was pulled down and replaced by the starred-and-striped banner of the neighboring nation—a move which to this day not all the Daughters approve of.

The ladies, who charge no admission, raise money to support the Alamo by selling books and

(*continued on page 70*)

Sunk in torpor, sunbathers seem oblivious of the craggy hills above and the blue ocean beyond Catalina's harbor.

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Recovering from her struggle against respiratory-distress syndrome, a baby girl naps inside an incubator at the Stanford Premature Infants Center in Palo Alto, Calif.

THE KILLER THAT STALKS THE NEWBORN

Medical sleuths may soon find a cure for the deadly respiratory disease that strikes down 25,000 infants a year in America.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER
Photographs by Bill Bridges

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In the timetable of human development no event is more dramatic, or perilous, than a baby's struggle for his first breath. From a passive recipient of oxygen dissolved in his mother's blood he must make the transition to a detached and squalling human being, gulping in the fresh air of the outside world. And he must accomplish this shift within a very few minutes or suffer fearful consequences.

Even with the best scientific help, many babies don't make it. Among premature babies the total mortality from all causes is 15 percent, and more than a third of these deaths are from breathing difficulties. Some die of simple asphyxia, never having breathed at all. But more of them gain that first breath only to find each succeeding breath as hard to draw as the first.

In this latter complication, known as hyaline-membrane disease or respiratory-distress syndrome, the baby's lungs go into almost complete collapse each time he breathes out, and he must fight to open them up each time he breathes in. As the distressed baby strains to suck air into his stiff, resistant lungs, the lower part of his chest is retracted into a deep hollow. His nostrils flare. His chin is tugged down. As he exhales he makes a characteristic sighing grunt.

"I hate this crying, grunting expiration," one British pediatrician has said. "When I go into the premature nursery and hear it, I know someone is going to die in the next few hours."

In August, 1963, it was a President's son, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who died two days after his premature birth. Heroic efforts by a team of Harvard's best pediatricians, carried out in a pressurized oxygen chamber, failed to save his life. At least 25,000 other infants died of the same condition in the United States that year, and it is likely that as many will continue to succumb each year unless new research currently under way brings effective measures to the rescue.

Although it was virtually unknown to the public until the Kennedy baby's losing struggle in Boston, respiratory-distress syndrome is the most frequent cause of death in newborn babies. Because it starves the brain of oxygen, it may also account for much cerebral palsy and mental retardation. Both its cause and cure have been frustratingly elusive, but intensified research during the past few years has yielded several new and hopeful approaches. A final breakthrough may not be far away.

The normal lung is never completely empty. In each breath we move only about 10 percent of the air in and out, although the fresh air gets well mixed with the used air of the previous breath. Many of the tiny air sacs at the twig ends of the branching pulmonary tree remain open, and there is an easy to-and-fro movement of air in and out of them. The action of chest and diaphragm in a healthy body is effortless—"as easy as breathing." But the lung of an infant suffering from respiratory-distress syndrome doesn't work this way. It empties completely with each expiration, almost all of the air sacs collapse and the baby must exert tremendous effort to open them again with his next breath.

Even a basic understanding of the disease has been discouragingly slow to emerge. Pathologists first recognized evidence of it in the lungs of dead babies more than 40 years before the doctors began to identify it in the living infants. What the pathologists saw under the microscope, back in 1903, was a general collapse of the air sacs, with a pink jelly-like stuff smeared on the lining. They named this material a "hyaline membrane" after the Latin word for "glassy."

In the 1940's, when doctors began to relate the rapid and labored breathing of the premature baby to the pink membrane found at autopsy, they assumed the membrane was the cause of the trouble, blocking the passage of oxygen into the capillaries. But soon doctors were seeing babies dying of "hyaline-membrane disease" without a trace of the obstructing membrane in their lungs, and it became apparent that the red film was not the cause of the trouble, but a result.

If the peculiar membrane didn't cause the breathing difficulty, what did? There were many guesses and theories: too much oxygen or too little, clamping the umbilical cord too soon or too late, partial asphyxia just before birth, drugs taken by the mother during her pregnancy.

The theory most favored came from Dr. R. E. Pattle's quiet observation of bubbles. Doctor Pattle is a tall, erect, red-moustached toxicologist in Britain's chemical-warfare service, and his thoughts, in 1955, had little to do with the breathing problems of the newborn. What he was looking for, in his laboratory at Porton, Wiltshire, was an anti-foam agent to treat phosgene-gas poisoning, which kills by filling the lungs with choking foam.

In the course of his experiments on rabbits he was surprised to see that the bubbles which formed when he shook up ordinary blood serum burst in a few minutes, while bubbles in blood that was squeezed from the lungs immediately after death usually remained intact for an hour or more.

Now, the factor that keeps bubbles intact for a long time is a lowered surface tension, as in soapy water. Doctor Pattle reasoned that some substance must be present in the lungs to lower surface tension and prevent the bubbles from collapsing. He began trying to find out what it was.

At about the same time that Doctor Pattle was studying his bubbles, a U.S. Army physiologist, Dr. John Clements, also in the chemical-warfare service, and an anesthesiologist named Elwyn S. Brown arrived at a similar concept. They actually isolated this collapse-preventing substance from the lungs of dogs and cats, and in so doing established what has become known as the "surfactant theory" of lung physiology.

Up at the Harvard School of Public Health, a young pediatrician, Mary Ellen Avery, was tremendously excited by this development. "I had been working on the theory that some factor was missing from the lungs of babies who had respiratory distress," Doctor Avery said, "and here was evidence that fitted my theory."

One Christmas vacation she drove to Edgewood Arsenal, in Maryland, where Clements was stationed. After learning how to make surface-tension measurements of lung washings, she proceeded to examine specimens taken from infants who had died. As she suspected, the tension lowering "anti-collapse factor" was absent from nine babies who had died of hyaline-membrane disease, although it was present in 29 infants who had died of other causes.

If respiratory distress is caused by a lack of some "anti-collapse factor," the researchers wondered, could it be relieved by supplying this missing ingredient to the lungs? They thought it could, and their search for this ingredient finally led them to a synthetic and commercially available substance called dipalmitoyl lecithin, which is normally used in making up medicines. An aerosol mist containing this lecithin, they reasoned, could be pumped into a newborn baby's incubator. Hopefully, it would fill the baby's lungs, supply the anti-collapse factor and thus keep the air sacs open.

The first test on a human baby was made by a group of doctors at L'Hôpital Ste. Jeanne d'Arc in Montreal. One of their first patients was a two-and-a-half-pound boy named Paul, born eight weeks too soon. He did not cry or breathe, simply lying silently on the sheeted table beside his mother, his wrinkled skin a dusky blue from the lack of oxygen. The pediatrician and the nurses moved swiftly into the standard routine—sucking mucus from the baby's nasal passages with a thin rubber tube, placing a mask over the child's face and squeezing a rubber bag to blow oxygen into the motionless lungs. The heart was beating only once every six seconds. The doctor massaged the infant's chest to increase heart action. Nothing happened. Then there was a quick gasp, followed by the strained breathing pattern of respiratory distress—the hollow in the chest, the flaring nostrils, the helpless grunt. The baby was alive, but barely.

The nurse hurriedly wrapped him in a blanket and whisked him into an incubator. There the doctor turned on an electric pump, filling the incubator with the aerosol mist containing lecithin. Within a minute Paul was immersed in a white cloud so thick the doctor and nurses could hardly see him.

"Ten minutes after we'd started the aerosol, the baby was breathing normally," reported Dr. Edmond Baril, one of the pediatricians in charge of the nursery. "Through the mist we could see his color change from blue to a healthy pink. A half hour was all he needed in the aerosol cloud, although we kept him in the incubator for some weeks, part of the time in an atmosphere of forty percent oxygen." He continued to do well, and is today a healthy year and a half.

Of the first 11 Montreal infants enveloped in the aerosol, eight recovered. Encouraging as this was, the Canadian results were not regarded as sure proof of the aerosol's value. Respiratory distress is a confusing condition, often hard to differentiate from other breathing problems and unpredictable in its course. Among other problems with which the doctors had to contend was

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the fact that half of the babies suffering from this disease recover anyway, with the aid of such conventional treatment as mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. How could they ever be sure that their cure had actually been the deciding factor?

Meanwhile, a visiting Malaysian pediatrician named Wong Hock Boon had come on the scene. Doctor Boon said he was accustomed to seeing an average of two respiratory-distress cases a day back at his Kandang Kerbau hospital in Singapore, and explained that he would like to try this new approach. Attracted by the opportunity of seeing and treating many more infants than they could expect in any American hospital, a team of pediatricians from Cleveland and San Francisco flew out to Singapore in March of 1964, taking with them four air-conditioned incubators and the aerosol equipment.

Although the aerosol approach did relieve respiratory distress in a few Singapore infants, it did not live up to expectations. But in the course of these treatments, the doctors discovered something new. They found the lungs of infants dying of the disease not only had deflated air cells but also had tightly constricted blood vessels. This confirmed what other researchers had suggested—namely that circulatory collapse was partly to blame for the breathing distress.

What causes these small artery branches to pinch shut? Doctor Clements, now of the University of California, believes that it is a protective reflex similar to that in a diving animal, such as a duck or seal, where blood is shunted away from temporarily less important parts of the body, including the lungs, in order to keep the heart and brain well supplied during the dive.

"In the human, the reflex could come into play when the blood of the fetus becomes low in oxygen," Doctor Clements explains. "This could happen if the mother has low blood pressure or if the umbilical cord is pinched before or during birth. When such an oxygen emergency arises, the centralizing reflex shuts down the blood to the lungs, kidneys and intestines and sends more to the heart, brain and placenta." Understandably, the reflex might be useful before the baby is born but is dangerous after he is disconnected from his mother's blood supply.

According to this theory, the restricted blood flow was not only interfering with the intake of oxygen but was also retarding the formation of the vital anti-collapse substance. Even when lecithin aerosol was used to keep the air cells open, the oxygen did not always get into the blood.

Convinced now that the artery constriction was an important part of the problem, the doctors in Singapore sought a way to counteract it. They chose a powerful nerve hormone called acetylcholine. A chemical released at the ends of certain involuntary nerves, it is responsible for many bodily reactions—sweating, blushing, making the hair stand on end, weakening the heartbeat—and dilating blood vessels.

The doctors injected the hormone via a thin plastic tubing threaded through the umbilical vein to a point near the lungs. At first they combined the hormone with the aerosol treatment, but the hormone injection worked so well that eventually they stopped using the aerosol. A Chinese girl baby, blue and near death when the injection was started, soon began to breath more easily, and her color returned to normal. The doctors cut off the hormone treatment, and the baby quickly turned blue. When they resumed the flow of hormone for five more hours, the baby continued to a permanent recovery.

The pediatricians employed the blood-vessel-dilation method with 12 babies in Singapore and obtained almost immediate favorable effects in 11. But only seven made a complete recovery. Five died, four of them, in the doctors' opinion, because the acetylcholine had been started too late and given too sparingly. The fifth death was from an infection.

The group returned from Singapore in August, 1964. Dr. Marshall Klaus has since been carrying on the treatments at the Stanford Premature Infants Research Center.

Among the first California babies to be treated was Robert Edmond Speirs. Born a month prematurely to Robert and Sari Speirs of Mountain View, Calif., he was not unusually small—six and a half pounds. But soon after his birth in the Palo-Alto-Stanford Hospital, he began to gasp for breath and show the typical signs of respiratory distress. Doctor Klaus and his assistants promptly placed him in an incubator with high oxygen concentration and inserted the plastic catheters into his umbilical artery and vein.

Within four minutes his lung vessels had opened up to permit a normal exchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide. His breathing eased, and slowed down from an abnormal 84 breaths per minute to 62. After 24 hours the doctors halted the treatment. The baby's respiratory rate jumped to 100 for a short time, but since his breathing sounds remained normal and his color was a healthy pink, they felt it unnecessary to restart the infusion.

"But he had to stay in the premie nursery," Mrs. Speirs recalled, "and it was heartbreaking not to be able to get to him. The other mothers had their babies brought to them, and all I could do for a week was to look in through the window at him."

Today, however, at the age of one year, Bobby Speirs is a robust 22 pounds. "He eats and sleeps well," his mother said, "and he hasn't had any colds. I don't have any particular worries about him at all."

Doctor Klaus already has treated more than a dozen other babies with the infusion technique, achieving good results in more than half of the cases. Eventually, he predicts, drugs other than acetylcholine may prove to be more convenient or effective, but the medical group believes it has "firmly established the key importance of relieving pulmonary blood-vessel constriction in respiratory distress."

Although the aerosol and infusion treatments have received the most attention in the battle against respiratory-distress syndrome, other quite different approaches are still being tried. One of the most controversial is an Epsom salts enema, which its inventor, a pathologist named Daniel Stowens from the University of Louisville, describes as "so simple it's almost ridiculous, but it works." Doctor Stowens, in examining the bodies of hundreds of babies who had died of respiratory distress, noticed that their kidneys were underdeveloped and their lungs waterlogged. He reasoned that the immature kidneys had been unable to remove the excess fluid, which then accumulated and impaired breathing. He decided an enema of 50 percent Epsom salts (magnesium sulfate) might draw off this water. In 28 out of 30 cases it did so, he reported, and the respiratory distress was relieved.

Doctor Stowens's report was read at a meeting of pathologists in Miami Beach last October, where it received much publicity. But Dr. Frank Faulkner, Doctor Stowens's chief at Louisville

Examining "monitoring" equipment in Stanford laboratory is Dr. Marshall Klaus, a pioneer in development of infusion treatment for respiratory distress. Nurse checks baby's breathing.

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Children's Hospital, said he had not seen the data on the babies, all of whom had been treated in other hospitals, and declared that many physicians wanted to see additional evidence. Within a month Doctor Stowens submitted his resignation from the hospital. "They made it tough for me," he said, "so I got mad and quit."

In the meantime, however, requests for information about the Epsom salts treatment had flooded in, and Doctor Stowens sent a mimeographed set of instructions to about 500 doctors. Reports of their results are mixed. One researcher has suggested that the magnesium sulfate may be checking respiratory distress, but not the way Doctor Stowens thinks it does. This researcher points out that magnesium is known to be a blood-vessel dilator and, if absorbed sufficiently into the bloodstream, it may counteract the constriction of the lung arteries.

An official of the National Institutes of Health, which is sponsoring a nationwide study of the problems of the newborn, says Doctor Stowens's treatment will be given a thorough appraisal. His experience as a pediatric pathologist is highly regarded, this official said, "and we aren't writing this work off."

Nor is any other potential answer being written off, either. Rather widely employed is the method of Dr. Robert Usher, of Montreal. He injects glucose and sodium bicarbonate through a vein in the baby's scalp, on the theory that this counteracts a high blood level of potassium which impairs the infant's heart action. Special breathing assistance is being used in several places, including the Stanford Premature Infants Center in Palo Alto, Calif., where the blood-vessel-dilator procedure is being tested. Here Dr. D. Vernon Thomas, associate professor of anesthesia, has for three years been giving distressed infants prolonged artificial respiration via a tube inserted into the windpipe. Air or oxygen is automatically pumped in, one breath at a time. To date, 19 babies have been "ventilated," with success in 12 cases.

At Babies Hospital in New York City, Dr. William Silverman, director of the Premature Nursery and an eminent authority on premature infants, has been testing another type of breathing assist, a two-chambered respirator of transparent plastic.

"There is no question that this is ventilating the baby's lungs and improving the exchange of respiratory gases—oxygen and carbon dioxide," Doctor Silverman reports. "But whether it will improve the survival rate is something we won't know until we've tried it for many more months."

Doctor Silverman is understandably cautious; medical researchers have been fooled by favorable results before, and no one is claiming victory until it is certain. But still there is an undeniable feeling of optimism in the air today, a sense that this long and frustrating battle is coming to an end. □

"We worried when we heard our son had the same disease that killed President Kennedy's son," says Mrs. Robert Speirs. Boy recovered after infusion treatment, now weighs 22 pounds.

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MY TWELVE YEARS WITH KENNEDY Part 2

By Evelyn Lincoln

The Presidential Years

His touching little gesture when his baby son was dying . . . his surprising behavior the day he flew to Texas—this is the late President as only his personal secretary knew him.

Drawings by AUSTIN BRIGGS

No one had explained to me where I was supposed to go, or when I was supposed to be at the office, but it seemed natural to show up at my regular time for my first day in the White House. My husband, Abe, began my morning perfectly. "I'd be proud to drive you to work," he said.

We got into our red 1951 car, and drove to the northwest gate at the White House. The guard there, unfamiliar with the people coming to work for the new President who had just been inaugurated, took my word that I was President Kennedy's secretary and that Abe was my husband. Abe left me at the west-wing door.

I had no idea where the President's office was. Another guard, after looking me over very suspiciously, took me down a hall, then opened a door and said, "I guess this will be your office." I put my briefcase down and was just about to rearrange things, when I heard footsteps in the President's office. I looked up to see him walking toward me. As President, he greeted me just exactly as he had every morning when he was a senator. "Good morning, Mrs. Lincoln," he said. "Is there any mail?"

"As soon as it arrives, I'll bring it to you," I replied, smiling. Things hadn't changed much.

He asked me how I liked my office, then went back into his own office, sat down at the desk, and looked at all the buzzers lining both sides of the desk and the complicated battery of telephones.

"I don't like them," he said. "Too cluttered. And this desk is too big." He thought there should be an arrangement of chairs near the fireplace, opposite his desk, and as I suspected, he wanted the cerise sofa changed.

Later he had a meeting with former President Truman. They entered the President's office, and Mr. Truman walked around, fully enjoying his first visit to the White House since he had left it in 1953. Then I saw them pass my doors on their way over to the executive mansion. I thought, *What a wonderful spot for my office! I can see the President in his office; I can see him when he leaves the mansion to come over to the office; and he has to walk through my office to get to the Cabinet room.*

When the President returned, he noticed that I had the reading copy of his inaugural address on my desk. "I read the other day that one of the former Presidents was offered $75,000 for his inaugural address," he said. "Mrs. Lincoln, give me a pen so I can sign mine." After he signed it, he added, "Here, keep this $75,000 for me."

I learned right away that I was going to have to get used to dealing with problems I had never known before. One of my duties would be to rush into the President's office as soon as he left for any reason, clear the papers from his desk, take them to my office, and see that everything of a security nature was locked safely away in the files.

There were other unusual duties. One afternoon, when the President was talking with Walter Heller, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, he called me into his office and asked, "Why don't you light the fire?" I crumpled some paper, stuffed it under the logs, and put a match to it.

Almost immediately the room was filled with smoke. Maintenance men began running into my office shouting, "Where's the fire?" Sam (Mitch) Mitchell, one of the assistants who had custody of the President's office, rushed in saying, "Oh, my land, what has happened?" Newspapermen dozing in the leather chairs out in the reception room came to life with a rush. Telephones started to ring. All the doors and windows were opened. People were running in and out. Mitch came out and said to me severely, "Do you know that the damper in that fireplace wasn't open?"

The President had never stopped talking with Chairman Heller. As the smoke cleared, the two were in the middle of the office, still discussing the growth of the economy.

My little office soon became a meeting place of the staff members. The President would come out between appointments to look at the mail and give me reminders, and anyone willing to wait for him could get in a few quick questions. Col. Godfrey T. McHugh, the President's Air Force aide, was waiting impatiently in my office one afternoon with some papers for the President to sign. The

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"If they are going to get me," he said before the Texas trip, "they will get me, even in church."

President's door was closed. Finally Colonel McHugh said, "I'm going to open the door just a little and see if the President is alone." As he did, the President opened it quickly from the other side, and McHugh almost fell into his arms. He blushed, but the President thought it extremely funny, and chuckled as he signed the papers.

Occasionally the President would receive a gift of cigars and, if they were not his brand, I would put them in a humidor on top of the small refrigerator in my office. When I dropped those cigars in the humidor, it was like putting seed in a bird cage. "I see that the boss got some cigars," "Muggsie" O'Leary, the President's chauffeur, would say, slipping some in his pocket. If the President asked me to get Pierre Salinger, his press assistant, Pierre was sure to stop by the humidor on his way out. And there were many other samplers. The humidor, like the candy dish that I kept at my desk, helped ease the tensions that hovered around that all-important threshold.

In these first months the President was very quietly paving the way for passage of his program in Congress. He had a list of the birthdays of every member of the Congress, and he sent each a hand-delivered letter on his birthday. One morning he asked me to tell his assistant, Ted Reardon, to read the *Congressional Record* every day and prepare a letter of congratulations and appreciation whenever a representative or senator commented favorably and publicly on a presidential proposal.

"For example," he said, "tell him we should have a letter of thanks, or rather of high regard, to Senator Kerr of Oklahoma for the report he did on water. That way all the members of Congress will feel that we are watching their work. And tell him I want to sign all these letters."

The President preferred to have letters to high Government officials delivered by hand, rather than through the usual channels. At first I received frantic calls, saying I was not supposed to send letters directly; I replied that the President had asked me to do it that way. He wanted action, and he had found he could get it this way.

He directed that only two buzzers be installed on his desk, one on the east side for my office, and one on the west side for Kenny O'Donnell, his appointments secretary. And he had the multitude of telephones replaced by a single instrument with buttons. I was glad of that. Once I had picked up one of the telephones, and seconds later what seemed like an entire regiment rushed up the stairs. Later I learned I had picked up the "alert" telephone that President Eisenhower had used.

Caroline, who was three by now, soon began a practice that was to continue as long as she lived in the White House. Almost every morning she would walk with her father along the colonnade from the mansion to his office. It was a highlight of her day. The first morning they took the walk,

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the President brought her into my office. Right away she saw the candy dish on the table at the side of my desk, and wanted to know why I had candy there. I told her I thought maybe the people working at the White House would enjoy it. "But," I added in a whisper, "it really is so when you come over, you can have some candy."

I began to look forward to Caroline's visits every morning. The first thing she would ask was, "Do you have anything for me, Mrs. Lincoln?" Then we rummaged through my desk, to see what she could take home with her. It didn't make any difference to Caroline what it was, just so she had something. I began to pick up inexpensive novelties at the drugstore. She got so much pleasure out of taking something back to show "Mommy."

She loved to type her name on the typewriter. "Which one is the *C*?" she would ask. She could hardly wait until she got to the *e* so she could run and show her daddy what she had done.

One morning President Truman was one of her daddy's callers. When he came in, the President closed the door between our offices, and Caroline and I went right on typing and drawing pictures. In a short time the door opened, and the President and Mr. Truman came over to my desk. Caroline never liked to have anyone notice her. When her father said, "Caroline, this is President Truman," she scooted under my desk. The President calmly went on talking to Mr. Truman, who tried to coax her out by saying, "I have a grandson about your age." But it was plain that nothing was going to get her to budge.

When the two men went away, Caroline came out of hiding. "What was that?" she asked me.

I told her it was President Truman and that at one time her daddy's office had been his office.

After a moment she said, "Oh."

The President's schedule seemed to grow daily. Often his friends would call me and ask if they could see him. When I checked with him, he would say, "Yes, tell them to come through your office." This caused other members of his staff to think I was trying to be the appointments secretary, but I felt that I was working for the President—and answering only to him.

The day after St. Patrick's Day the President had a meeting in the Cabinet room, and afterward he and Mrs. Kennedy were to attend a State Department ceremony. When it came time for him to leave, I took a note to him in the Cabinet room, and Caroline followed me in. To her, the note was not sufficient. She said loudly, "Mommy wants you." In about two minutes he came out and left for the ceremony.

Dignity in the White House again became a problem when Prime Minister Harold Macmillan visited the President. As the two men came through my office, I stole a glance at the young President walking with head erect beside the graying, older Macmillan. After the first meeting the President stopped by my office to look at the mail. While he was going through it, he said, almost in a whisper and without raising his head, "I think it would be nice if you would stand when a dignitary walks through your office." I found myself thinking maybe now that he was President he wanted me to stand when *he* entered the room. The next morning I said to Priscilla Wear, a typist, "Let's stand when he comes into the office." And we did.

With a puzzled expression on his face he said, "Why are you standing?"

"A dignitary just walked in." He chuckled and waved at us to sit down, but from that time on I always stood when he brought anyone of unusual importance through my office. I know he was pleased, because he always said to whomever he was with. "This is my secretary, Mrs. Lincoln."

The day the President's first crisis in office broke was a beautiful Monday in April. For several days there had been rumors of an anti-Castro revolution in Cuba, and on that morning there were actual news reports. Between appointments during the afternoon, the President strolled around the south lawn deep in thought.

The next night the President and Mrs. Kennedy gave a reception for members of Congress. Abe and I were invited, too, and after the reception we stopped by my office. On our way, we noticed the lights were on in the President's office. I thought perhaps he was talking to some of the congressmen. The door to his office was closed, and I sat down at my desk to rest my feet for a moment. When I started to get up, Abe said, "No, let's wait a while. The President might want you."

A member of the staff came out of his office and said the anti-Castro revolution in Cuba and invasion at the Bay of Pigs had failed. When he came through the door, I saw the President sitting at his desk deep in discussion. Another staff member came out, and this time I could see the President pacing the floor. He saw me at my desk and sent word that I did not need to stay, he would see me in the morning.

The President was eager to get the answers to why the disaster had happened. He asked his brother Bob to look into what went wrong.

Bob carried heavy burdens for his brother in every major crisis that came up. No one telephoned the President more often than his brother Bob did, and it was a rare day when Bob did not see him at least once. But Bob always came on appointments made through Kenny O'Donnell's office. Neither he nor the President wanted it to appear that, as the President's brother, the Attorney General had greater access to the President than any other Cabinet officer.

Soon the President and his staff were preparing for his meetings with President de Gaulle and Khrushchev. When our plane arrived in Paris, the

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Jackie's friends didn't keep their appointment; that put the President in a bad humor.

airport was jammed with people. The President looked proud and happy as he walked by the side of President de Gaulle, reviewing the guard of honor during the arrival ceremonies.

President and Mrs. Kennedy were staying at the Quai d'Orsay, the headquarters of the French Foreign Ministry, and so was I. I was taken up a flight of stairs and into a beautiful blue room of immense proportions. On the dresser was a huge bottle of Chanel No. 5 perfume as a gift of welcome. I stayed in my room long enough to freshen my makeup and then rushed back downstairs. There was plenty of work for me to do, taking dictation from various of the President's advisers for the meetings with President de Gaulle and notes concerning the meetings themselves.

That afternoon the President accompanied President de Gaulle to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Despite a pouring rain, the streets were lined with people, and the President repeatedly rose to his feet and waved to them. Both he and President de Gaulle were soaking wet by the time they reached the Arc de Triomphe. When President Kennedy got back to his suite, he was dripping. He asked me to get a towel and rub his head. I could tell he was in a good mood and thought that his meeting with President de Gaulle was going along smoothly.

That first day in Paris was climaxed by a formal state dinner in the Elysée Palace with 150 guests, followed by a reception attended by 1,500 guests. When I reached the door, the attendant asked, "Your name, Madame?"

"Mrs. Lincoln."

In a big, resounding voice he announced, "Madame Lincoln." The President, dressed in white tie and tails and standing next to President de Gaulle, who was in full dress uniform, began to laugh when he heard my introduction, and I was so amused I hardly knew what I said to President de Gaulle when I shook his hand.

The two Presidents finished their talks, and as soon as our plane was airborne to Vienna, President Kennedy dictated to me a thank-you letter for President de Gaulle. He spent the rest of the flight discussing his meeting with Khrushchev with the men who were accompanying him, among them Secretary of State Dean Rusk and presidential adviser McGeorge Bundy.

The President had been at the U.S. Embassy in Vienna only about 10 minutes when he heard that Khrushchev was approaching the embassy. The President went out front to greet him. He extended his hand warmly, and there was a trace of a smile on Khrushchev's face as he grasped it. As the two men walked from the door through the hall past the stairs, the President paused to introduce me and other members of his staff. Khrushchev's heavy step seemed to shake the rafters.

They talked for five hours, and when the President came back, he was fidgety. He said he wanted to rest, but he didn't rest. Then he wanted one of his cigars, and after much searching we were able to find them. Then he lay down for a short time. Later I found the President pacing the floor. "How did it go?" I asked.

"Not too well," the President replied grimly.

The next day I waited at the American Embassy for the President to return from a luncheon given by Khrushchev. I shall never forget the look on the President's face when he came up the steps. He was solemn and absorbed in his thoughts. Then he looked up and saw me. He shook his head, as if to say it had been tough going. "When do we take off for the airport?" he asked. "Are we ready to leave?" By that time several members of his official party had caught up with him. The President said, "He wouldn't budge, would he?"

One of the men answered, "He has built up this tremendous image of being immovable, but I think you penetrated, and back of this cold reserve, I have a feeling he respected you and was beginning to think he could not bluff you."

After a state visit to London, our European visit was over. During the flight back to Washington, the President summoned me to his cabin and asked me to remove his papers and documents; he was going to get some sleep. As I cleared the table, I noticed a little slip of paper on the floor. I picked it up and placed it with the other papers. Back in my seat, going through the papers to be sure those dealing with classified matters were properly secured, I came across this little slip of paper. On it he had written a few lines:

> *"I know there is a God—and I see a storm coming; if He has a place for me, I believe that I am ready."*

He had often used this little quotation, but this time the words bothered me. I knew he feared he had failed to make Khrushchev see the dangers of miscalculating America's determination.

It was full summer when we returned. The President often flew to Hyannis Port on the weekends to be with his family, and his advisers were under pressure to prepare his weekend reading. I remember one morning Chairman Walter Heller and Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon were having a lively discussion in my office about the gross national product. Budget Director David Bell stood silently listening. The President came out, listened for a while, and said, "I would like memos on this subject from you three to read at the Cape this weekend."

On Friday, calls came from their offices. "What time is he leaving? What's the deadline for getting my memo into the briefcase?" It was getting down to the wire. Two memos arrived by messenger. The chopper was waiting on the lawn to take the President to the airport. The briefcase was already packed when Chairman Heller himself burst through my door. I could see the tension drain from his face as I placed his memo in the briefcase.

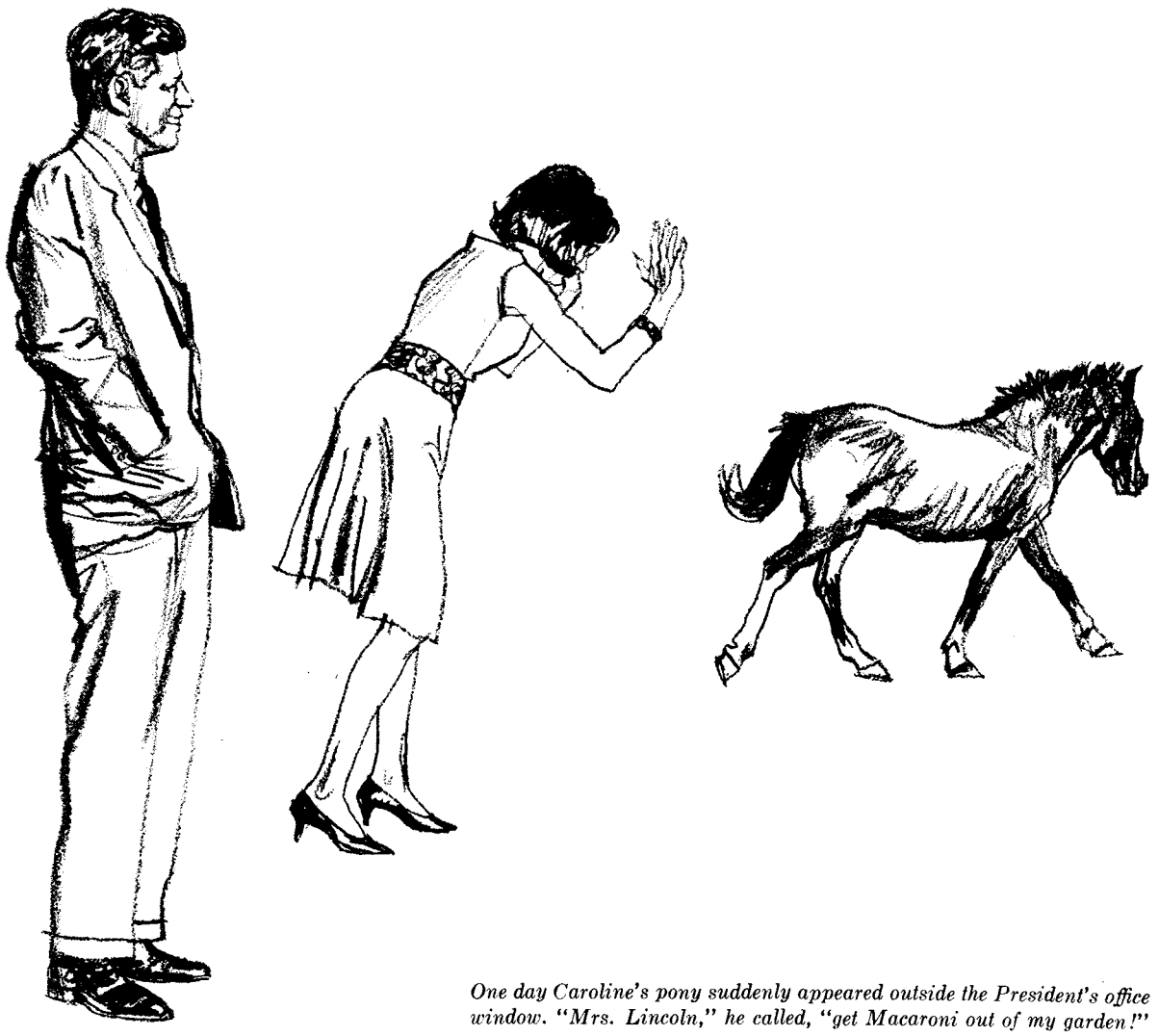
That was the way people had to work with the President, as I myself knew so well. He was an exacting boss. Later this same year the secretary of V. K. Krishna Menon, India's aggressive, anti-American minister of defense, asked if Menon could see the President. The President said, "Let's wait on that one." A couple of days later I told him that he had an appointment with Krishna Menon the next Wednesday. He gave me a strange look and said, "Did you do that?"

"Yes, I was told by Commander Shepard [the President's naval aide] that you wanted me to. I can call and tell them that I loused it up, and that you had not told me to make the appointment."

"No, I will see him."

I promised myself then and there that never again would I rely on what an aide told me. Only the President could give me instructions.

Soon we were entering the second year of the Kennedy Administration. In January Mrs. Kennedy was filmed for her televised tour of the White House, the culmination of her efforts to renovate and restore the executive mansion. About this time the President launched his own beautification project for the Rose Garden, just outside his



One day Caroline's pony suddenly appeared outside the President's office window. "Mrs. Lincoln," he called, "get Macaroni out of my garden!"

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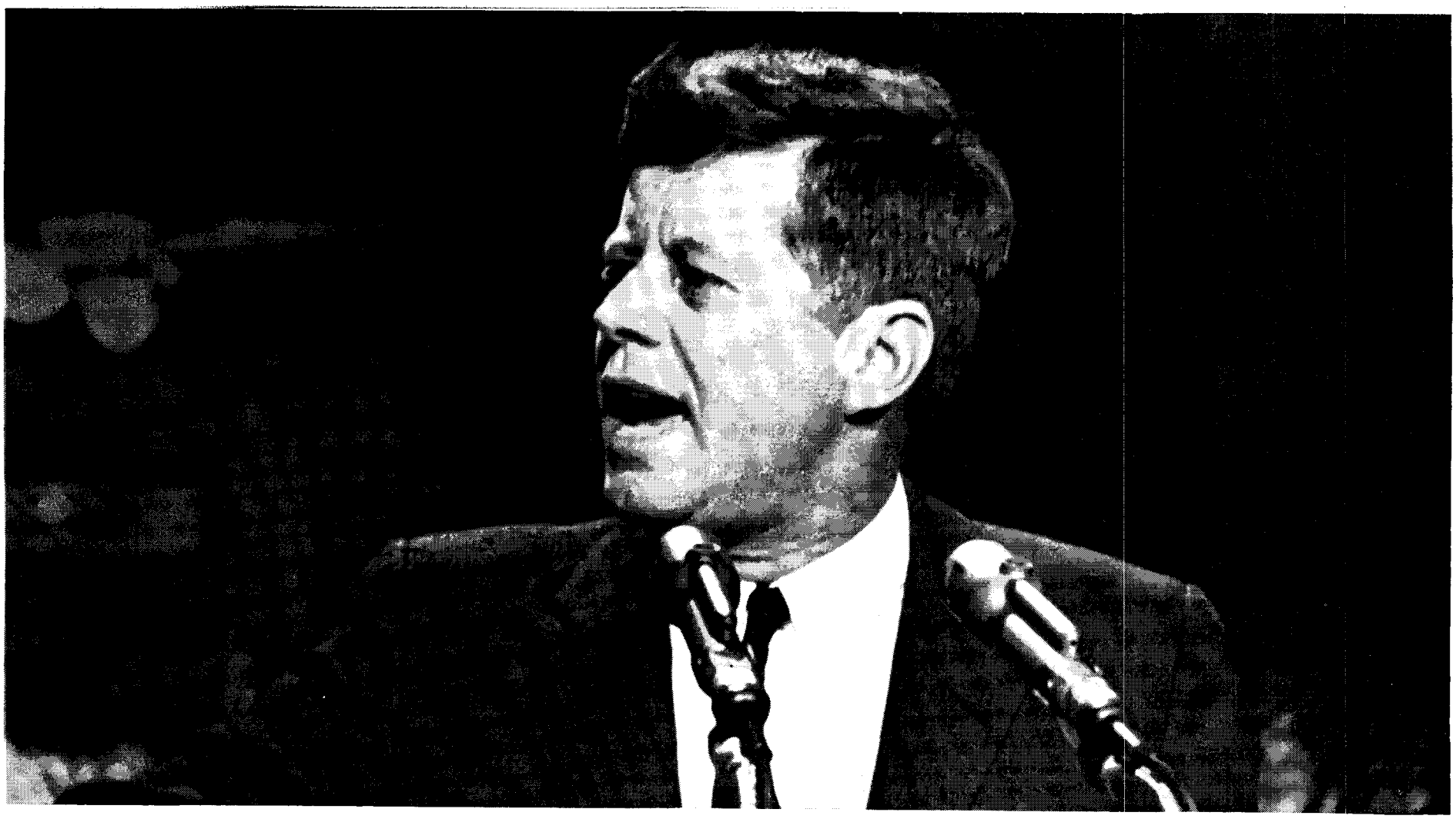


office. It was hardly more than a barren plot of ground, and the President decided to turn it into a real flower garden.

The President watched each development with interest. At first it took the grass a little while to take hold, and he became impatient. It was not uncommon for him to come into my office in the morning and say, "Mrs. Lincoln, do you see that brown spot out there on the lawn? Will you tell them to have that fixed?" Several times he called from his office, "Mrs. Lincoln, get Macaroni out of my garden." I would rush out and chase Caroline's pony out of his garden.

Oftentimes when Caroline and John were playing on the lawn, the President would walk into the garden and clap his hands twice. Caroline would arrive first, running as fast as she could, excited and out of breath. Little John would follow, in the care of his nurse.

By early April, the new garden had begun to look like something, but a crisis soon arose to distract the President from its beauties. The day was April 10, 1962, and there was only one more appointment on the President's schedule for the afternoon, a visit by Roger Blough, chairman of the board of United States Steel. The President wanted to know if there had been any indication what Mr. Blough wanted to discuss, but no one could imagine. The one matter concerning Mr. Blough had been resolved 10 days before, when the steel industry signed a contract with the steelworkers' union. To make it possible for the steel industry to sign a contract without raising the price of steel, the President had persuaded the union to soften its wage demands.

Mr. Blough arrived about 20 minutes before six. The President was in his office, and I told him Mr. Blough was waiting. About 10 minutes later the President came out, greeted Mr. Blough and took him into his office. They were exchanging pleasantries as they passed my desk. Mr. Blough was clutching a black briefcase.

Soon my buzzer sounded. When I stepped into the office, the President said sternly, "Get [Secretary of Labor] Arthur Goldberg on the line." In a few seconds I rushed to the door and said, "He's on, Mr. President."

"Can you come here right now?" he asked.

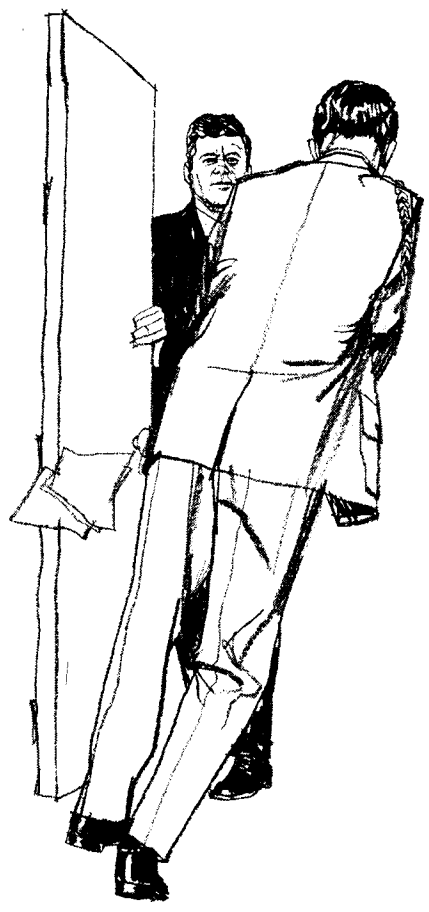
The three men were in the President's office for at least 30 minutes, and then the President and Mr. Blough came into my office. I could tell the President was not satisfied with the conference, and, although he bade him good-bye in a fairly pleasant tone, as soon as Mr. Blough left, he hurried back into his office to confer again with Secretary Goldberg. After Mr. Goldberg left, the President asked advisers McGeorge Bundy, Walter Heller, Ted Sorensen, and James Tobin to come to his office. The conference lasted until seven. When it broke up, I learned that Mr. Blough had handed the President a copy of a statement that had been given to the press for release at seven o'clock in which U.S. Steel announced a six-dollar-per-ton price increase.

The President came out to my office, and he was furious.

He walked up and down the length of the office. "This is uncalled for," he said. "It's a double cross on the part of U.S. Steel." He paced back and forth a little longer, then seemed to collect himself. "I'll see you later. I'm going over to the pool before I eat my supper."

That evening, at the President's reception for members of Congress, he gave no indication of his concern. He smiled and shook hands with everyone he met. The next afternoon, however, he held a press conference in which he said, "Some time ago I asked each American to consider what he would do for his country. . . . In the last 24 hours we had their answer." This was the clue to the line that he was to take on the steel-price increase: an appeal to public interest and patriotism. It worked; within two days the steel companies rescinded the increase. Several days later Mr. Blough was in Washington and asked to see the President. When they came into my office, following their conversation in the President's office, they seemed on exceedingly good terms.

During the entire crisis the President acted with the same cool determination he always showed in time of stress. He never banged the desk, waved his arms, or raised his voice. Instead, he would sit crouched at his desk, push his forelock to one side, stand up, turn around and stare out the window, sit down, pick up the telephone and place a call, then hang up the receiver to wait for the operator to contact the party. Sometimes when I would tell the President his call was ready, he was so anxious to talk with the person that he already had his hand on the receiver, waiting for me to give him the word.



The door suddenly opened, and the colonel almost tumbled into the President's arms.

There were, however, lesser occasions when the President's self-control wavered somewhat. On one such day he was scheduled to meet in the Rose Garden with a group from Miss Porter's School, which Mrs. Kennedy had attended. When he went out to greet them, however, they were not there. That put him in a poor humor. He even bawled out a member of his staff and a newspaper reporter with whom he was generally very friendly.

Shortly afterward he called me into his office. He dictated two letters to the two he had reprimanded, apologizing for his action. As I gathered up my papers to leave the room, he said, "Would you type those letters before you leave?" I typed up the

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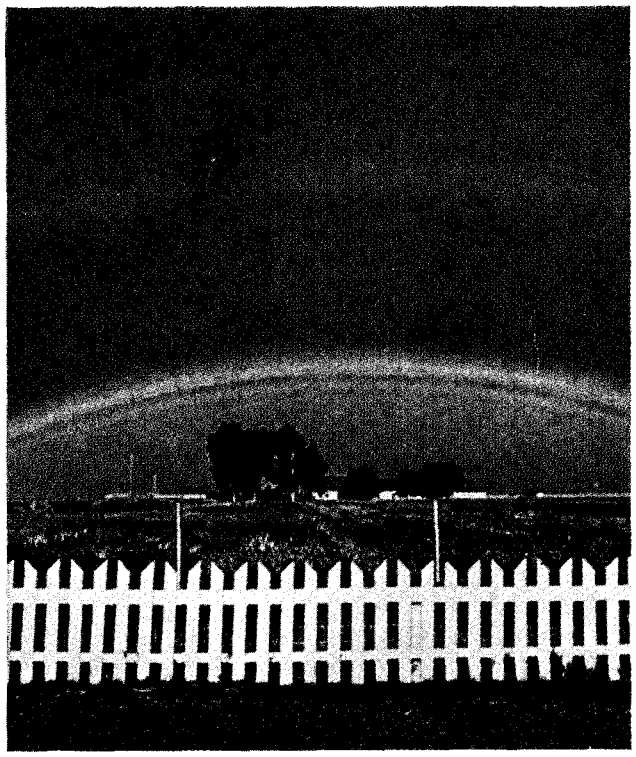

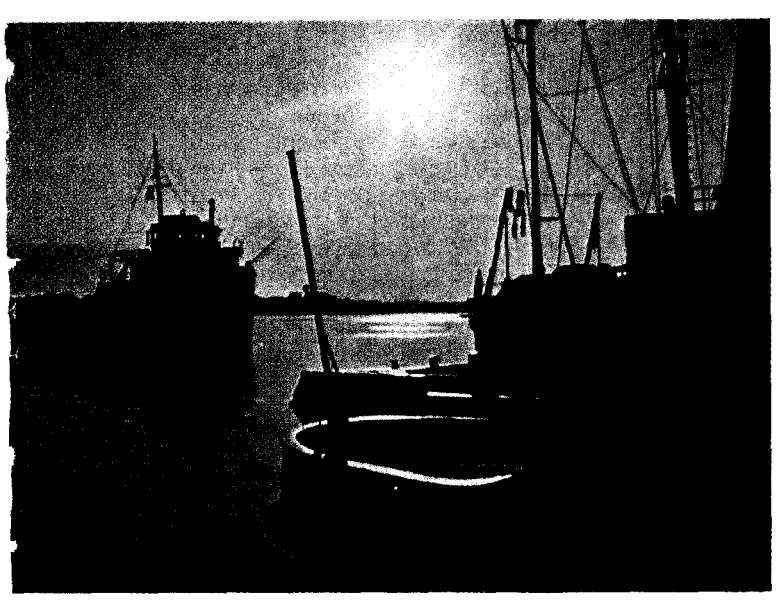

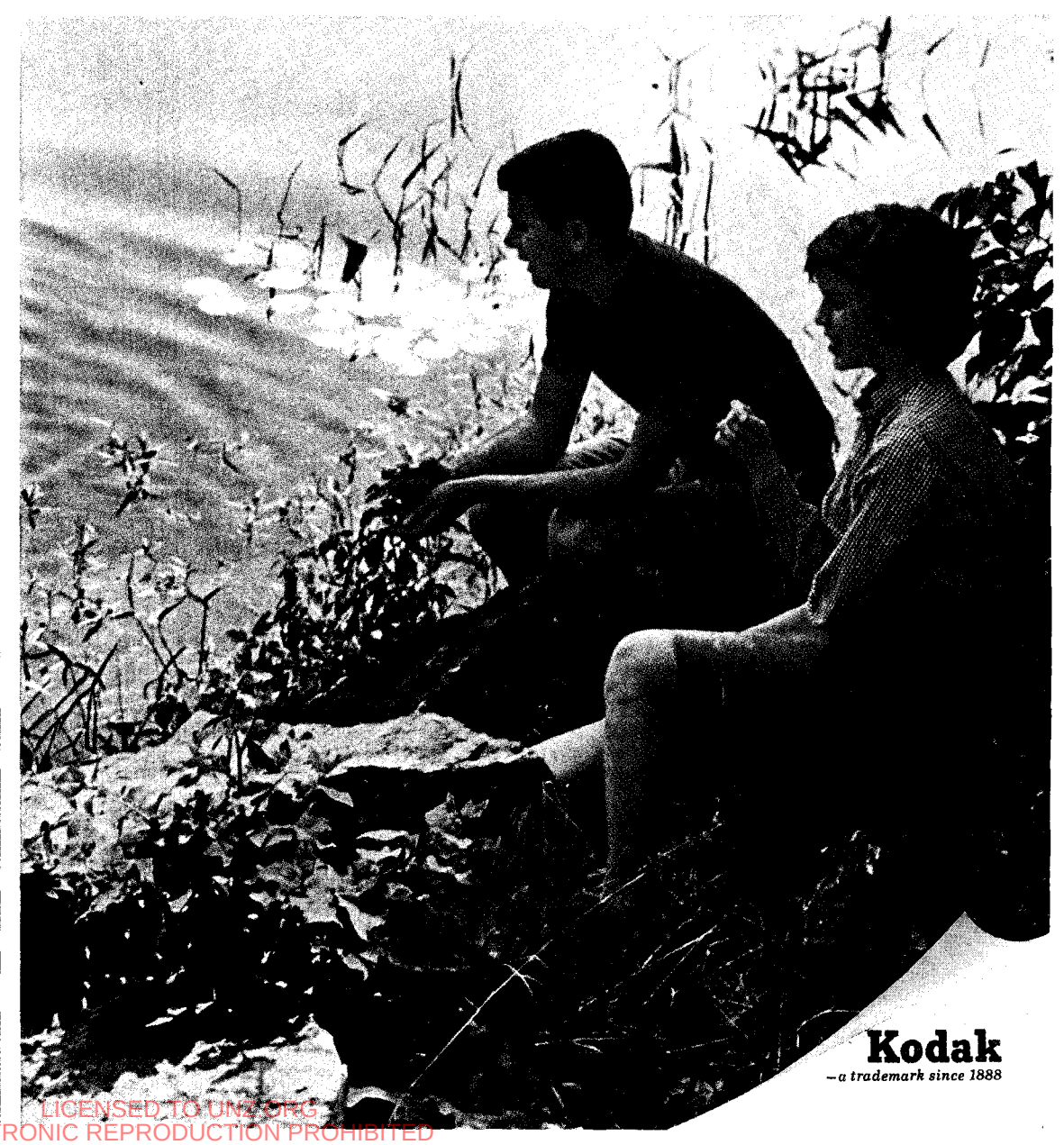

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"This is uncalled for!" said the President, pacing up and down Mrs. Lincoln's office.

letters and brought them in for him to sign. Then he went to the mansion. I was closing up my desk and locking the files when the telephone rang. It was the President. "Mrs. Lincoln, would you see that those letters go out tonight?"

Mrs. Kennedy and the children spent most of that summer at Hyannis Port, and the President joined them on weekends. I would fly up with him on Friday night and then return to Washington Saturday afternoon. For a presidential summer, this one was relatively serene.

The autumn brought a crisis—the furor and violence when James H. Meredith, a 29-year-old Negro, attempted to enroll at the University of Mississippi—but there also were lighter moments. One such occurred when welcoming ceremonies were held on the south lawn of the White House for Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria. Caroline's nursery-school classmates enacted their own welcoming ceremony from the upstairs windows of the White House. When the soldiers who participated in the military welcome counted off "One, two, three, four," the children mimicked them by shouting, "One, two, three, four."

Another somewhat zany occasion was the day when the Attorney General came to attend a meeting of the National Security Council and brought his dog Brumus with him. Brumus was a huge black beast that looked more like a bear. When the Attorney General went into the Cabinet room, he left Brumus in my office, saying, "You'd better shut your doors, or Brumus might go out."

Since it was unusual for my door to be closed, staff members kept peeking in curiously to see what was going on, and they made all sorts of comments. "Who's your friend?" . . . "I guess the Russian ambassador is here." . . . "Come out from behind that wig, Pierre, we know you." I was almost getting used to my visitor, when a girl messenger opened the door, saw him and screamed.

Only a few weekends after the crisis in Mississippi came the Cuban missile crisis; the Russians, it was learned, were installing missiles in Cuba capable of hitting this country. The situation at the White House was especially tense on Saturday, October 20, as the President was deciding what countermeasures he would take. I stayed until almost midnight, when the President said, "Why don't you go home and get some sleep, and then come back tomorrow morning?" On Sunday the President decided on a blockade of Cuba.

The President came over to the office early Monday morning. He immediately held meetings on the crisis. After the first meeting ended, he saw Caroline and her nursery schoolmates playing on the south lawn. He walked out on the portico and clapped his hands, but Caroline didn't come as she usually did. He walked back into the Cabinet room and began another meeting.

In about five minutes Caroline came flying in, looked at me, and said, "Where's my Daddy?"

The President was conducting a meeting in the Cabinet room when Caroline burst in and said, "Mommy wants you!"

"He's in a meeting in the Cabinet room, but I wouldn't go in there."

"But I *have* to." With that she opened the door and blurted out, "Daddy, I would have come sooner, but Miss Grimes wouldn't let me go."

There was laughter, and the President said, "That's all right, Caroline." That satisfied Caroline; she skipped around my office for a while and then went back out on the south lawn.

That evening the President went on radio and television to tell the American people about the missile threat and the action he had chosen.

When he came to the office the next day, he seemed not quite so tense; the decision had been made and the world told.

It was a busy morning. After lunch and a rest, he returned to his office, sat down at his desk, and started to read some memoranda. I was busy with the mail and telephone and didn't notice that he had gone out on the south lawn. But soon I discovered that he was out inspecting the grass. *What a wonder he is,* I thought. *The world may soon be in flames, and he knows it, but he goes out to check on the grass.*

The week wore on, and each day became more tense than the preceding one. There were meetings, telephone calls, and a few of the regular appointments. On Friday the White House disclosed that missile-site construction was still underway in Cuba. On Saturday the 27th, the President came to my desk and began dictating a communication to Premier Khrushchev in which he demanded withdrawal of all offensive missiles. When he finished dictating he said, "Type that up and bring it to me in the Cabinet room."

The President and his advisers worked over the draft for hours and finally they emerged from the Cabinet room. "That's it," the President said to the others, "if somebody doesn't foul it up." That night I slept poorly. I had the special, tap-proof security telephone beside my bed, and all night long I half expected it to ring. Sunday morning we learned that Khrushchev had given in.

The President wanted to give something to everyone who had worked with him during the 13 days of the Cuban crisis. He designed the memento himself. It was to have the month of October in silver with the 13 days in different lettering, and at the top the initials of the President and the recipient. About two weeks later he handed me one of the calendars. He said, "I had one made up for you too. You went with us all the way."

Once again we went to Palm Beach for the Christmas holidays. About a month after the Kennedys returned to Washington, there began to be talk among the staff at the White House that Mrs. Kennedy was expecting a baby. I was not surprised to hear the President say one morning, "Mrs. Lincoln, soon you'll have three coming over to get candy from your candy dish."

Mrs. Kennedy had had difficulty with childbearing in the past, and he wanted to make sure that she did not risk another miscarriage. On several occasions he substituted for her, when she had previously made engagements to attend a public function, and he excluded her from his official travel, including his triumphal visit in June to West Germany, Ireland and England.

One bright morning following that visit, Pierre Salinger was in my office when Ralph Dungan, a special assistant for personnel, came in. I looked out of the window and remarked, "The south lawn would look nice with deer on it."

Pierre exploded. "Don't tell me they are going to put deer out there!"

Ralph said excitedly, "Deer will never stay in that yard. They'll jump right over the iron fence."

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"This is a double cross."

Just then the President appeared and caught a little of the conversation. "Why can't we have deer out there?" he demanded. "Call the zoo. Find out whether it would be safe for them to be there." I called the zoo and found out that not only would the deer jump the fence, they would be so frightened by all the noise and activity on the lawn that they might well run head-on through the glass windows. When I told this to the President, he decided against putting deer on the south lawn.

August 7 began just like any other day. The President worked until 11:30 in the morning, when he left for a short appointment. Soon afterward Jerry Behn, a Secret Service agent, walked to my desk and said in a soft voice, "They called me from up at the Cape and told me that Mrs. Kennedy was on her way to the Otis Air Force Base Hospital." I looked at the clock. It was 11:40.

"Did she say she wanted the President to know?" I asked.

"No."

At 11:45 the President came into my office and began to pick up things from my desk to read. I looked at Jerry. Jerry looked at me, and I said to the President, "Jerry tells me that Mrs. Kennedy is on her way to Otis."

"Get Doctor Walsh," he said immediately. Doctor Walsh was Mrs. Kennedy's obstetrician, and was staying at the Cape to be near her at delivery time. Then the President had a second thought. "No, he will be with her. Call the house. See if she did leave." While I put in the call, the President asked an aide to find out if a plane and helicopters were available.

At 11:46 the President talked to Dr. Janet Travell, his own doctor, who was at the Kennedy house on the Cape. She said she would check to see what was happening. The President hung up and said, "We don't want to tell the press until we know something definite." He walked into his office and told Kenny O'Donnell what was happening. Kenny apparently misunderstood about not telling the press, because he called the press office and told them the helicopters would be coming. Then Doctor Travell called back and told the President that Doctor Walsh was going to operate.

I asked the President if he wanted me to go to Otis with him. "Yes, see what happens. If need be, you can come back tomorrow."

We all sat in silence as we flew northward. From Otis we went immediately by motorcade to the hospital, where we learned that Mrs. Kennedy had given birth to a boy. When the President came down the hall, I looked at him and said, "Congratulations, Mr. President." He beamed and nodded and went into the room with Mrs. Kennedy.

I couldn't understand why everyone was still waiting around. They had said Mrs. Kennedy was doing very well, and the baby, though premature, seemed to be all right. Then I was informed that the doctors decided to take the baby to Children's Hospital in Boston, since he had a respiratory problem. Soon little Patrick Bouvier Kennedy was fighting for his life.

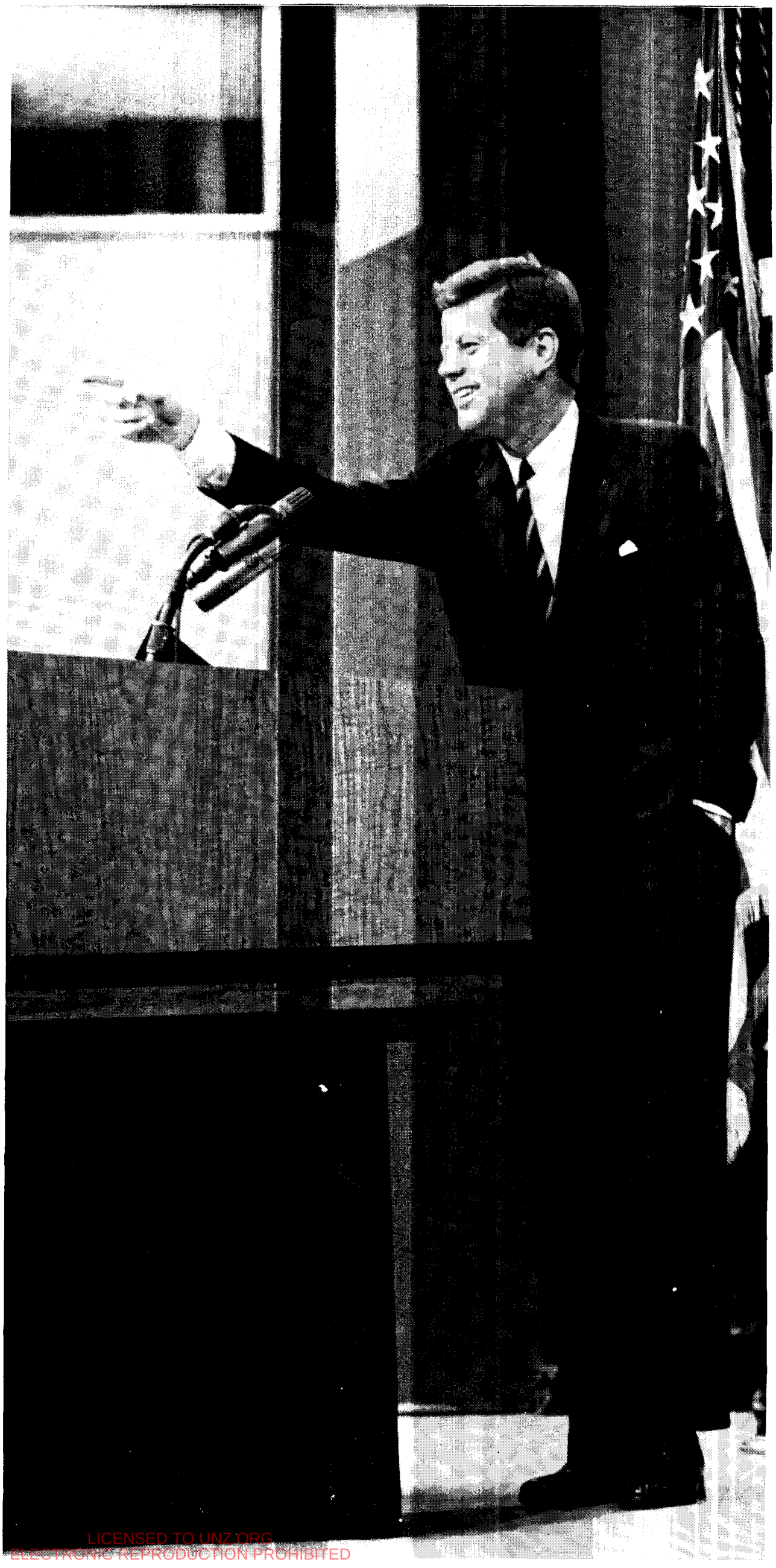
I was sitting in my room at the hotel in Boston the next day when the telephone rang. It was the President. "Where are you?"

"In my room, down the hall."

"Do you have some of my personal stationery with you? Will you bring some down here to me?"

When I got to his room, there sat the President, staring into space. I thought to myself, *This man is really suffering.* I waited silently for a full minute, and then he stood up. As I handed the stationery to him, I asked, "How are things with little Patrick?"

"He has a fifty-fifty chance," the President said.



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It was all so very unusual, that day of the flight to Texas–the President getting so angry

"That's all a Kennedy needs. He will make it."

He asked me to wait while he wrote a little note, and then he put it in an envelope, addressed the envelope, and told me to give it to one of the Secret Service agents to deliver. I learned whom he had written to, when, weeks later, the bank called and questioned one of the President's checks. They couldn't make out the name of the payee. With difficulty I determined that it was made out to the "O'Leary Fund." Suddenly I remembered. About the first of August a Boston policeman named O'Leary was killed defending himself, and a fund was collected for his family. I hope the O'Leary family was able to read the little note the President enclosed with his check. I wonder if they ever realized that when he showed his concern for their welfare, his own heart was deeply troubled.

At 4:04 A.M. the next morning the baby died.

The President remained near Mrs. Kennedy until Monday afternoon and during the next month he flew to the Cape several times each week to be with her. Often he would ask that flowers be gathered from his garden, for him to take to her.

In October, Mrs. Kennedy and her sister, Lee, left for a Mediterranean cruise. While Mrs. Kennedy was away, Caroline and John came over a couple of times a day to see their father. Sometimes they would come around seven o'clock at night, already in their bathrobes and ready for bed, to romp with their daddy before he went to the pool. They would play in my office until he opened the door from his office and saw them. He always acted very surprised. He would say to John, "Hello there, Sam, how are you?"

"I am not Sam, I'm John. Daddy, I'm John."

He would sit in the rocking chair in my office, and they would climb all over him. Then he would say, "I'll race you over to the pool." Their little legs would start running before he even moved a muscle. They always won, and then they went laughing on up to bed.

One day I looked up and saw two Halloween masks staring at me—Caroline and John. I acted as though I were scared stiff. They whooped and hollered and laughed, and then they wanted to know where their daddy was. I told them he was in a meeting. "Do you think he will know who we are?" Caroline asked.

"He will never recognize you." They jumped around my office, barely able to wait until he came out and saw them. He, too, acted scared and told them to go away. John pulled off his mask as if to say, "Look who it is," and the President said, "Why, it's Sam." John was so mad he put his mask back on. Then Caroline pulled hers off, and he went through the same thing with her. Both of them pounced on him then.

As world problems surrounded him, particularly the troubles in Vietnam, the President seemed to find an antidote for the tension in these visits.

The presidential election was soon only a year away, but already President Kennedy and members of his staff were working on campaign strategy for the coming months. There was increasing restlessness in the South over the civil-rights issue, and the President felt the need to visit some of the southern states, to find out firsthand how the people felt and tell them how he felt. He scheduled a visit to Florida and then another to Texas, where he would speak in Fort Worth, Dallas, San Antonio and Houston.

Before we left for Florida, the President had a number of conversations with a friend about getting a fur coverlet for Mrs. Kennedy's Christmas present. He had samples of fur brought to the office, looked at them and decided that none of them would do. As a last resort he called a friend and left the whole thing in her hands. The fur would be delivered in time for Christmas.

On November 15 we flew to Palm Beach and on the 18th to Tampa. The President had a sun tan and seemed to be glowing with good health and confidence. As he stood in the stadium in Tampa, his clear voice coming over the loudspeakers, I couldn't help but think, *Now he has a complete grasp of the presidency.* After a dinner in Miami, we flew back to Washington.

The morning of November 20 we began the final preparations for the next day's flight to Texas. All during the discussions about the Texas trip, my husband Abe had said to me repeatedly, "I think it would be better not to go to Texas." He got me so worried, I even mentioned Abe's fear to the President. He didn't seem alarmed; he merely said, "If they are going to get me, they will get me, even in church."

He had wanted to find out what the temperature would be in Texas. A note came over to me, saying it would be cool, and I told the President. The next morning the President seemed edgy when he came to the office. "What is the temperature in Houston?" I called the Air Force office, and they told me it was going to be warm. When I told this to the President, he became angry. "Now where in heck did we get the report it was going to be cool?"

"Kenny gave me that information."

He was furious—he really raved and ranted. When Kenny said the naval aide's office had given him the information, he picked up the telephone and asked the operator to give him that office. When the man on the other line, who incidentally had just reported for duty in that office that day, answered, the President lit into him.

This was all very unusual—first, his getting so angry, and second, bawling out this Navy man.

The President's helicopter came onto the south lawn, and that meant it was time for me to get moving. I checked the President's desk again, checked the safes, and looked around to make sure I had everything.

Little Caroline had already said her good-byes to her father—she was still in school and could not go out to the airport with us, to say good-bye there—but John and his nurse boarded the helicopter. John was sitting in the big chair opposite the one usually occupied by the President. He had on a raincoat and rain hat and was very proud to be sitting in a big seat.

Soon his daddy appeared and took the seat opposite John. The President kicked John's foot, teasing him. John said, "Don't, Daddy." They sat a little longer. The President kicked his foot again, and again John said, in a sterner voice, "Don't, Daddy." Then Mrs. Kennedy came into the helicopter and we were on our way to the airport. When we arrived, John kissed his parents and returned to the White House with his nurse.

In Houston, as we rode along in the motorcade, everyone appeared happy that the President had come. We spent the night in Fort Worth, then flew to Dallas. The plane was full of Texans wandering up and down the aisle, discussing various aspects of the trip, and when I walked into the cabin, several of them were talking to the President. He was sitting in his usual seat, his right hand gripping the arm of the chair as though it were holding him back, and his left hand was on the desk, his fingers flipping through a writing pad lying there. When I entered, I caught some remarks about how enthusiastic the crowds were. "I didn't think I'd get such a fine reception," he said.

When he saw me holding the papers, he reached out to take them without interrupting his conversation, which had now turned to newspaper articles, especially the full-page ad that appeared in one of the Texas papers that morning. That ad had been filled with hate and venom. As they discussed it, I began to wonder about what Abe had said. I got a strange, unexplainable feeling. I looked at the President. He was slightly nervous, but then he was always that way when he had work to do. I gave him a pen, and he signed the memos, but I noticed that he did not read them—he was too engrossed in the conversation. As I left, I said to him, "Thank you, Mr. President."

"Fine, Mrs. Lincoln."

Just before we were to land, Mary Gallagher, Mrs. Kennedy's secretary, sat down beside me. I glanced out the window and said, "Look, Mary, the sun is shining, and it looks like it's going to be warm. I don't believe I'll need my coat." It occurred to me that the bubble top on the limousine wouldn't be necessary.

I knew the President would love that; he disliked being cooped up and would want to wave to the crowds in the Dallas streets.

There was a huge throng at the airport, and it took several minutes for the motorcade to get moving, because of the people pressed up against the President's limousine. As I got into a car, I looked over to the President's car, which had started to move. There was the President, his right hand in the air, waving at the people as he drove by. I can still see that scene—the President waving as he passed that vast and friendly crowd of people.

He was dripping wet from the rain, and he asked Mrs. Lincoln to rub his head with a towel.

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and bawling out a stranger.

Even now I do not think clearly or willingly about the next four days. My mind almost involuntarily skips from that morning in Dallas, starting out in the motorcade, to my first workday back in Washington. Riding to the office that morning, I found it incredible that nothing had changed: The streets were filled with cars, and people were rushing to work as usual; the faces that came into focus as my car sped along were the same faces I had seen so many times before. I looked at the back of Joe Giordano's neck; Joe had driven me down 16th Street into Pennsylvania Avenue and to my White House office so many times during the last three years.

This morning we arrived, as usual, slightly before eight o'clock. But this time it was in a different office in a different building. The old familiar objects were there—the President's padded rocking chair, his leather desk chair, the presidential flag, the books and pictures—but they were shoved against the wall or stuffed into cartons. It was like seeing all the letters in your name arranged in a different way. You knew they were the same letters, but it wasn't your name.

I caught myself wondering, *What would the President think if he should walk in and see all of this?* I couldn't stand seeing the things he loved so much in a state of confusion, and I started searching through the boxes, looking for the picture of Caroline sitting solemnly in his Harvard chair. It had been taken on one of her evening visits to his office, and it was one of his favorite pictures. I wanted to bring it out to hide the ugly bareness of the room. But I couldn't find the picture.

Searching through one of the cartons, I rubbed my finger against the razor edge of a sheet of stiff White House stationery. I squeezed a drop of blood from the hairline cut, and with a sudden rush, for the first time, I fully realized that in one horrible moment, four days before in Dallas, all my dreams of the last 12 years had been shattered, and that those years, like an untended boat, were in danger of drifting away.

I sat down at my desk and looked out the window. I could see the White House, where I had lived so many hours filled with hard work, historic events and happy times. I thought of the man for whom I had worked, once so alive and eager to accomplish, now lying silent under the sod just two miles away. I had thought there could not be any more tears to shed, but they began to come again. Yet, as I sat and wept, I felt that he would come dashing through the door any moment to ask me about the mail. I could see his swift grace, his easy smile, his eagerness to crowd as much living as possible into every single hour.

For many weeks my life was like a sunflower in darkness. My source of energy and direction gone, I could only stand aimless and bewildered. But gradually I began to think of him in the way I knew he would want to be remembered, as someone living in history.

Where was his proper place? What had we lost?

Everyone remembers President Kennedy's rocking chair. But I think of his black briefcase, battered and always full of papers. It is the better symbol for him. It suggests the kind of man he really was, a man who found his happiness through, as he once said, "full use of your powers along the lines of excellence."

My husband once gave me a book of poems called *America Was Promises*. John F. Kennedy, too, was promises. He was a promise that all of us might lead a better life in peace. He was a promise that courage is central to our lives. He was a promise that we can expect more from ourselves, and that we are better than we know. □

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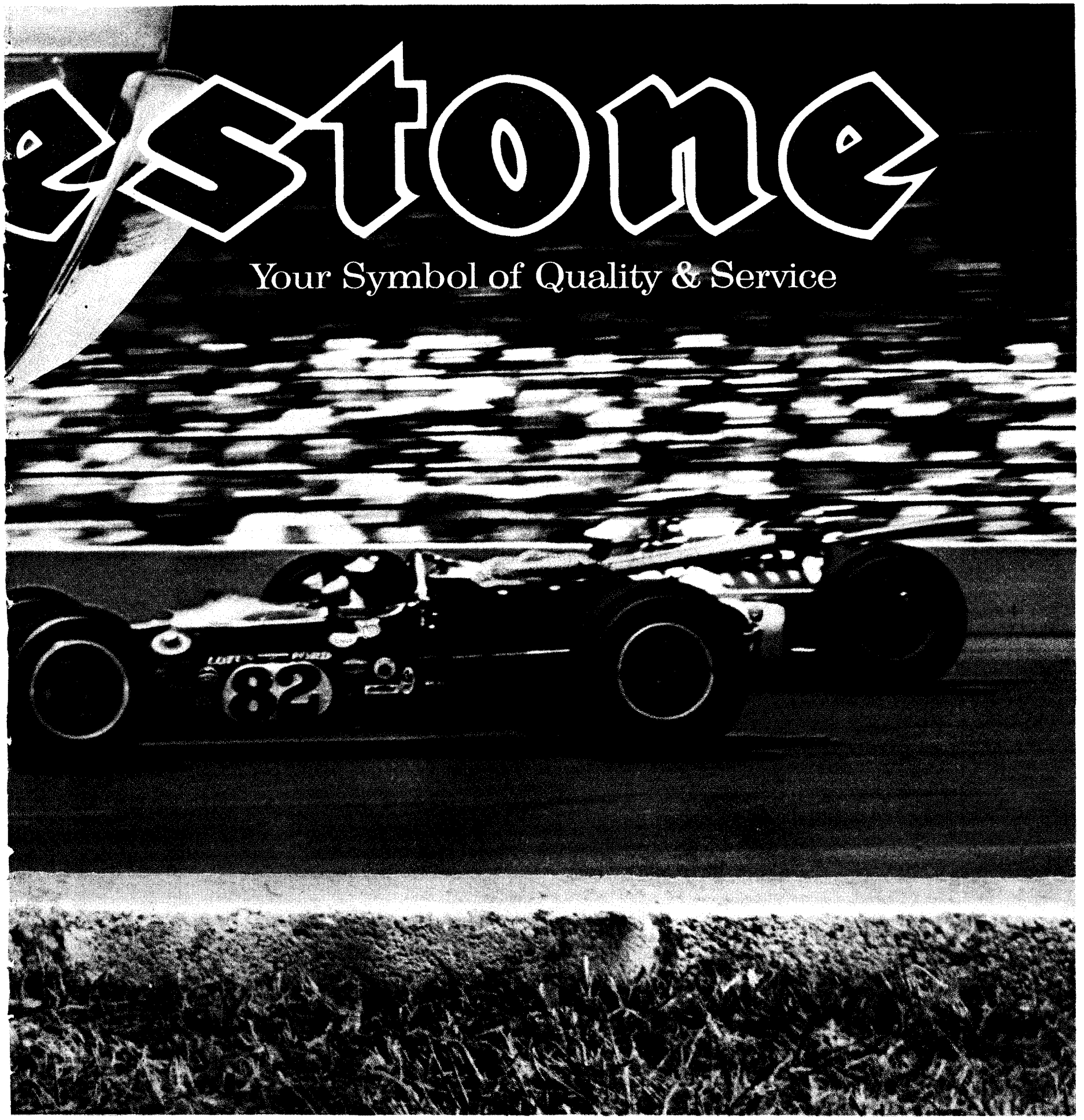

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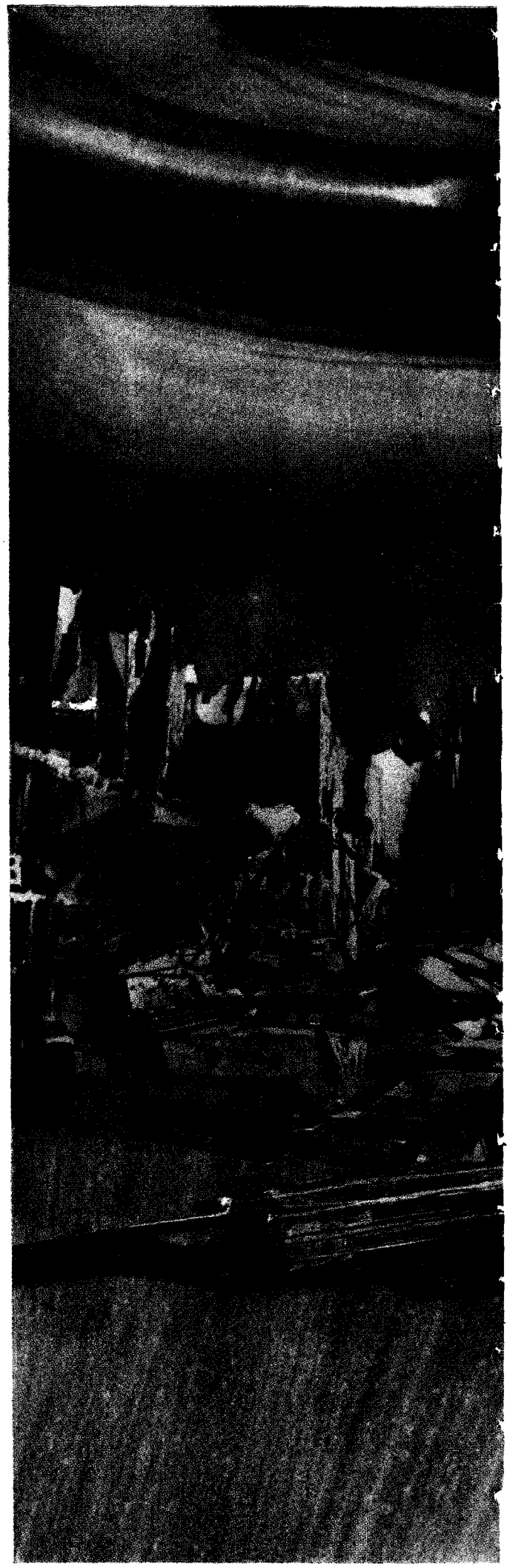
NOW, ALL OF US IN THE
BOXCARS AND
THE TRUCKS, BOUND
FOR WHATEVER MIGHT BE LEFT
OF HOME. AND ALL THAT
MATTERED WAS THE
SOUND OF ONE
WOMAN'S VOICE.

PEACE

By
HEINRICH BÖLL

Translated by Leila Vennewitz



Illustrated by Joe Cleary

It was just getting light when we reached the German border. To our left, a broad river; to our right, a forest—even from its edges you could tell how deep it was. Silence fell in the boxcar; the train passed slowly over patched-up rails, past shelled houses, splintered telegraph poles. The little guy sitting next to me took off his glasses and polished them carefully.

"God," he whispered to me, "d'you have the slightest idea where we are?"

"Yes," I said, "the river you've just seen is known here as the Rhine, the forest you see over there on the right is called the Reich Forest—and we'll soon be getting into Cleves."

"D'you come from around here?"

"No, I don't." He was a nuisance; all night long he had driven me crazy with his high-pitched, schoolboy's voice. He had told me how he had secretly read Brecht, Tucholsky and Walter Benjamin, as well as Proust and Karl Kraus; that he wanted to study sociology, and theology too, and help create a new order for Germany, and when we stopped at Nijmegen at daybreak and someone said we were just coming to the German border, he nervously asked us all if there was anyone who would trade some thread for two cigarette butts, and when no one said anything I offered to rip off my collar tabs—known, I believe, as insignia—and turn them into dark-green thread; I took off my tunic and watched him carefully pick the things off with a bit of metal, unravel them, and then actually start using the thread to sew on his cadet officer's piping around his shoulder straps. I asked him whether I might attribute this sewing job to the influence of Brecht, Tucholsky, Benjamin or Karl Kraus, or was it perhaps the subconscious influence of Jünger which made him restore his rank with Tom Thumb's weapon; he had flushed and said he was through with Jünger, he had written him off; now, as we approached Cleves, he stopped sewing and sat down on the floor beside me, still holding Tom Thumb's weapon.

"Cleves doesn't convey anything to me," he said, "not a thing. How about you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "*Lohengrin*, 'Swan' margarine, and Anne of Cleves, one of Henry the Eighth's wives."

"That's right," he said, "*Lohengrin*—although at home we

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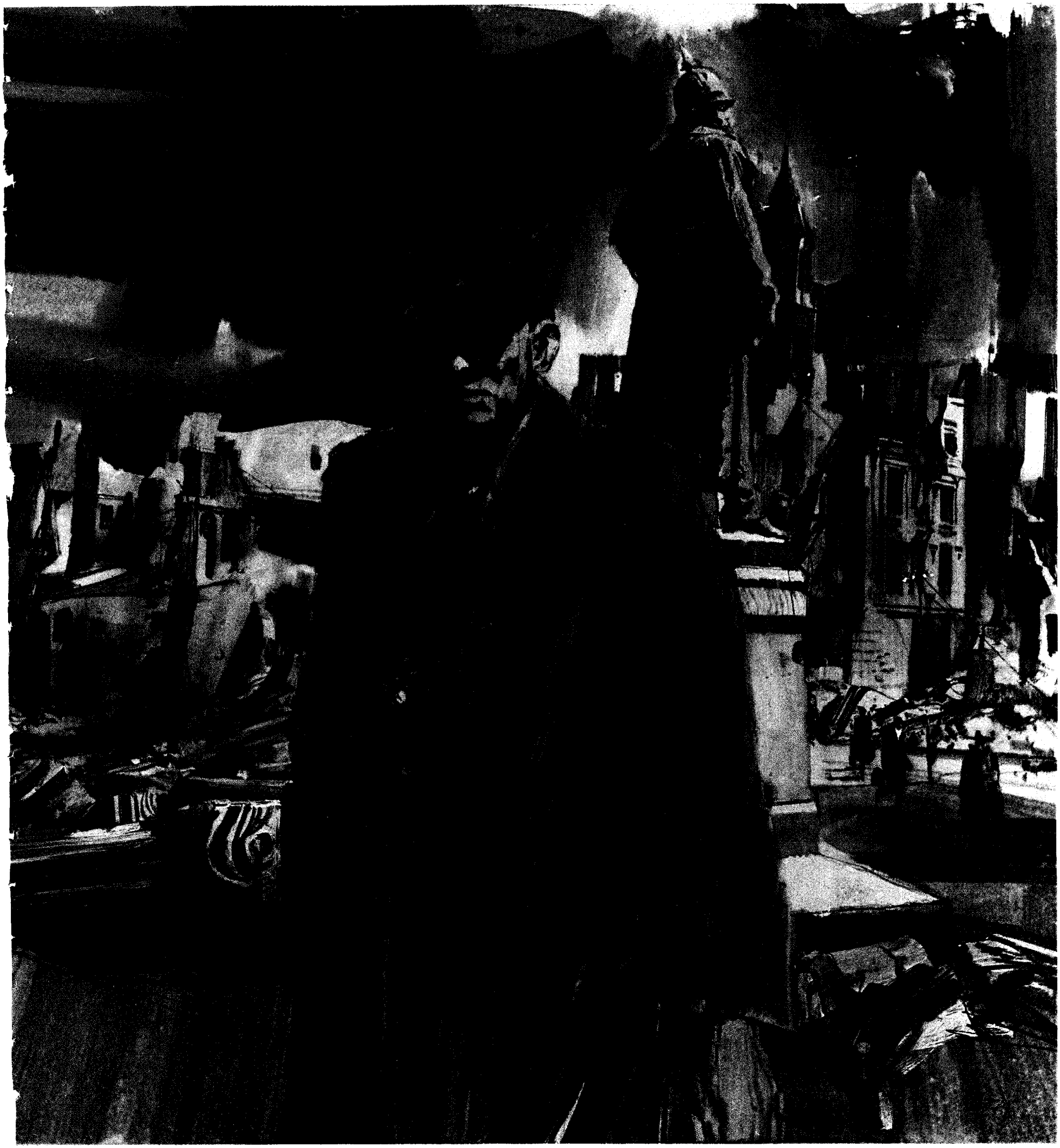

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always had 'Margella.' Don't you want the butts?"

"No," I said, "take them home for your father. I hope he'll punch you in the nose when you arrive with that piping on your shoulder."

"You don't understand," he said. "Prussia, Kleist, Frankfurt on the Oder, Potsdam, *Prince of Homburg*, Berlin."

"Well," I said, "I believe it was quite a while ago that Prussia took Cleves—and somewhere over there on the other side of the Rhine there is a little town called Wesel."

"Oh, of course," he said, "that's right, Frederick the Great."

"The Prussians never really established themselves beyond the Rhine," I said. "They only had two bridgeheads: Bonn and Coblenz."

"Prussia," he said.

"Blomberg," I said. "Need any more thread?" He flushed and was silent.

The train slowed down. Everyone crowded round the open sliding door and looked at Cleves; English guards on the platform, casual and tough, bored yet alert: We were still prisoners. In the street, a sign: To Cologne. Lohengrin's castle up there among the autumn trees. October on the Lower Rhine, Dutch sky; my cousins in Xanten, aunts in Kevelaer; the broad dialect and the whispering of the smugglers in the taverns; St. Martin's Day processions, gingerbread men, Brueghelesque carnival, and everywhere the smell, even where there were none, of honey cakes.

"I wish you'd try and understand," said the little guy beside me.

"Leave me alone," I said; although he wasn't a man yet, no doubt he soon would be, and that was why I hated him. He was offended and sat back on his heels to add the final stitches to his braid; I didn't even feel sorry for him. Clumsily, his thumb smeared with blood, he pushed the needle through the blue cloth of his air force tunic; his glasses were so misted over I couldn't make out whether he was crying or whether it just looked like it. I was close to tears myself: In two hours, three at most, we would be in Cologne, and from there it was not far to the one I had married, the one whose voice had never held a hint of marriage.

The woman emerged suddenly from behind the freight shed, and before the guards knew what was happening she was standing by our boxcar and unwrapping a blue cloth from what I first took to be a baby: a loaf of bread; she handed it to me, and I took it. It was heavy; I swayed for a moment and almost fell forward out of the train as it started moving; the bread was dark, still warm, and I wanted to call out "Thank you, thank you," but the words seemed ridiculous, and the train was moving faster now, so I stayed there on my knees with the heavy loaf in my arms. To this day all I know about the woman is that she was wearing a dark kerchief and was no longer young.

When I got up, clasping the loaf, it was quieter than ever in the boxcar. They were all looking at the bread, and under their stares it got heavier and heavier. I knew those eyes, I knew the mouths that belonged to those eyes, and for months I had been wondering where the borderline runs between hatred and contempt, and I hadn't found the borderline; for a while I had divided them up into sewers-on and non-sewers-on, when we had been transferred from an American camp (where the wearing of rank insignia was prohibited) to an English one (where the wearing of rank insignia was permitted), and I had felt a certain fellow-feeling with the non-sewers-on till I found out they didn't even have any ranks whose insignia they could have sewn on. One of them, Egelhecht, had even tried to drum up a kind of court of honor that was to deny me the quality of being German (and I had wished that this court, which never convened, had actually had the power to deny me this quality). What they didn't know was that I hated them, Nazis and non-Nazis, not because of their sewing and their political views but because they were men, men of the same species as those I had had to spend the last six years with; the words "man" and "stupid" had become almost identical for me.

In the background Egelhecht's voice said: "The first German bread—and he of all people is the one to get it."

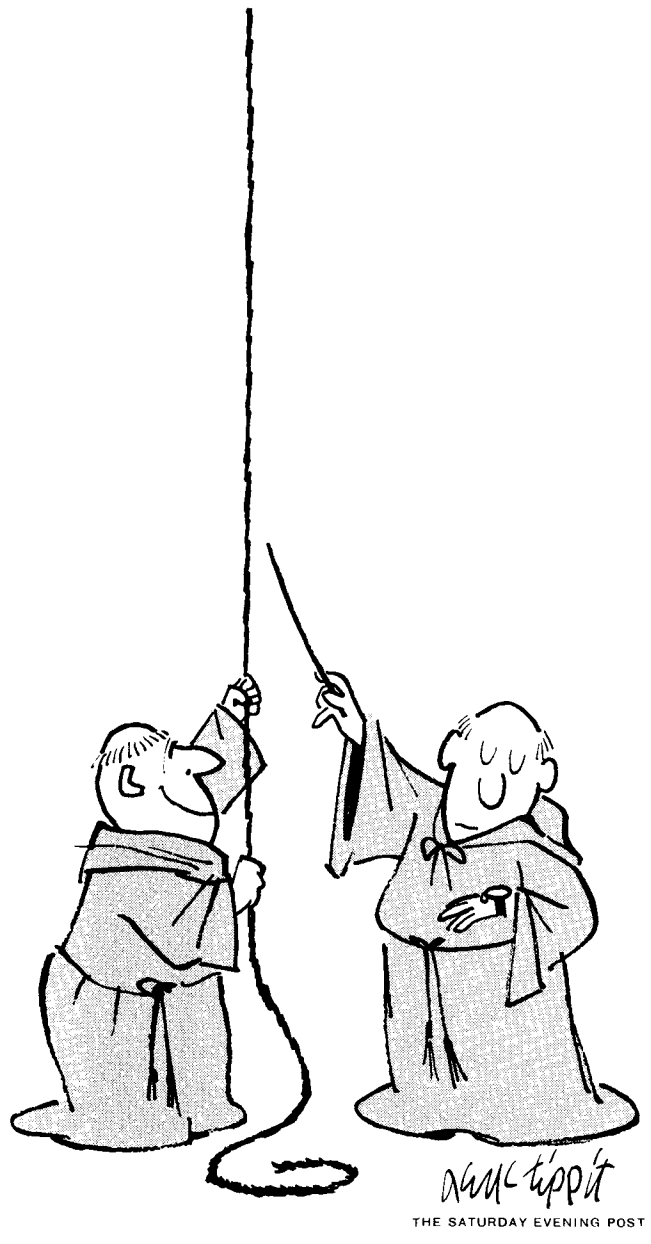
He sounded as if he was almost sobbing. I wasn't far from it myself either, but they would never understand that it wasn't just because of the bread, or because by now we had crossed the German border, it was mainly because, for the first time in eight months, I had for one moment felt a woman's hand on my arm. "No doubt," said Egelhecht in a low voice, "you will even deny the bread the quality of being German."

"Yes indeed," I said, "I shall employ a typical intellectual's trick and ask myself whether the flour this bread is made of doesn't perhaps come from Holland, England or America. Here you are," I said. "Divide it up if you like."

Most of them I hated, many I didn't care about one way or the other, and Tom Thumb, who was now the last to join the ranks of the sewers-on, was beginning to be a nuisance, yet I felt it was the right thing to do to share this loaf with them; I was sure it hadn't been meant only for me.

Egelhecht made his way slowly toward me. He was tall and thin, like me, and he was twenty-six, like me; for three months he had tried to make me see that a nationalist wasn't a Nazi, that the words "honor," "loyalty," "fatherland," "decency" could never lose their value—and I had always countered his impressive array of words with just five: Wilhelm II, Papen, Hindenburg, Blomberg, Keitel, and it had infuriated him that I never mentioned Hitler, not even that first of May when the sentry ran through the camp blaring through a megaphone: "Hitler's dead, Hitler's dead!"

"Go ahead," I said, "divide up the bread."



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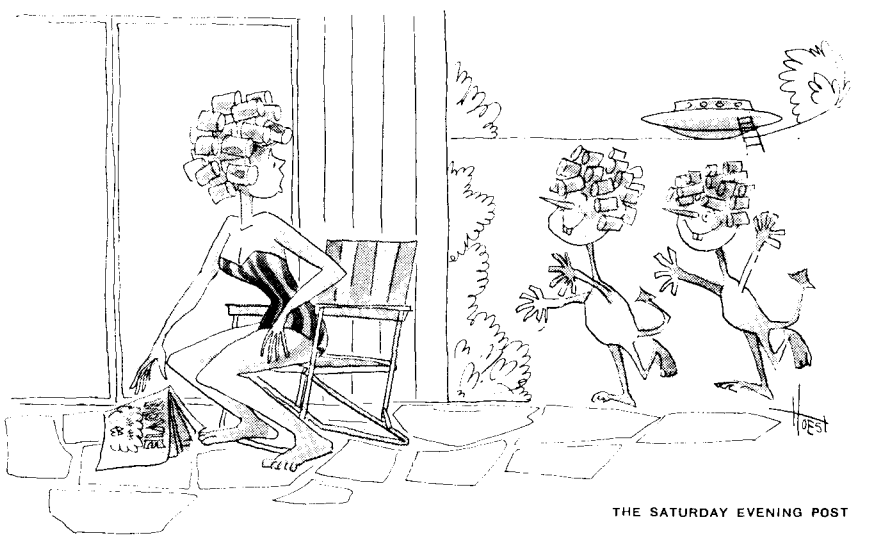
"Count off," said Egelhecht. I handed him the loaf. He took off his coat, laid it on the floor of the boxcar with the lining uppermost, smoothed the lining, placed the bread on it, while the others counted off around us. "Thirty-two," said Tom Thumb, then there was a silence. "Thirty-two," said Egelhecht, looking at me, for it was up to me to say thirty-three; but I didn't say it. I turned away and looked out: the highway with the old trees—Napoleon's poplars, Napoleon's elms, like the ones I had rested under with my brother when we rode from Weeze to the Dutch border on our bikes to buy chocolate and cigarettes cheap.

I could sense that those behind me were terribly offended; I saw the yellow road signs: To Kalkar, to Xanten, to Geldern, heard behind me the sounds of Egelhecht's tin knife, felt the offendedness swelling like a thick cloud. They were always being offended for some reason or other; they were offended if an English guard offered them a cigarette, and they were offended if he did not; they were offended when I cursed Hitler, and Egelhecht was mortally offended when I did not curse Hitler. Tom Thumb had secretly read Benjamin and Brecht, Proust, Tucholsky and Karl Kraus, and when we crossed the German border he was sewing on his cadet officer's piping. I took out of my pocket the cigarette I had got in exchange for my corporal's stripes, turned around, and sat down beside Tom Thumb. I watched Egelhecht dividing up the loaf. First he cut it in half, then the halves in quarters, then each quarter again in eight parts. This way there would be a nice fat chunk



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for each man, a dark cube of bread which I figured would weigh about sixty grams.

Egelhecht was just quartering the last eighth, and each man, every one of them, knew that the ones who got the center pieces would get at least five to ten grams extra, because the loaf bulged in the middle and Egelhecht had cut the slices all the same thickness. But then he cut off the bulge of the two center slices and said: "Thirty-three—the youngest starts." Tom Thumb glanced at me, blushed, bent down, took a piece of bread and put it directly into his mouth. Everything went smoothly till Bouvier, who had almost driven me crazy with his airplanes he was always talking about, had taken his piece of bread; now it should have been my turn, followed by Egelhecht, but I didn't move. I would have liked to light my cigarette, but I had no matches and nobody offered me one. Those who already had their bread were scared and stopped chewing; the ones who hadn't got their bread yet had no idea what was happening, but they understood it to mean that I didn't want to share the loaf with them. They were offended, while the others (who already had their bread) were merely embarrassed. I tried to look outside: at Napoleon's poplars, Napoleon's elms, at the tree-lined road with its gaps, with Dutch sky caught in the gaps, but my attempt to look unconcerned was not successful; I was scared of the fight which was bound to start now. I wasn't much good in a fight, and even if I had been it wouldn't have helped; they would have beaten me up the way they did in the camp near Brussels when I had said I would rather be a dead Jew than a live German. I took the cigarette out of my mouth, partly because it felt ridiculous, partly because I wanted to get it through the fight intact, and I looked at Tom Thumb, who, his face scarlet, was squatting on his heels beside me. Then Gugeler, whose turn it would have been after Egelhecht, took his piece of bread, put it directly into his mouth, and the others took theirs; there were three pieces left when the man whom I scarcely knew came toward me. He had not joined our tent till we were in the camp near Brussels; he was already old, nearly fifty, short, with a dark, scarred face, and whenever we began to quarrel he wouldn't say a word, he used to leave the tent and run along beside the barbed-wire fence, like someone to whom this kind of trotting up and down is familiar. I didn't even know his first name; he wore some sort of faded tropical uniform, and civilian shoes. He came from the far end of the boxcar straight toward me, stopped in front of me and said, in a surprisingly gentle voice: "Take the bread"—and when I didn't he shook his head and said: "You fellows have one hell of a talent for turning everything into a symbolic event. It's just bread, that's all, and the woman gave it to you, the woman—here you are." He picked up a piece of bread, pressed it into my right hand, which was hanging down helplessly, and squeezed my hand around it. His eyes were quite dark, not black, and his face wore the look of many prisons. I nodded, got my hand muscles moving so as to hold onto the bread; a deep sigh

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went through the car, Egelhecht took his bread, then the old man in the tropical uniform. "Damn it all," said the old fellow, "I've been away from Germany for twelve years; you're a crazy bunch, but I'm just beginning to understand you." Before I could put the bread into my mouth the train stopped, and we got out.

Open country, turnip fields, no trees; a few Belgian guards with the lion on their caps and collars ran along beside the train calling: "All out, everybody out!"

Tom Thumb remained beside me; he polished his glasses, looked at the station sign, and said: "Weeze—does this also convey something to you?"

"Yes," I said, "it lies north of Kevelaer and west of Xanten."

"Oh, yes," he said, "Kevelaer, Heinrich Heine."

"And Xanten: Siegfried, in case you've forgotten."

Aunt Helen, I thought. Weeze. Why hadn't we gone straight through to Cologne? There wasn't much left of Weeze other than a spattering of red bricks showing through the treetops. Aunt Helen had owned a fair-sized shop in Weeze, a regular village store, and every morning she used to slip some money into our pockets so we could go boating on the river Niers or ride over to Kevelaer on our bikes; the sermons on Sunday in church, roundly berating the smugglers and adulterers.

"Let's go," said the Belgian guard, "get a move on, or don't you want to get home?"

I went into the camp. First we had to file past an English officer who gave us a twenty-mark bill, for which we had to sign a receipt. Next we had to go to the doctor; he was a German, young, and he grinned at us; he waited till twelve or fifteen of us were in the room, then said: "Anyone who is so sick that he can't go home today need only raise his hand." A few of us laughed at this terribly witty remark; then we filed past his table one by one, had our release papers stamped, and went out by the other door. I waited for a few moments by the open door and heard him say: "Anyone who is so sick that ——," then moved on, heard the laughter when I was already at the far end of the corridor, and went to the next check point. This was an English corporal, standing out in the open next to an uncovered latrine. The corporal said: "Show me your paybooks and any papers you still have." He said this in German, and when they pulled out their paybooks he pointed to the latrine and told them to throw the books into it, adding, "Down the hatch!", and then most of them laughed at this witticism. It had struck me anyway that Germans suddenly seemed to have a sense of humor, so long as it was foreign humor: In camp even Egelhecht had laughed at the American captain who had pointed to the barbed-wire entanglement and said, "Don't take it so hard, boys, now you're free at last."

The English corporal asked me too about my papers, but all I had was my release; I had sold my paybook to an American for two cigarettes; so I said: "No papers"—and that made him as angry as the American corporal had been when I had answered his question, "Hitler Youth, S.A., or Party?" with: "No." He had yelled at me and put me on K.P., he had sworn at me and accused my grandmother of various sexual offenses the nature of which, due to my insufficient knowledge of the American language, I was unable to ascertain; it made them furious when something didn't fit into their stereotyped categories. The English corporal went purple with rage, stood up and began to frisk me, and he didn't have to search long before he had found my diary. It was thick, cut from paper bags, stapled together, and in it I had written down everything that had happened to me from the middle of April till the end of September: from being taken prisoner by the American sergeant Stevenson to the final entry I had made in the train as we went through dismal Antwerp and I read on walls: VIVE LE ROI! There were more than a hundred paper-bag pages, closely written, and the furious corporal took it from me, threw it into the latrine, and said in English: "Didn't I ask you for your papers?" Then I was allowed to go.

We stood crowded around the camp gate waiting for the Belgian trucks which were supposed to take us to Bonn. Bonn? Why Bonn, of all places? Someone said Cologne was closed off because it was contaminated by corpses, and someone else said we would have to clear away rubble for thirty or forty years—rubble, ruins—"and they aren't even going to give us trucks, we'll have to carry away the rubble in baskets." Luckily there was no one near me whom I had shared a tent or sat in the boxcar with. The drivel coming from mouths I did not know was a shade less disgusting than if it had come from mouths I knew. Someone ahead of me said: "But then he didn't mind taking the loaf of bread from the Jew," and another voice said: "Yes, they're the kind of people who are going to set the tone." Someone nudged me from behind and said: "A hundred grams of bread for a cigarette, how about it, eh?" and from behind he thrust his hand in front of my face, and I saw it was one of the pieces of bread Egelhecht had divided up in the train. I shook my head. Someone else said: "The Belgians are selling cigarettes at ten marks apiece." To me that seemed very cheap: In camp the Germans had sold cigarettes for a hundred and twenty marks apiece. "Cigarettes, anyone?" "Yes," I said, and put my twenty-mark bill into an anonymous hand.

Everyone was trading with everyone else. It was the only thing that seriously interested them. For two thousand marks and a threadbare uniform someone got a civilian suit; the deal was concluded and clothes were changed somewhere in the waiting crowd. And suddenly I heard someone call out: "But of *course* the underpants go with the suit—and the tie too." Someone sold his wristwatch for three thousand marks. The chief article of trade was soap. Those who had been in American camps had a lot of soap—twenty cakes, some of them—for they had been given soap every week but never any water to wash in, and the ones who had been in the English camps had no soap at all. The green and pink cakes of soap went back and forth. Some of the men had discovered their artistic aspirations and shaped the soap into little dogs, cats, and gnomes, and now it turned out that the artistic aspirations had lowered the exchange value: Unsculptured soap rated higher than sculptured, a loss of weight being suspected in the latter.

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The anonymous hand into which I had placed the twenty-mark bill actually reappeared and pressed two cigarettes into my left hand, and I was almost touched by so much honesty (but I was only almost touched till I found out that the Belgians were selling cigarettes for five marks; a hundred-percent profit was evidently regarded as a fair markup, especially among "comrades"). We stood there for about two hours, jammed together, and all I remember is hands: trading hands, passing soap from right to left, from left to right, money from left to right and again from right to left; it was as if I had fallen into a snake pit; hands from all sides moved every which way, passing goods and money over my shoulders and over my head in every direction.

Tom Thumb had managed to get close to me again. He sat beside me on the floor of the Belgian truck driving to Kevelaer, through Kevelaer to Krefeld, around Krefeld to Neuss. There was silence over the fields; in the towns, we saw hardly a soul and only a few animals, and the dark autumn sky hung low. On my left sat Tom Thumb, on my right the Belgian guard, and we looked out over the tailboard at the road I knew so well: My brother and I had often ridden our bicycles along it. Tom Thumb kept trying to justify himself, but I cut him off every time, and he kept trying to be clever; there was no stopping him. "But Neuss," he said, "that can't remind you of anything. What on earth could Neuss remind anybody of?"

"Novesia chocolate," I said, "sauerkraut and Quirinus, but I don't suppose you ever heard of the Thebaic Legion."

"No, I haven't," he said, and blushed again.

I asked the Belgian guard if it was true that Cologne was closed off, contaminated by corpses, and he said: "No—but it's a mess, all right. Is that where you're from?"

"Yes," I said.

"Be prepared for the worst. . . . Do you have any soap left?"

"Yes, I have," I said.

"Here," he said, pulling a pack of tobacco out of his pocket; he opened it and held out the pale yellow, fresh, fine-cut tobacco for me to smell. "It's yours for two cakes of soap—fair enough?"

I nodded, felt around in my coat pocket for the soap, gave him two cakes and put the tobacco in my pocket. He gave me his submachine gun to hold while he hid the soap in his pockets; he sighed as I handed it back to him. "These lousy things," he said, "we'll have to go on carrying them around for a while yet. You fellows aren't half as badly off as you think. What are you crying about?"

I pointed toward the right: the Rhine. We were approaching Dormagen. I saw that Tom Thumb was about to open his mouth, and I said quickly: "For God's sake, shut up, can't you: Shut up." He had probably wanted to ask me whether the Rhine reminded me of anything. Thank God he was deeply offended now and said no more till we got to Bonn.

In Cologne there were actually some houses still standing; somewhere I even saw a moving streetcar, some people too, women even; one of them waved to us. From the Neusser Strasse we turned into the Ring avenues and drove along them, and I was waiting all the time for the tears, but they didn't come; even the insurance buildings on the avenue were in ruins, and all I could see of the Hohenstaufen Baths was a few pale-blue tiles. I was hoping all the time the truck would turn off somewhere to the right, for we had lived on the Carolingian Ring; but the truck did not turn, it drove down the Rings: Barbarossa Square, Saxon Ring, Salian Ring, and I tried not to look, and I wouldn't have looked if the truck convoy had not got into a traffic jam up front at Clovis Square and we hadn't stopped in front of the house we used to live in, so I did look. The term "totally destroyed" is misleading; only in rare cases is it possible to destroy a house totally: It has to be hit three or four times and, to make certain, it should then burn down. The house we used to live in was actually, according to official terminology, totally destroyed, but not in the technical sense. That is to say, I could still recognize it—the front door and the doorbells—and I submit that a house where it is still possible to recognize the front door and the doorbells has not, in the strict technical sense, been totally destroyed; but of the house we used to live in there was more to be recognized than the doorbells and the front door: Two rooms in the basement were almost intact, on the ground floor, absurdly enough, even three. A fragment of wall was supporting the third room, which would probably not have passed a spirit-level test. Our apartment on the

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"I for one would like to have a clearer definition of what they mean by 'overcome.'"

second floor had only one room intact, but it was gaping open in front, toward the street; above this, a high, narrow gable reared up, bare, with empty window sockets. However, the interesting thing was that two men were moving around in our living room as if their feet were on familiar ground; one of the men took a picture down from the wall, the Terborch print my father had been so fond of, walked to the front, carrying the picture, and showed it to a third man, who was standing down below in front of the house, but this third man shook his head like someone who is not interested in an object being auctioned, and the man up above walked back with the Terborch and hung it up again on the wall. He even straightened the picture; I was touched by this mark of neatness—he even stepped back to make sure the picture was really hanging straight, then nodded in a satisfied way. Meanwhile, the second man took the other picture off the wall, an engraving of Lochner's painting of the Cathedral, but this one also did not appear to please the third man standing down below. Finally the first man, the one who had hung the Terborch back on the wall, came to the front, formed a megaphone with his hands and shouted: "Piano in sight!" and the man below laughed, nodded, likewise formed a megaphone with his hands and shouted: "I'll get the straps." I could not see the piano, but I knew where it stood: on the right in the corner I couldn't see into and where the man with the Lochner picture was just disappearing.

"Whereabouts in Cologne did you live?" asked the Belgian guard.

"Oh, somewhere over there," I said, gesturing vaguely in the direction of the western suburbs.

"Thank God, now we're moving again," said the guard. He picked up his submachine gun, which he had placed on the floor of the truck, and straightened his cap. The lion on the front of his cap was rather dirty. As we turned into Clovis Square I could see why there had been a traffic jam: some kind of raid seemed to be going on. English military police trucks were all over the place, and civilians were standing in them with their hands up, surrounded by a sizable crowd, quiet yet tense: a surprisingly large number of people in such a silent, ruined city.

"That's the black market," said the Belgian guard. "Once in a while they come and clean it up."

Before we were even out of Cologne, while we were still on the Bonner Strasse, I fell asleep and I dreamed of my mother's coffee mill. The coffee mill was being let down on a strap by the man who had offered the Terborch without success, but the man below rejected the coffee mill; the other man drew it up again, opened the hall door and tried to screw the coffee mill onto where it had hung before, immediately to the left of the kitchen door. But now there was no wall there for him to screw it onto, and still the man kept on trying (this mark of tidiness touched me even in my dream). He searched with the forefinger of his right hand for the pegs, couldn't find them, and raised his fist threateningly to the gray autumn sky, which offered no support for the coffee mill; finally he gave up, tied the strap around the mill again, went to the front, let down the coffee mill and offered it to the third man, who again rejected it, and the other man pulled it up again, untied the strap and hid the coffee mill under his jacket, as if it were a valuable object. Then he began to wind up the strap, rolled it into a coil and threw it down into the third man's face. All this time I was worried about what could have happened to the man who had offered the Lochner without success, but I couldn't see him anywhere; something was preventing me from looking into the corner where the piano and my father's desk were, and I was upset at the thought that he might be reading my father's diaries. Now the man with the coffee mill was standing by the living-room door, trying to screw the coffee mill onto the door panel. He seemed absolutely determined to give the coffee mill a permanent resting place, and I was beginning to like him, even before I discovered he was one of our many friends whom my mother had comforted while they sat on the chair beneath the coffee mill, one of those who had been killed right at the beginning of the war in an air raid.

Before we got to Bonn, the Belgian guard woke me up. "Come on," he said, "rub your eyes, freedom is at hand," and I straightened up and thought of all the people who had sat on the chair beneath my mother's coffee mill: truant schoolboys whom she helped to overcome their fear of exams, Nazis whom she tried to enlighten, non-Nazis whom she tried to fortify. They had all sat on the chair beneath the coffee mill, had received comfort and censure, defense and respite; bitter words had destroyed their ideals and gentle words had offered them those things which would outlive the times: mercy to the weak, comfort to the persecuted.

Bonn. The old cemetery, the market square, the university. Through the Koblenz Gate and into the park. "So long," said the Belgian guard, and Tom Thumb, with his tired child's face, said: "Drop me a line sometime." "All right," I said, "I'll send you my complete Tucholsky."

"Wonderful," he said, "and your Kleist too?"

"No," I said, "only the ones I have duplicates of."

On the other side of the barricade, through which we were finally released, a man was standing between two big laundry baskets; in one he had a lot of apples, in the other a few cakes of soap. He shouted: "Vitamins, my friends! One apple—one cake of soap!" And I could feel my mouth watering; I had quite forgotten what apples looked like. I gave him a cake of soap, was handed an apple, and bit into it at once; I stood there watching the others come out; there was no need for him to call out now: it was a wordless exchange; he would take an apple out of the basket, be handed a cake of soap, and throw the soap into the empty basket; there was a dull thud when the soap landed. Not everyone took an apple, not everyone had any soap, but the transaction was as swift as in a self-service store, and by the time I had finished my apple he already had his soap basket half full. The whole thing took place swiftly and smoothly and without a word, and even the ones who were very economical and very calculating couldn't resist the sight of the apples, and I felt sorry for them. Home was welcoming its homecomers so warmly with vitamins.

It took me a long time to find a telephone in Bonn. Finally a girl in the post office told me that the only people to get phones were doctors and priests, and even then only those who hadn't been Nazis. "They're scared stiff of the Werewolf underground," the girl said. "I s'pose you wouldn't have a cigarette for me?" I took my pack of tobacco out of my pocket and said: "Shall I roll one for you?" but she said no, she could do it herself, and I watched her take a cigarette paper out of her coat pocket and quickly and deftly roll herself a firm cigarette. "Who do you want to call? she said, and I said: "My wife," and she laughed and said I didn't look married at all. I also rolled myself a cigarette and asked her whether there was any chance of selling some soap; I needed money, train fare, and didn't have a pfennig. "Soap," she said. "Let's have a look." I felt around in my coat lining and pulled out some soap, and she snatched it out of my hand, sniffed it, and said: "Real Palmolive! That's worth—worth—I'll give you fifty marks for it." I looked at her in amazement, and she said: "Yes, I know, you can get as much as eighty for it, but I can't afford that." I didn't want to take the fifty marks, but she insisted; she thrust the note into my coat pocket and ran out of the post office. She was quite pretty, with that hungry prettiness which lends a girl's voice a certain sharpness.

What struck me most of all, in the post office and as I walked slowly on through Bonn, was the smells—everyone smelled terrible, all the rooms smelled terrible, and I could see why the girl was so crazy about the soap. I went to the station, tried to find out how I could get to Oberkerschenbach (that was where the one I married lived), but nobody could tell me; all I knew was that it was a little place somewhere in the Eifel district not too far from Bonn. There weren't any maps anywhere either, where I could have looked it up; no doubt they had been banned on account of the Werewolves. I have always liked to know where a place is, and it bothered me that I knew nothing definite about this place Oberkerschenbach and couldn't find out anything definite. In my mind I went over all the Bonn addresses I knew, but there wasn't a single doctor or a single priest among them. Finally I remembered a professor of theology I had called on with a friend just before the war; he had had some sort of trouble with Rome and the Index, and we had gone to see him simply to give him our moral support. I couldn't remember the name of the street, but I knew where it was, and I walked along the Poppelsdorf Avenue, turned left, then left again, found the house and was relieved to read the name on the door.

The professor came to the door himself. He had aged a great deal; he was thin and bent, his hair quite white. I said: "You won't remember me, Professor. I came to see you some years ago when you had that stink with Rome and the Index—can I speak to you for a moment?" He laughed when I said stink, and said "Of course" when I had finished, and I followed him into his study. I noticed it no longer smelled of tobacco; otherwise it was still just the same, with all the books, files, and house plants. I told the professor I had heard that the only people who got telephones were priests and doctors, and I simply had to call my

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wife. He heard me out—a very rare thing—then said that, although he was a priest, he was not one of those who had a phone, for: "You see," he said, "I am not a pastor." "Perhaps you're a Werewolf," I said. I offered him some tobacco, and I felt sorry for him when I saw how he looked at my tobacco; I am always sorry for old people who have to go without something they like. His hands trembled as he filled his pipe, and they did not tremble just because he was old. When he had at last got it lit—I had no matches and couldn't help him—he told me that doctors and priests were not the only people with telephones. "These nightclubs they're opening up everywhere for the soldiers," they had them, too, and I might try in one of these nightclubs; there was one just around the corner. He wept when I put a few pipefuls of tobacco on his desk as I left, and he asked me, as his tears fell, whether I knew what I was doing, and I said yes, I knew, and I suggested he accept the few pipefuls of tobacco as a belated tribute to the courage he had shown toward Rome all those years ago. I would have liked to give him some soap as well—I still had some pieces in my coat lining—but I was afraid his heart would burst with joy; he was so old and frail.

"Nightclub" was a nice way of putting it; but I didn't mind that so much as the English sentry at the door of this honky-tonk. He was very young and eyed me severely as I stopped beside him. He pointed to the notice prohibiting Germans from entering this honky-tonk, but I told him my sister worked there, I had just returned to my beloved fatherland, and my sister had the house key. He asked me what my sister's name was, and it seemed safest to give the most German of all German girls' names, and I said: "Gretchen"; oh yes, he said, that was the blonde one, and let me go in. Instead of bothering to describe the interior, I refer the reader to the pertinent *Fräulein* literature and to movies and television. I won't even bother to describe Gretchen (see above); the main thing was that Gretchen was surprisingly quick on the uptake and, in exchange for a cake of Palmolive, was willing to make a telephone call to the priest's house in Kerschenbach (which I hoped existed) and have the one I had married called to the telephone. Gretchen spoke fluent English on the telephone and told me her boy friend would try to do it through the army exchange; it would be quicker. While we were waiting I offered her some of my tobacco, but she had some that was better; I tried to pay her the agreed fee of a cake of soap in advance, but she said no, she didn't want it after all, she would rather not take anything, and when I insisted on paying she began to cry and confided that one of her brothers was a prisoner of war, the other one dead, and I felt sorry for her, for it is not pleasant when girls like Gretchen cry; she even let on that she was a Catholic, and just as she was about to get her first communion picture out of a drawer the telephone rang, and Gretchen lifted the receiver and said: "Reverend," but I had already heard that it was not a man's voice. "Just a moment," Gretchen said, and handed me the receiver. I was so excited I couldn't hold the receiver. She picked it up and held it against my ear, and I said: "Hallo—is that you?"

"Yes," she said, "—darling, where are you?"

"I'm in Bonn," I said. "The war's over—for me."

"My God," she said, "I can't believe it. No—it's not true."

"It is true," I said, "it is—did you get my postcard?"

"No," she said, "what postcard?"

"When we were taken prisoner—we were allowed to write one postcard."

"No," she said, "for the last eight months I haven't had the slightest idea where you were."

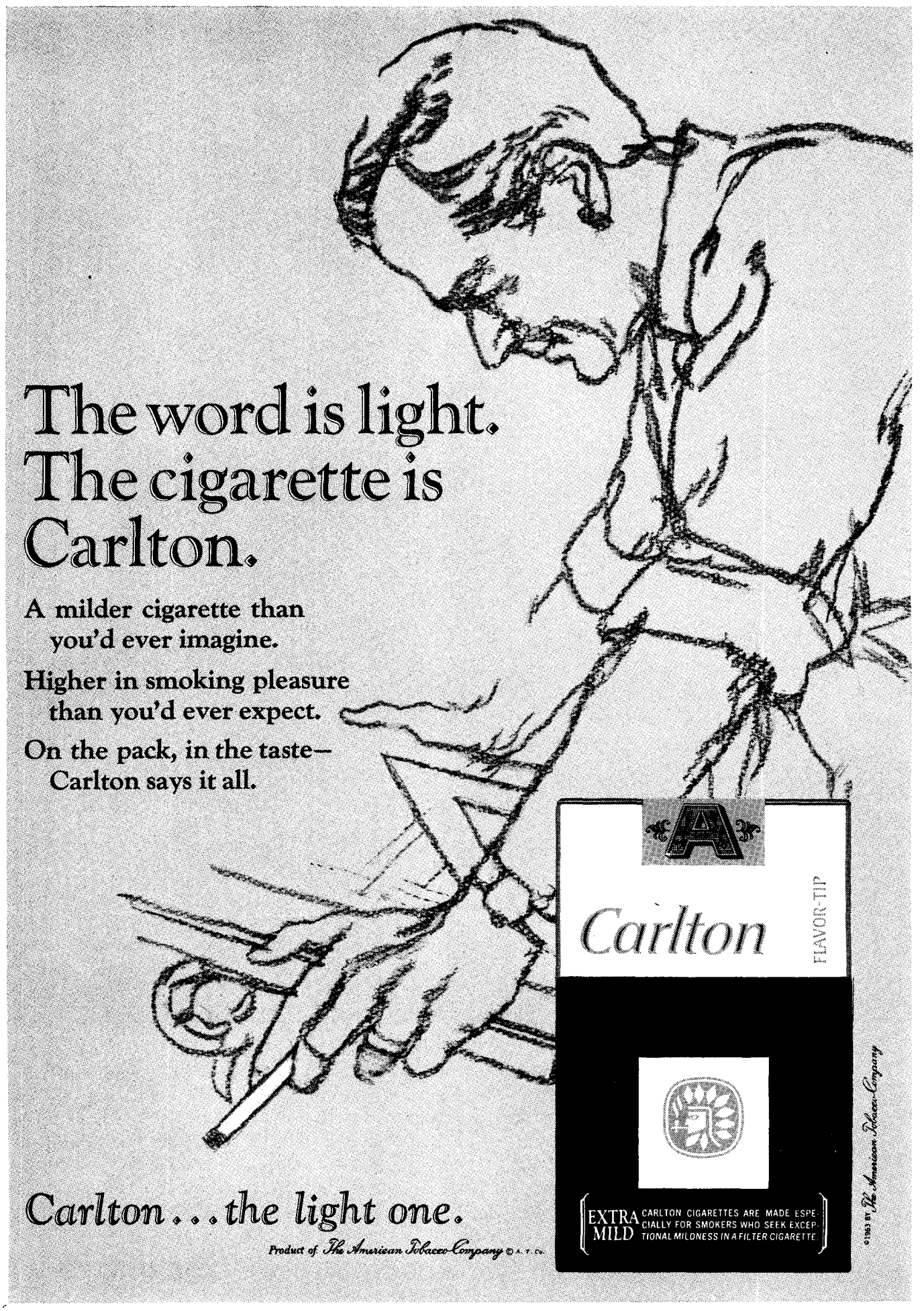
"Those bastards," I said, "those dirty bastards—listen, just tell me where Kerschenbach is."

"I"—she was crying so hard she couldn't speak; I heard her sobbing and gulping till at last she was able to whisper: "—at the station in Bonn, I'll meet you." Then I could no longer hear her; someone said something in English that I didn't understand.

Gretchen put the receiver to her ear, listened a moment, shook her head, and replaced it. I looked at her and knew I couldn't offer her the soap now. I couldn't even say "Thank you"; the words seemed ridiculous. I lifted my arms helplessly and went out.

I walked back to the station, in my ear the woman's voice which had never held a hint of marriage. □

This story, under the title "When the War Was Over," will be included in a collection of Böll's stories called ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE, *to be published next month by McGraw-Hill Book Co.*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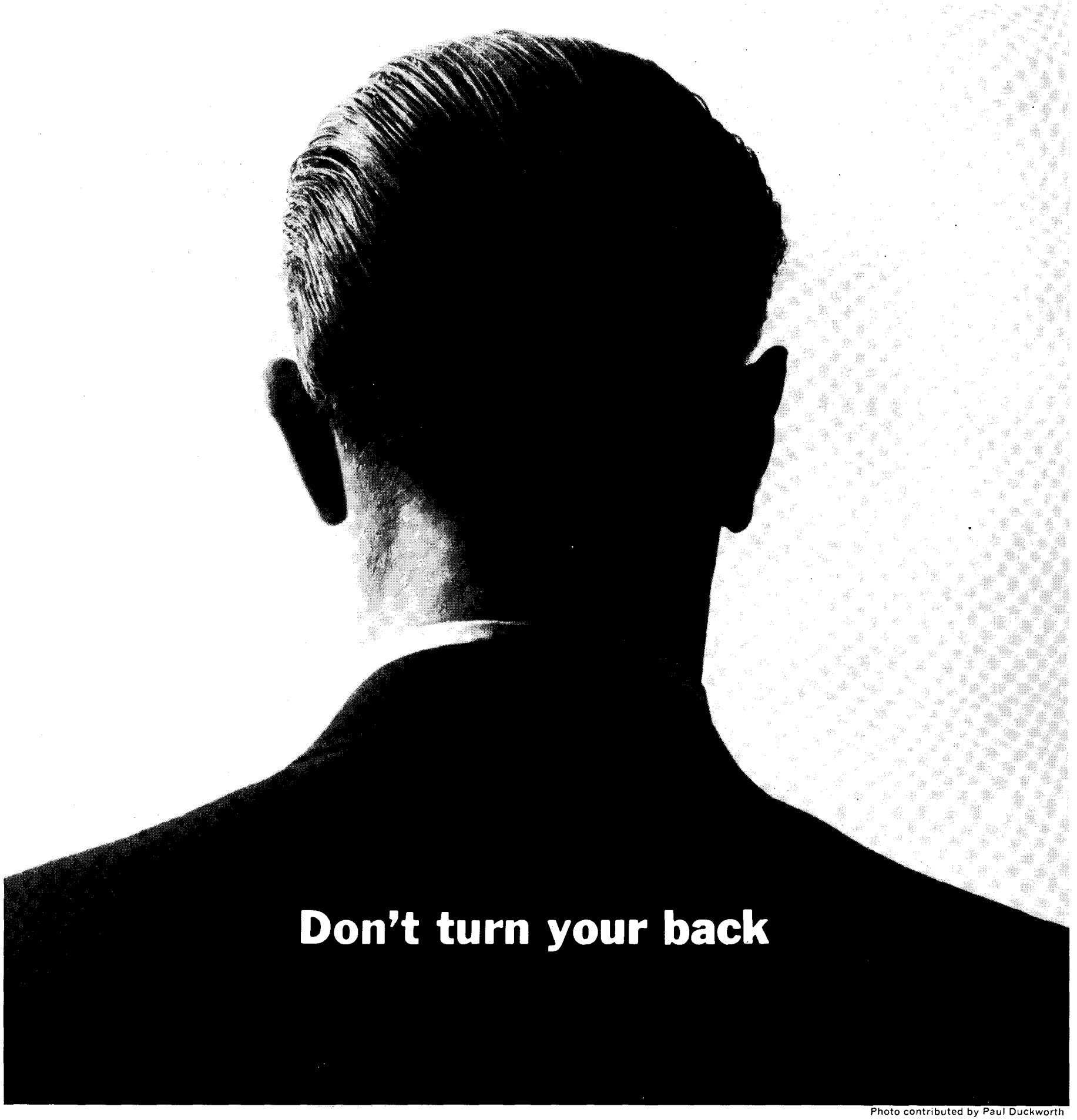

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Photo contributed by Paul Duckworth

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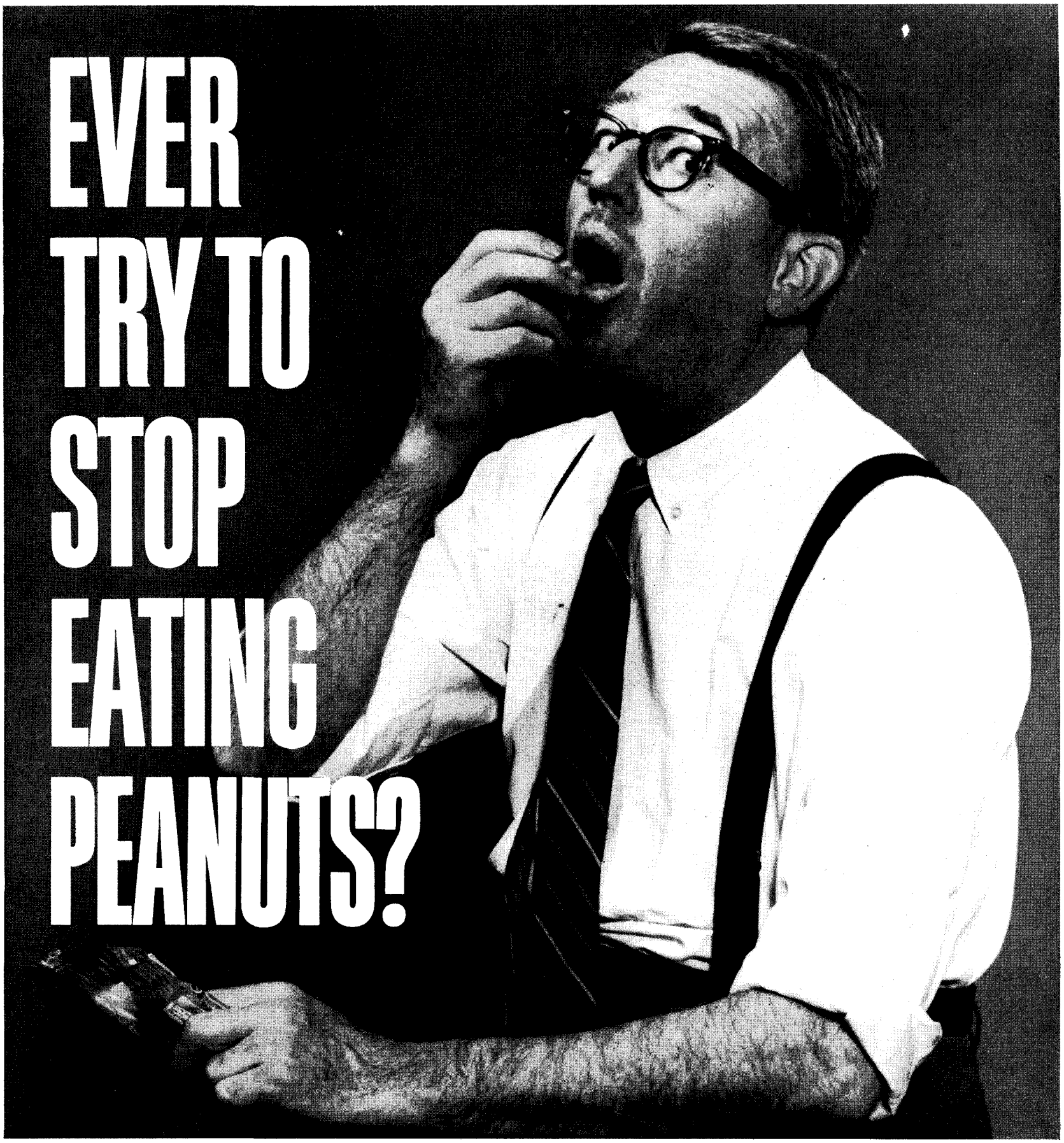

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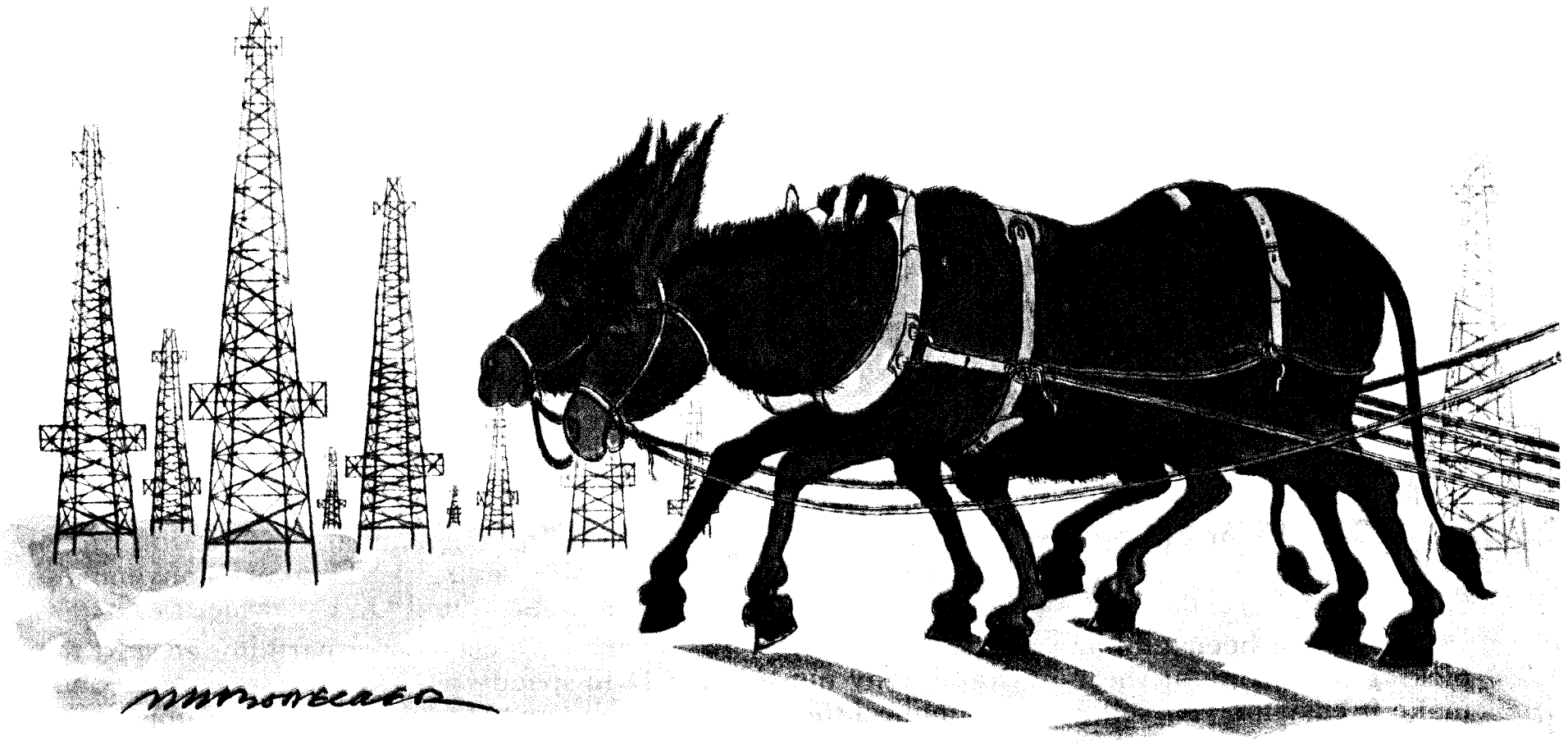
Those crazy, oil-rich Indians wanted what I had to sell, and if I hadn't taken their money, somebody else would have.

When I was a boy I was ashamed of the color of my skin—ashamed for my family, for the whole white race. From that red Oklahoma earth which we walked upon and called ours had sprung the red man; we palefaces were aliens and usurpers. On our farm you could not plow ten feet, especially not after erosion had laid the soil bare and the dust storms had flayed it rawer still, without turning up a flint arrowhead, and while I treasured them, they were a reproach to me. The name "Sooner," so proudly worn by our state, to me was an emblem of infamy; and although at school we were taught to glorify that day in 1889 when our forefathers had gathered on the borders of what was then called Indian Territory, poised themselves, and at the crack of the starter's pistol swarmed in and staked their claim to however much they could pace off and fence in, I was not a bit proud of my grandfather's part in that adventure. My father might sigh and say he wished Papa had gotten more while the getting was good; to me it was evident at an



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THE GAUDIEST THING ON WHEELS

By William Humphrey

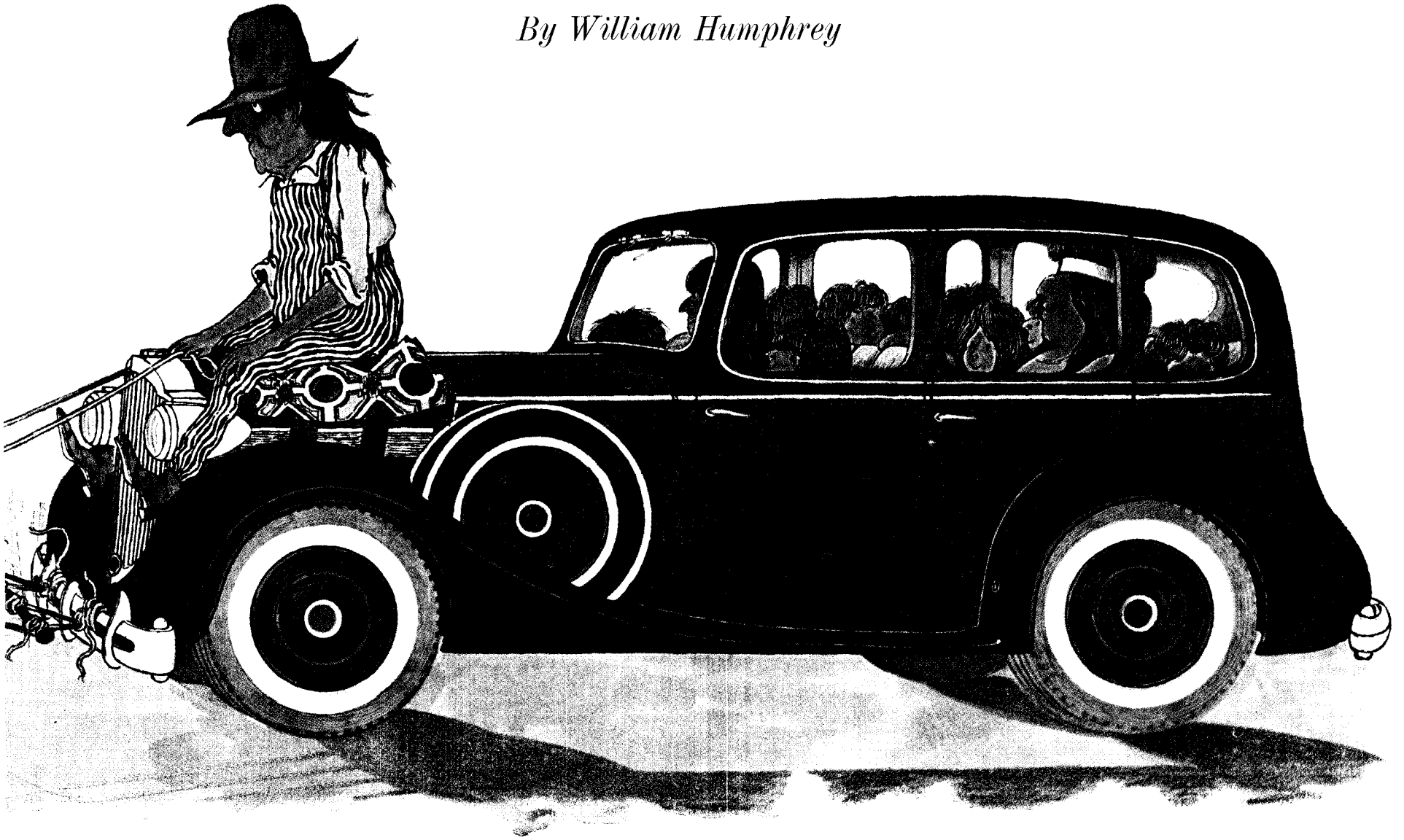
early age that Grandpa must have stolen our fifty acres from some poor Indian brave, perhaps the very one who, in leaving, had sown the earth with dragon's teeth in the form of his arrowheads, and whom I pictured as proud and noble and sad, like the one on the head of the nickel.

Whenever I had a nickel, and bought myself a magazine, I sided with them—the Apaches, the Blackfeet, the Cheyennes—against my own people, and excused their cruelties. And when we kids played cowboys and Indians, I always took the part of Geronimo or Quanah Parker, and sometimes I came near to drawing blood with my stone tomahawk in trying to lift the scalp of my fallen paleface foe.

That tomahawk, by the way, was the genuine article. Like everybody else in our parts, we had an Indian burial mound on the property, and over the years ours yielded me, in addition to the tomahawk, stone grinding pestles and scraps of painted pottery, knucklebones, a skull, skinning knives of flint and obsidian, worn-down bits of antlers, and always arrowheads of all colors and of sizes for every variety of game, from tiny ones hardly bigger than a grain of corn, for birds, to great broadheads which I liked to think had once brought down two-ton buffaloes.

Feeling always something of a renegade (for stories of the Indian Wars were still told during my boyhood), I read all I could lay my hands on of the history of the Indians. The record of the white man's greed and perfidy was hardly to be believed. From the very beginning, in Jamestown and Massachusetts Bay, those original owners of the American continent welcomed the invaders as friends and neighbors, and where they did not make them outright gifts of land enough to live on (the Indians all had a very backward and undeveloped sense of individual land ownership and did not believe that one man could own what belonged to all men—what belonged, in fact, to no man, but instead to the Great Spirit), they sold it to them at fair, not to say overgenerous, prices. And then the whites (I thought of them in those days as like white mice, with the quick, grasping paws and the sharp, busy teeth and the greedy, little red bug-eyes of white mice) overran the Indians like a plague. In every state of the Union those who had once owned all saw it nibbled away and gobbled up until they were dispossessed of their ancient hunting grounds and herded into pens called reservations. Where they resisted they lost, and were punished for defending what was theirs. Where they conferred and went voluntarily, with treaties guaranteeing the bounds of the reservation in perpetuity, they saw, in the same generation, in the same decade, often by the very signatories, every treaty mocked and broken. Mice do not know how to share; what's yours is theirs—all of it. And so they were moved off these reservations to others farther west on land belonging to yet other Indians, and given a treaty guaranteeing that it would never happen again.

Then positively the last resettlement was proposed—at gunpoint—to them. All the



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Indians, from all over, would be brought together in one large tract, and this land would be theirs for as long as the sun should shine: Here was a treaty to show for it, hung with red ribbons and seals like tassel. And from the shrunken reservations which were all that remained to them of the land of their fathers in Alabama, in Tennessee and Carolina and Mississippi and Florida, they were herded like winter cattle, and thousands left dead along the trail, to Oklahoma. It was not much good, this land; but it was theirs. The treaty was signed by the Great White Father in Washington, D. C. But Great White Fathers come and go, and that one was no sooner gone than the mice were running in the walls and boldly scampering out to thieve by night, and breeding and clamoring to get in; and the sun went down in the land which was to be theirs for so long as the sun should shine, and the red men were herded onto the last reservations, little pockets of the leanest land where the best was none too fat and all the rest declared to belong to whichever white man got there sooner and staked his claim.

When you are a kid, you can get so carried away that those olden times seem more real to you than the times you live in.

I was scarcely able to look an Indian in the face whenever I met one on the street in town on a Saturday afternoon, when they came in from off the nearby reservation. I could scarcely believe they were Indians. They were parodies of white men, as a scarecrow is a parody of a man. Instead of beaded moccasins, they wore broken-down old bluchers that the poorest poor white would long since have thrown away—possibly had. (I noticed the feet first, no doubt, because I hung my head and kept my eyes cast down.) Instead of fringed-buckskin hunting shirts, they wore frayed and threadbare, imitation-chamois work shirts, and over them wore baggy overalls of railway-engineer's pattern, black-and-white striped. Instead of warbonnets of eagle feathers, they wore greasy old wool caps with pinched and broken bills or sweaty-banded old black felt hats with uncreased crowns. No bareback pinto ponies did they ride, but came in creaky old swaybacked wagons drawn by swaybacked mules with collar and trace galls and flyblown sores around their scrawny necks and down their slatted sides from pulling a plow. Along the tail gate of the wagon would sit a row of dark, runty children, stiff and impassive as a row of prize dolls in a carnival tent.

When, aged twelve, I accidentally opened our family skeleton cupboard one day and discovered hidden therein the fact that I myself had Indian blood, I at first did not know which to be, overjoyed or infuriated. I felt like the changeling prince in the storybook must have felt on discovering his true birthright, and discovering simultaneously that he had been done out of it, stolen and brought up by peasants as a peasant. I reproached my kin for having kept me in ignorance of this most important fact of my heritage. I begged for further knowledge. They seemed to know little and to care less. She was a Cherokee or a Choctaw, no one was sure which, and the man who had brought her into the family was dismissed as the squaw man. Possibly even she had been only a half-breed (they seemed to prefer to think so), and so my share was only about one sixteenth, an amount to which most everybody in Oklahoma would probably have to own. Better just forget it, they said. Family matters, they seemed to be telling me, were best kept in the family. I vowed that when I grew up I would join a tribe and become an Indian.

Well, I grew up, all right, and in the process I lost my desire to become an Indian. Dirty pigs! My God, a white man may be poor, but if he's got any self-respect at all, he keeps himself clean, at least. They haven't got bathtubs? No running water? We never had, either. We toted the water in by the bucketful from the cistern, heated it in kettles and pots on the range, bathed in a number-three washtub on the kitchen floor. But we bathed. Every Saturday night. When we got done, and Mama got done reaming out our ears, and we stepped out, the water in that tub looked like blood, like a hog had been scraped in it, from that red Oklahoma dirt. We might have been poor, but we were always clean.

And poor as we were, we held on to our morals. We got pretty hungry, too; but we never stole, nor let our children thieve right out of the store bins in town. We'd have starved sooner than do that. And sooner than see our daughters and our sisters do what some

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of those Indian girls did for money, we'd have killed them first.

You can't help people that won't help themselves; that's another thing I learned in growing up. You've got to have ambition. Whenever we got a dollar ahead, we didn't come into town with it and buy a quart of white lightning from some bootlegger in a back alley, get drunk and go crazy and start taking the place apart, wind up in jail with a head caved in from the constable's billy club, no use to ourselves nor our families for the next thirty days. Indians just can't hold their liquor? In that case they ought to let it alone. I've heard it said they drink because they're downhearted. Because they've had it rough. Had a raw deal. We've all had it rough. We've all had a raw deal. But did we sit around moping about it forevermore? We bettered ourselves.

And just how rough did they have it when it was really rough all over? Living out there on the reservation all through '31, '32, '33, '34 on a steady Government dole. Not much of a dole? Well, it was more than we got—and we paid taxes! They never had to worry that the bank was going to come around one day and say, "Well, Ed, old friend, you've been here a long time, and I hate to have to say it, but looks like you'll have to get off, you and your wife and kids." Best landlord in the world, good old Uncle Sam!

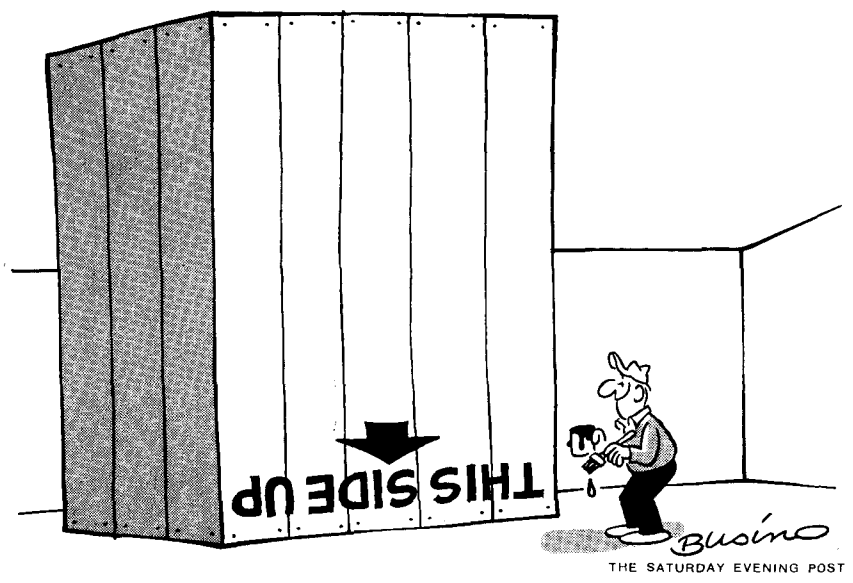
An Indian won't work. And don't give me none of that stuff about not having incentive. The answer to that argument is here: About 1935 a law was passed that the tribes could no longer hold the reservation lands in common (which is Socialism) but it had to be divided up and parceled out among the members. The idea was to drag them into the twentieth century. Give them some incentive. Teach them what it means to a man to own his own little plot of ground, and want to increase it, come up in the world. To weed out the freeloaders and give the real hustlers a chance to rise to the top of the heap. Did those lazy, good-for-nothing Indians work that land any harder when it was their own? They did not.

Now, the year that law was passed just happened to be the year when oil was first brought in around our section. I am not saying there was any connection; but once each Indian owned his own piece of land he was free to sell it if he had a mind to, not to be told by the tribal council that the land didn't belong to him, couldn't be traded. And how do you suppose they spent the money they got for the sale of their land? Well, I got my share. If they didn't have any better sense than to spend it with me, that was their lookout. They wanted what I had to sell, and if I hadn't taken their money, there were plenty more who would have.

I had set up in business for myself in '33. I had the local distributorship for Cadillac. As you can just imagine, a man was not getting rich selling Cadillacs to Oklahoma tenant farmers in 1933 and '34. But all of a sudden the smart alecks who wouldn't let me in on the small family cars just a year or so before were all laughing out of the other sides of their mouths. For when a redneck who has followed a plow all his life lays down the traces and picks up a fortune in oil one day, he don't want him no Ford nor Chevrolet, he wants him a *car*—the longest, fastest, gaudiest thing on wheels. And there was I, with just what he was after. "The car you never thought you'd own"—that was my motto.

I sold them with all accessories already on. Radio and heater, chrome tail pipe, venetian blinds, seats upholstered in leopard, zebra, spotted calf. The only thing that was optional was the steer horns on the radiator grille. I stocked Cadillacs in fire-engine red, oyster white, sky blue; but my hottest number of all was a bile yellow that sharpened your teeth like the smell of a sour pickle. That was the wagon that really got the braves from off the reservation.

Some people—especially those on whose own farmsteads one after another dry hole had been drilled—were complaining in those days that the Indians had been given all the oil-rich land. Others were not just sitting on their hands and howling, they were busy buying the redskins out. Some of those Indians sold out without even waiting for a drilling sample. Show them a few thousand dollars and that was all they needed to see—especially if they were seeing double. Others were told yes, no doubt about it, there was certainly oil lying under their land. But who knew how much? It might turn out to be a million barrels, and then again, it might not. It was a gamble, either way, but a bird in the hand. . . . And there was I, or one of my men, before the ink on their X was dry—in line, I might add, with the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Packard, the Buick and the Pierce-Arrow dealer.

And then, a few months later, after they had run out of money to buy gas to put in them, or after they had driven them without any oil in the crankcase, you might see on a country road one of those Packards or Pierce-Arrows or Cadillacs hitched to a team of mules with the brave sitting on the hood on a blanket and holding the reins, while inside, with the windows all rolled up regardless of the heat, sat the squaw and the papooses. Drive on a little farther down that same road, and you were apt to pass three or four more big-model automobiles upside down in the ditch or crumpled against telegraph poles.

But for running through cars, the Indian I am going to tell about holds the record.

One day one of my salesmen brought in a prospect known to everybody around town as John. If he had a second name, I had never heard it. John had sold out just that morning. Not being a very convivial sort, even in his cups, John had held out for and had gotten nine thousand dollars—plus a second bottle—out of the men who bought him out. He was a big buck with a face like a stone on the bottom of a creek, flat and featureless, and just as full of smiles. Underneath his arm, the one without the bottle, he carried a bundle wrapped in newspaper and tied with twine, which I knew to recognize. They always insisted on cash, and they wanted it always in ten-dollar bills, possibly because those of larger denomination did not look like money to them, and a ten really did.

Our demonstrator model was one of those yellow dogs, and my man had brought John in, at around 85 mph, in it. That was what he wanted, and he wanted it now. I had sitting out back some three dozen jalopies and home-made pickups cut down from old passenger sedans and coupés and touring cars—Stars, Moons, and so help me, one Marmon V–16. I had buggies, I had buckboards, I had I don't know how many wagons, I had me about half the mules in that county, for I'd seen booms before and I'd seen busts, too, and I was hedging against the day when they would need those wagons and teams again; I drew the line only at travois. On this deal, though, I wasn't going to have to take any trade-in.

I had on the showroom floor one exactly the same, but no, John here wanted that demonstrator. She had a few thousand miles on the speedometer, and I supposed he wanted that particular car, thinking he would get a little something off on the price. Little was what he would get, all right; but I was prepared to powwow. However, John did not want to bargain. He wanted that car the way he might have wanted a particular woman for a squaw and not her twin sister. He had seen what the one could do. I took his parcel from him (this had to be done cautiously—no sudden movements—like taking a bone from a dog), untied the string and counted out four hundred and twenty ten-dollar bills. I told him that was what I wanted for my automobile. John studied the stack I had made for a time, then he stacked the rest alongside and studied the two of them. After he had my car he would still have more money than I would have. With a grunt, he pushed the smaller stack toward me. The bottle, too. To close the deal I had to drink with him.

While I was drawing up the bill of transfer, the salesman took the customer out for his driving lesson. This was a little service I offered, free of charge. They were gone about half an hour. When they returned, Doyle—Doyle Gilpin, my star salesman, himself part Kiowa—had a big purple knot over one eye. John X-ed the contract where I showed him to and I turned his ignition key over to him. I counted out to Doyle his commission, locked the money in the strongbox, locked the strongbox in the safe, and went to the show window to watch. The other salesmen, the parts-department man, and the mechanics from back in the shop all came out and joined us. These performances were always a sketch.

To see that Indian come up on that automobile was worth the price of a ticket. He carried the key hidden behind his back, as if it were a halter, and Doyle swore he was talking to that automobile under his breath all the while he sidled up to it, to coax it into standing still. Though he had been behind the wheel for his driving lesson, old habit was strong, and now he did not come at her from the driver's side because, unlike a white man, an Indian mounts a horse from the right. He stood stroking the door panel for a minute, then opened the door, saw he was on the off side, nodded to himself, shut the door and, holding on to her all the while, made his way around the front end—never go behind them: that's where they can kick you.

"You say he claims to know how to drive?" I asked Doyle.

"Ugh," Doyle quoted.

It didn't look like it. He sat for the next five minutes behind the wheel, doing nothing at all. "Hellfire," I said, "he don't even know how to switch it on. Go out there and show ——"

But John had known all along what to do; he had just been sitting there enjoying himself, like not wanting to put the match to a new brier pipe for savoring that never-to-be-recaptured moment of unused, fresh, factory-smelling ownership. The car John never thought he'd own for sure was his. They will tell you an Indian never smiles, but I have yet to see the one who doesn't when he switches on the ignition of his own new yellow Cadillac for the first time.

He put his foot on the accelerator and raced the motor up to where it sounded like a power saw, while we inside all winced. That was the one thing that used to bother me; I do hate to see a fine piece of machinery misused by falling into the wrong hands. Then he let out the clutch, or rather jerked his foot off it, and away he went. He was right about that car: It bucked, it pitched, it snorted, it pawed, it leaped like—and, in his hands, it was—a horse, an outlaw, a cayuse.

"Now you know," said Doyle, "how I got this bump on my head."

"Didn't you show him how to ease his foot off the clutch to keep that from happening?"

"Yeah, I showed him. He don't want to keep it from happening. That's the part he likes."

Now he rode her to earth. The gears meshed, and with a sound like satin ripping he was off, discovering the horn in the process. And for the next hour he raced up and down Main Street, chasing pedestrians up onto the sidewalks, running up on them himself, slamming on his brakes, sitting on the horn, and letting the clutch out fast and bucking like a bronco. The town constable, with a little urging from us car dealers, was not opposed to letting the boys enjoy themselves a little with their new cars, so long as nobody got hurt. There had been complaints about it in the beginning, just as the bankers had complained when pressure was put on them not to open accounts for the Indians; but just as the bankers came to realize that it was better for them as well to keep that money in circulation, so people generally came to realize that what was good for trade was good for the town as a whole. By about the time they'd run through their complimentary three gallons of gas, the constable would tell them that was enough, and to go do their racing out on the country roads.

John, however, did not wait to be told. After a time he began to want company and tried to pick up a passenger, but nobody would ride with him. He invited Will Tall Corn, but Will just shook his head. Will's boy Henry was one of two, friends, to whom I had sold identical convertibles just a short while before, who, to settle a dispute the following week, ran them at one another head on from a distance of half a mile; that settled it all right. Piqued that nobody would ride with him, John gunned out of town, going past my place and raising a cloud like a dust storm.

And that was the last we saw of him for about two hours, when, looking out the show window, I saw a wagon and team drawing up to the gas pumps, and driving them was John. I was showing a couple a car, but before those two made up their mind there would be three changes of model, so I turned them over to one of my assistants and went out.

"John!" I said. "Here, what's this? What have you done with that new car of yours?"

Well, it seemed that John's new car no go no more. John was disgusted with it. He seemed to expect me to give him that other one in replacement, the other yellow one. I said the warranty stopped just a little short of that, but let's have a look at his, chances were we could put it right if there was something the matter with it, get it going for him again. John, though, was really down on that car, never wanted to see it again, didn't even want to talk about it. Only very grudgingly did he consent to come with us in the wrecker and show us where he had left it.

What was keeping his car from going was a great big mean old tree in the way.

Taking notes on the scene were a couple of highway patrolmen, so while we towed in the wreck, John was taken down to the courthouse and charged with drunken driving, recklessness with an automobile, damage to public property (to get at the tree, he'd had to clip off a couple of the highway department's concrete fence posts), speeding, and if there had been such a thing as driver's licenses (there was later, of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are you aware that I rented this apartment for the view?"

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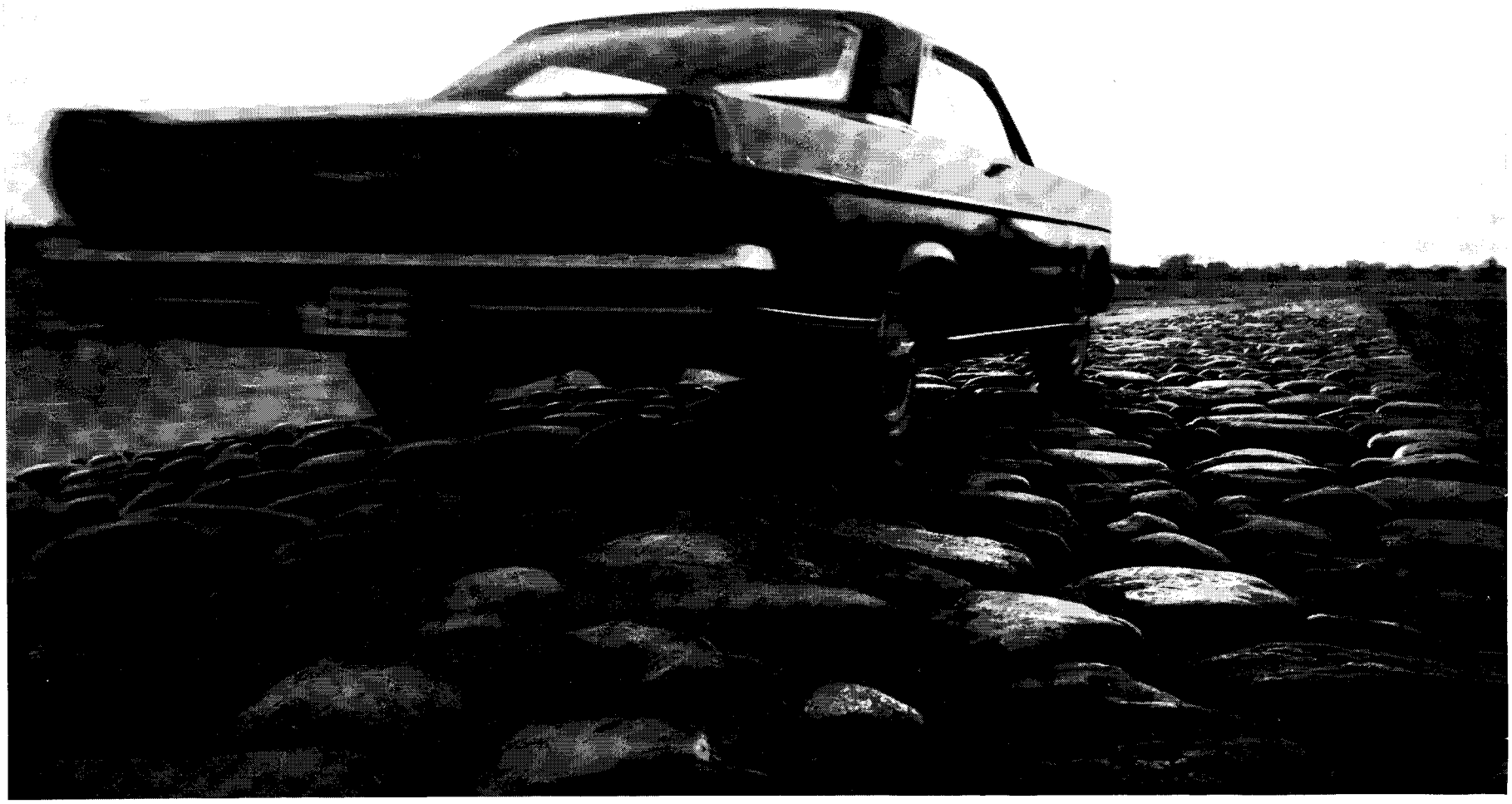

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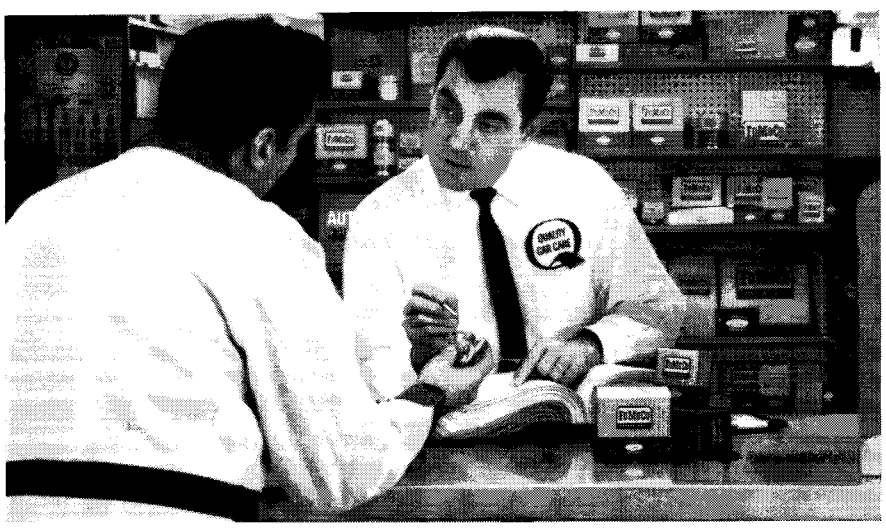

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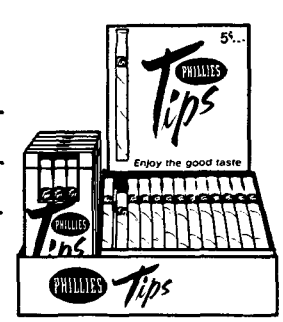

course, and it all but ruined the automobile business in Oklahoma for a time, especially the literacy test, but I wasn't hurt; on the contrary, I'd seen it coming and gotten out while the getting was good), why, I suppose they would have booked him for driving without any. As for the damage to his car, it looked a lot worse than it was. The front end was all smashed in, fenders and head lamps, bumper, grille, and the hood was sprung; but apart from the radiator and a bent fan and fan shaft, mechanically it was unharmed. For three hundred and fifty dollars—no more than five hundred—we could have it looking like new, almost.

But I never even got to quote him a figure before John started in again about wanting that other car, the one sitting on the showroom floor. His own, he refused even to come out to the shop and look at it. With that car John was finished. I was growing just a trifle impatient with trying to get it through that thick skull of his by sign language that cars weren't guaranteed against trees alongside the road, when John, pointing once again at the car on the floor, took out from under his arm his parcel wrapped in newspaper, now considerably lightened, and put it in my hand.

It took me a minute to catch on, and when I did, I still didn't believe it. It's hard to credit foolishness, even when you've seen as much of it as I have. "You want to *buy* it, then?" I said. "Is that what you're saying? You want to *buy* that car?" There stood that savage without socks on his feet, wanting to buy his second Cadillac of the day!

What was more, he was ready to pay cash for it. No trade-in. He never even asked me to make him an offer on his other one. He could hardly wait for me to count the money. "Same," he said. "Same." Meaning it came to as much as he had paid for his first car.

"That may be," said I. "But the price ain't the same. This car here costs a little more than your other one. Because this one ain't never been rode by anybody, see?"

I figured he ought to have a good bit more money left than he had paid for his first car. That one had cost him forty-two hundred dollars, which, taken from nine thousand, left forty-eight hundred. Less twenty for wrecker service: forty-seven eighty. However, he only had forty-two hundred and eighty dollars on him. Where the other five hundred had gone didn't take three guesses. Fine or bail bond to those shysters down at the courthouse.

"Not enough," I said. Not caring particularly for the look on his face, I gave Doyle the sign, and he came over and joined us.

"I give you," said John, "my wagon and my team."

Not his other car. I'm slow, as I say, when it comes to taking in foolishness of that depth, but now it dawned on me that as far as John was concerned that other car of his was dead. Having no value to him any more, it had none that he could imagine for anybody else.

"I got me a wagon," I said. "I got mules."

"Good wagon," said John. "Good mules."

It wasn't a bad-looking team. Underfed, like all Indians' animals, but good stock. Not a bad-looking wagon, either.

"Wagons and teams not fetching much now," I said. "Everybody, like you, wants a car. Nobody wants a wagon and team."

He just stood there, looking at me. I wondered what was going through that head. Nothing, it appeared.

Then Doyle spoke up and said, "How much more does John need to have enough to buy him that yellow car?"

I said, figuring twenty-five dollars for the wagon and team and the harness, that would leave him still shy one hundred and fifty-two dollars and ninety-seven cents. "Make it a round hundred and fifty," I said.

"You don't suppose," said Doyle, "that we could allow John that for the wreck, do you? We ought to be able to strip a few spare parts off of it, oughtn't we?"

"Who are you working for," I said, pulling a sour face, "me or John?"

Then, with as good grace as I could, I gave in.

"Come see what our friend John has gone and done with his new car." It could not have been more than an hour

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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later when Doyle Gilpin came in from giving a prospect a ride out in the country in our new demonstrator and said those words to me.

"Don't tell me," I said.

"Just come see," said Doyle.

I got up and followed. Doyle at the wheel, we drove out of town about five miles, being overtaken and passed by a siren car. We pulled up to where a line of cars alongside the road was already pulled up.

It was not a tree this time, it was a curve in the road, and he must have tried to take it at no less than a hundred, for the car had finally come to rest a good fifty yards in the field beyond and must have turned over no fewer than half a dozen complete turns. Alongside the wreck, where the impact had thrown him, lay John—by old General Phil Sheridan's definition, a very good Indian.

There being no hospital in our town, thus no ambulance, the corpse was removed via pickup truck, to be left until called for by family or friends at the local funeral parlor.

The body gone, the crowd left. I stayed studying the wreck until all were gone. I would never have believed you could smash up a car to look like that.

"Nothing to do with that one," said Doyle, "but set a match to it."

It was just what I was thinking myself. No point in leaving an ugly sight like that to disfigure the beauty of the landscape, and to scare away trade.

"You got one on you?" I said.

"One what?" said Doyle.

I gave him a cigar, put one in my own mouth.

"One match," I said, waiting for a light

And here now is the end of my story.

A little later in the day I was working at my desk when I had the feeling that somebody was watching me, and looked up, and there standing in the doorway was this squaw. She was built like a sack of potatoes, and dressed like one, had a face the shape and the color of a deep-red potato. I hadn't heard her come in—you never do, they're as slinky as a cat and don't know that a door is for knocking on—but I felt she had been there for some time already before I noticed her watching me out of those narrow, shiny, black eyes.

"What can we do for you?" I said. For you never knew: Tomorrow she might be a customer.

She never said anything.

I said, "It's around to the side there, if that's what's on your mind. Make yourself at home. It's free."

She just stood there, never batting a lash.

"Can't speak a word of English, I bet, can you?" I said. And I tried a couple of words on her which proved she couldn't. Can you just imagine it, a full-grown woman, born and brought up in the United States of America, and too lazy or too dumb or just too plain damned contrary to learn to speak the language? What are you going to do with people like that? I ask you.

Doyle Gilpin came in from the shop.

I said to Doyle, "Minnie-Ha-Ha here looks like she would like to use the Ladies. Show her where to find it, will you?"

She and Doyle talked until it commenced to get on my nerves. It don't take much of that grunting and hawking to do it.

"What's all the palaver about?" I said.

"This here," said Doyle, "is Mrs. John. His squaw."

"Well? What does she want?" I said.

"She says, can she have back the wagon and team?"

"Oh, she does, does she? Well, would you please just explain to Mrs. John there that I took that wagon and team in on a trade on an automobile. And you might say that with things as they are I allowed about twice as much for it as it's worth."

More grunting, more hawking. "What's she jabbering about now?" I said.

"Says she needs it to take her man away in."

"Well, hell, lend her a wagon and a damned team. Let her have them two we took in on Monday. They ought to just about make it to the graveyard."

"She says she needs it to move with, too. She's got to get off the place tomorrow so they can start drilling for the oil."

"All right! Tell her she can borrow them for that too. Well, now what?"

"She says now that their land is gone, she ain't got no place to bury him in."

That was when I blew the whistle. "What in the infernal hell," I said, "has that got to do with me, I'd just like to know. Am I supposed to include a cemetery plot with every car one of these jokers buys from me?" □

PHOTO BY FRED SCHNELL

Annual event at Le Sueur is the Green Giant's Corn-on-the-Curb Festival. Here youngsters enjoy all the roasting ears they can eat fresh from the Valley at the height of the harvest season.

How Employers Mutuals helps keep the Green Giant jolly

Wausau Story

Even before the Green Giant® gave his name to his company in 1950, Employers Mutuals of Wausau was workmen's compensation insurance carrier for the cannery in the Minnesota Valley at Le Sueur.

Since those days, the Green Giant Company has grown enormously—as giants do—to have growing-fields and plants in nine states across the country. And because corn, peas, beans and other tender vegetables are at their best only for brief periods, employment varies seasonally, ranging from 1,600 regularly to 18,000 at packing peak.

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With 177 offices from coast to coast, Employers Mutuals is prepared to give complete business insurance coverage and service in any part of the country. Safety consultants bring to policyholders the benefit of long and broad experience in accident prevention so that regular employees may guide seasonal help effectively. As a result mishaps are fewer, insurance costs lower. Helps make the Green Giant® jolly.

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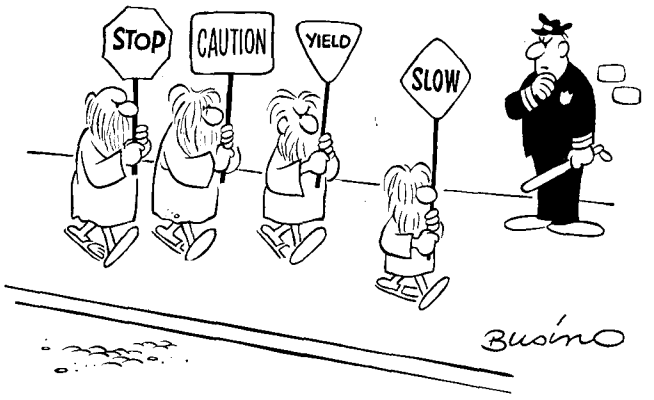
Post scripts

"In our army, Willis, we do not take prisoners!"

"I would like something to stop a gentleman from going to Lima, Peru"



"Imagine what He'd have done if He hadn't rested on Sunday."

"It's not the Yellowstone I knew as a boy."

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Attention hay fever sufferers:

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Get tough.

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SEE AMERICA FIRST

continued from page 31

souvenirs. "We try to get as many souvenirs locally as we can," says Mrs. Jacqueline Espy, curator at the Alamo, but even the Alamo gift store has its selection from Japan, which is also represented in the Convent Garden by a 1914 monument from a Japanese professor and his students. It draws an inscrutable parallel ("The superiority of the unanimous cooperation of man to geographical advantage") between the battle of the Alamo and a battle which occurred in Japan in 1567.

it to the Daughters. They have David Crockett's knife, taken off his body and somehow not lost, and a wooden peg from his cabin in Tennessee. Jim Bowie's rifle, taken from his lifeless hands by one of Santa Anna's soldiers, was acquired by a Mexican, José García, whose grandson gave it to the Alamo.

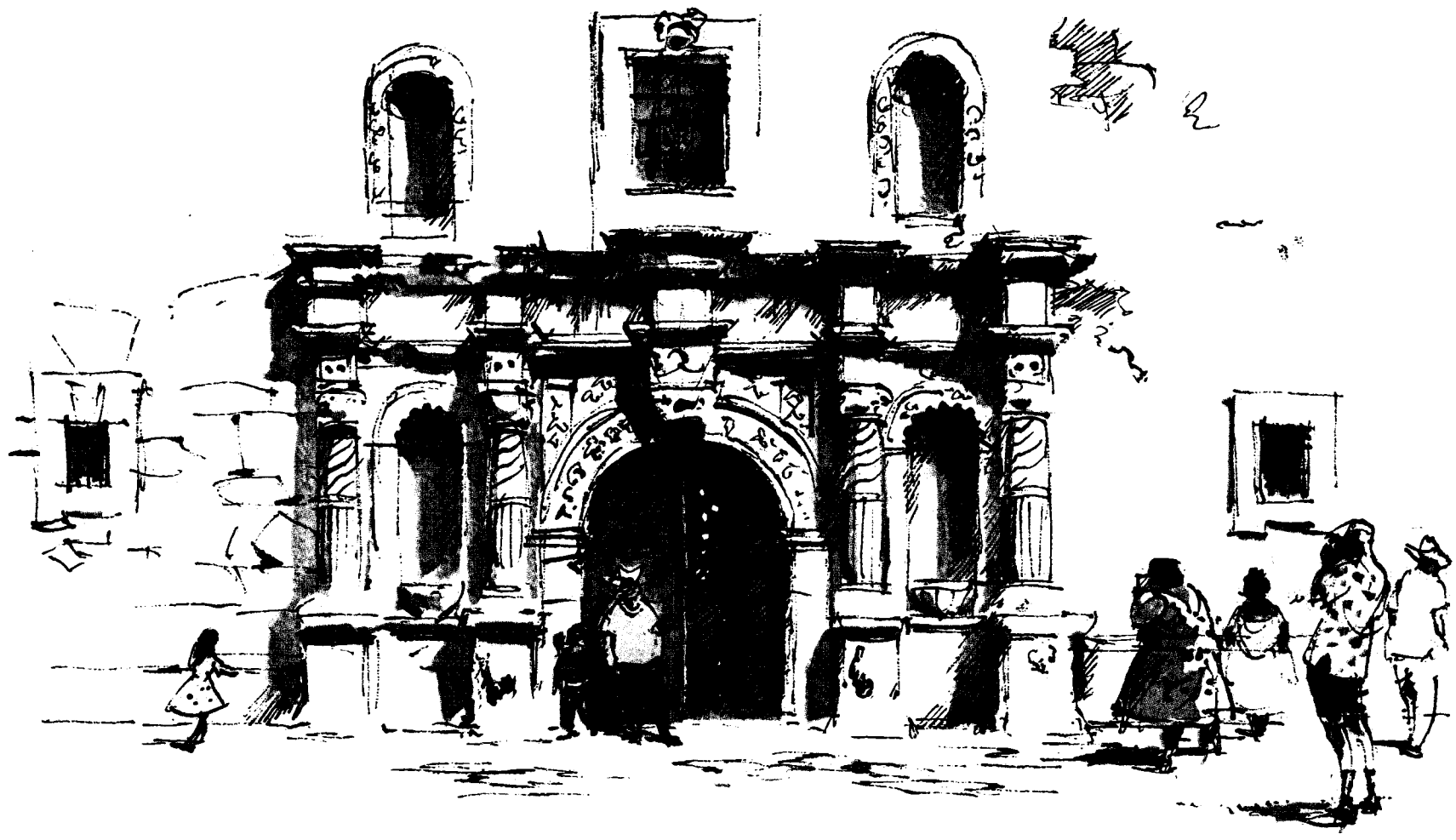
The ladies keep a special guest book for descendants or relatives of the Alamo heroes, and in its earnest pages one can find such entries as "My great-great-great-uncle Dolphin Floyd was killed at the Alamo."

For several years Mrs. Espy has been corresponding with Mrs. Betty Barber of London, a member

THE PARIS OF AMERICA

When Sen. William Fulbright declared in the Senate last spring that there was "sophisticated debauchery" going on in Paris, France, and asked if the "patriotism and enlightened self-interest" of our people is "so superficial" that they cannot go to New Orleans instead, my duty was clear.

The Vieux Carré, or Voca Ray, as the natives pronounce it, looks mostly about as French as Brooklyn. But Jackson Square is the closest thing we have to Paris's marvelous island of 17th-century pink palaces, the *Place des Vosges*. It is a big formal garden, bordered on two sides by the elegant



Camera-clicking at the Alamo, a fortress now defended by the Daughters of the Republic of Texas.

The miracle the ladies have wrought is that through their profound yet restrained feeling for the battle and the men who fought it, they have somehow resurrected it. Though they have put a roof over the Convent (which had none in 1836) and air-conditioned it, they have breathed life into it and made it a genuine shrine. "Be silent, friend," reads a bronze plaque at the entrance. "Here heroes died to blaze a trail for other men." Further inside is a sign: GENTLEMEN WILL PLEASE REMOVE THEIR HATS. And they do.

None of the 187 men defending the Alamo survived the battle, and their bodies were burned by the victors. Most of the documents concerning it are in Austin, and even William Barret Travis's letter of February 23, 1836, asking for help from the town of Gonzales, is in the library at Yale University. Yet the ladies have managed to assemble a ragged little collection of objects which is more touching than some of the new clinical displays in, say, the rebuilt Courthouse at Appomattox.

They have Colonel Travis's razor which he had given to George Brooks, whose son Old Texas Brooks gave it to his son Sam Houston Brooks, who gave it to his son, Houston Brooks, who gave

of the Anglo-Texan Society of London, whose great-great-uncle, William Blazeby, was one of the 15 Englishmen killed at the Alamo. After warm correspondence, Mrs. Espy met Mrs. Barber in England in 1963. "We had dinner at Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, where I ate kidney pie and Yorkshire pudding for the first time and liked both," she reported to the Daughters.

Recently the two ladies have been exchanging flower seeds. Mrs. Barber's dahlias are already in the Alamo garden, and the love-lies-bleeding will be set out as soon as the pansies are in. "It gives me a strange feeling," Mrs. Barber wrote, "to know that the seeds from England are planted near where William Blazeby died. It is almost as though after all these years the family has placed flowers on his grave."

Mrs. Espy, who is often asked if she was in the battle herself, decided on a recent trip to Mexico to visit Santa Anna's grave. She feels she behaved there with great restraint. "I didn't even stomp on it," she reports.

All in all, I got the feeling that if these wonderful ladies had been around for the battle, things would have gone the other way.

old, dark-red Pontalba Apartments, with their scrolled ironwork balconies, on the third side by the Cabildo, the St. Louis Cathedral and the Presbytère, all of them venerable examples of a scale and grace long since departed from most American architecture. The fourth side is now open, and looks out on the French market and the Mississippi River.

You wouldn't think they'd run a raised expressway along that open end, between Jackson Square and the river, but that is exactly what they are about to do. While I was in New Orleans the *Times-Picayune* was urging that the noble massacre be "rushed through" and that a study of running the dragon underground when it gets opposite Jackson Square should be undertaken only if it won't cause any delay. The rush is because the Interstate Highway program must be finished and the books closed by September, 1972. The *Place des Vosges* has survived three centuries in the raging seas of Fourth *Arrondissement* traffic, but to wreck one of the last shreds of charm of New Orleans they haven't a minute to lose. And even those of us who don't live there are putting up 90 percent of the money for it in taxes.

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"No other city in America," the tour folder said, "weaves such a glamorous spell about its night life." "Gay, amusing, exotic, different—every visitor should know about it and see it." And as if that weren't tempting enough, the folder went on to offer "a safe, informal conducted tour for ladies and gentlemen (no children) manned by gentlemanly guides and lecturers."

So it was with a great sense of sinful anticipation that we gathered in our big bus—30 of us in all, whereof 25 were ladies, only five escorted by husbands. Nick, our gentlemanly guide, warned us right off that it was about to be the kind of evening where we should "leave ourselves go."

It's a complicated business squeezing a busload of fun into Bourbon Street at night, as it is a very narrow thoroughfare, entirely filled with places like the Gunga Den, the Absinthe House, where the Fudgeripple Follies are presenting something called "Nobody Likes a Smart Ass," and the store where they sell "the most talked about lingerie in the world." Buswise, it has to be arranged so that one busload files into a nightclub to have fun, and then has to leave so that the next load of sinners can take their warm seats and pay from $1.00 to $1.55 for weak drinks. It takes a cool head not to get caught up with the wrong busload of fun-seekers.

We all braced ourselves when Nick said we would have to buy one drink whether we drank it or not at each of the fun spots, and that anyone intending to have too many drinks should pin his name and hotel-room number and what color pajamas he wanted to be laid out in to his lapel. He said it was his night to put the men to bed, while it was Dutch's turn for the ladies (Dutch was our driver). Nick was full of fun stories like that.

It was hard to say where we had the most fun that night, but I think some of us vote for Alouette, the Tassle Thrower—and she wasn't even the star. Alouette was a big and strongly built girl, although you didn't realize it at first when she came out in a long satin dress with a big cape. Some of the men down in front, who seemed to know her, yelled to her to take it off. We thought they meant the cape, which did seem to be in her way, but she apparently thought otherwise because she took off the cape *and* her dress.

When she had stripped to her brassiere and a pair of black bloomers, we saw that she had a peach-colored and a green tassle on the bosom and the same on her *derrière*. While the band played *Alouette* and *Auprès de ma Blonde* to remind us that we were in the French part of America, Alouette did the most amazing things with the tassles. Clockwise, counterclockwise, one at a time, all at once, backside and front side. No one in our group had ever seen such a thing, and one of the ladies said she supposed it was just a matter of coordination, like wiggling your ears. One of our five gentlemen, clearly a man of the world, said, "That takes a lot more work than just being vulgar."

One of the men in front shouted something at Alouette, apparently to tease her, because she said, "There's only one word for you, fella," and made a gesture with one hand, which our group didn't quite get, but her friend must have because he shouted back, "That's not one word!" It made you wish you lived in New Orleans to be able to share in its easy camaraderie.

When Alouette went off to get dressed, the manager came on stage to make us feel at home with a few jokes. Not all of us could follow them, except for one, which one of the ladies in our group said might be useful to the planned-parenthood people.

Then we had Miguel and Marla, who, the announcer told us, had represented Mexico at the World's Fair. The first thing you noticed about Miguel and Marla was that Marla was a lot bigger than Miguel. But Miguel proved to be very fast on his feet, and just when you thought Marla was going to pin him to the ground like a squashed cockroach, he would dodge out of the way, and despite three long and hectic dances, involving a lot of close body contact on a small stage, nobody got hurt. After it was over, Miguel told us that Marla was his cousin, which we certainly wouldn't have known otherwise.

Couple oblivious to passersby on San Antonio River walk.

Then it was Star Time for Lovely Linda Brigette. We certainly saw a lot of Linda. She didn't even wait to be asked before she was out of her clothes, except for two rather small, sparkling disks that were apparently glued on, and a sort of small breechclout, which she seemed a bit nervous about losing. Linda did a very energetic dance, a good deal of it lying on her back on a stool with her legs in the air in maneuvers possibly taken from the Royal Canadian Air Force fitness manual.

About then the lights went on, and the announcer said we had to go back to our bus to make room for the next busload. We filed out of the nightclub feeling a lot more sophisticated and French than when we went in.

But if we thought we'd seen everything, we reckoned without T.T. Red, the Atomic Kitten, who dances in a place which has the stage raised just above and behind the vermouth and whisky bottles and the cash register. I won't repeat all the things that T.T. said. But what she *did* was even more extraordinary than the Tassle Thrower and Linda Brigette. She took off her clothes—by this time we were used to this—and then, right by the vermouth bottles, T.T. got down on the floor and put both legs behind her neck, facing us across the bottles in the most bizarre tangle of limbs. We were all absolutely spellbound, and agreed completely with T.T. when she commented that "This may not be sexy, but at least it's *different*."

Our last stop was in "the traditional New Orleans way," as the folder put it, with coffee and doughnuts ("We leave out the holes in our doughnuts," Nick said, "and put them in the streets") at a "quaint 'stand' in that famous old French Market." The quaint stand reminded me a lot of Horn and Hardart's in New York, but the bus line paid for the coffee, which made it our favorite stop, and Nick and Dutch said it was their favorite stop too because it was the last. We envied Nick and Dutch being able to live this way every night.

BEAUTIFUL CYPRESS GARDENS

I've forgotten why I went to Cypress Gardens, but once I was there I realized that if you don't have a good time there, there is something the matter with you. There are flowers, girls, a beautiful parking lot, and your pictures come out. Everyone has a chance to be part of a commercial, or, on a lucky day, to watch an actual commercial being filmed for television.

Richard D. Pope Sr. invented Cypress Gardens out of whole cloth in that part of Florida which is on neither coast and is generously covered with billboards and gas stations. In many places the region is sinking into the ground in things which are called sinkholes. A sinkhole occurs when the limestone, which holds Florida out of the water and separates it from Cuba, gives way and sinks, taking with it whatever is on top. While I was there, a main street in Lakeland went under, and a house went in up to its roof, and the

Winding beneath 40 bridges, San Antonio River provides a cool and placid sanctuary in the busy heart of the city.

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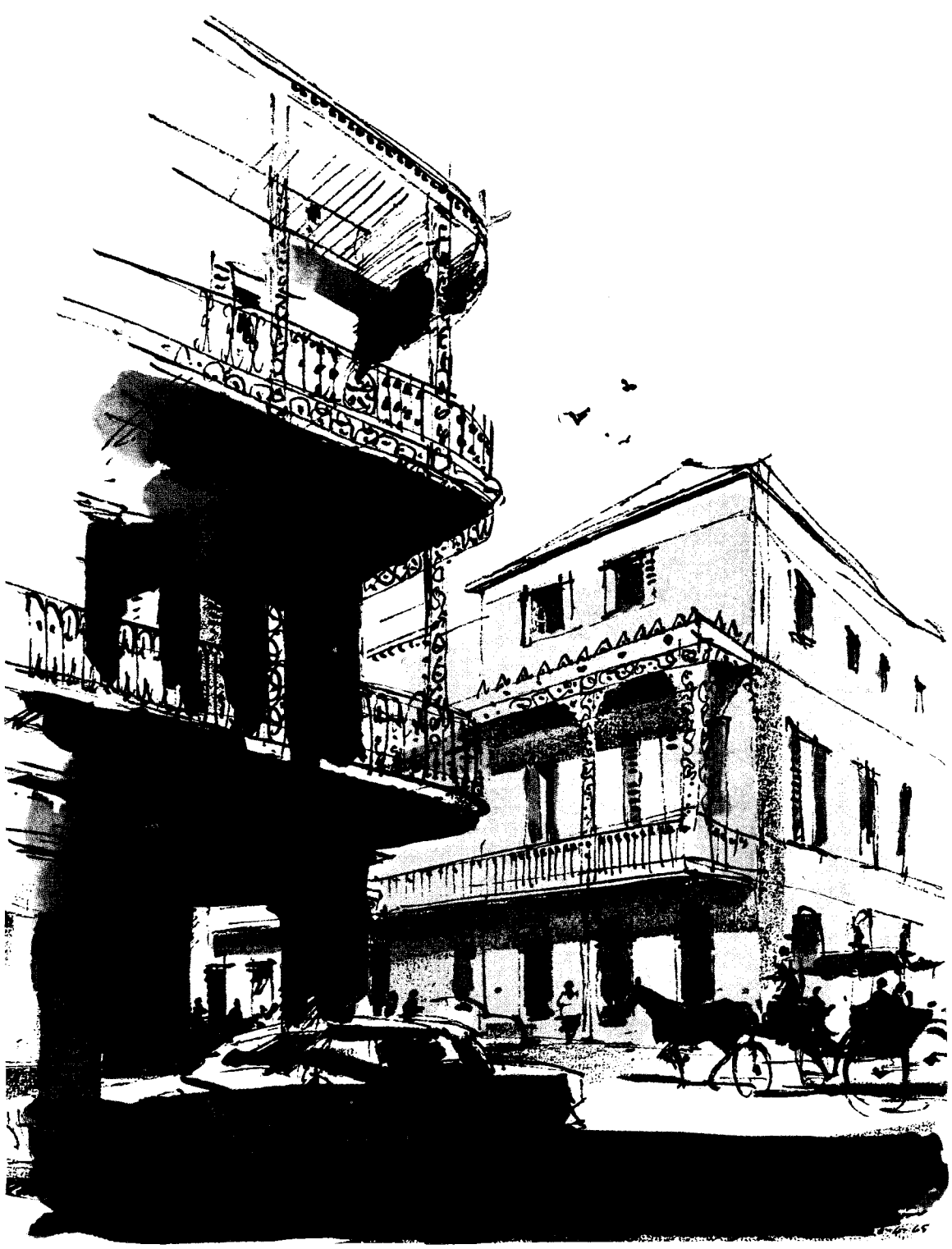


Wrought-iron balconies, a horse and carriage—indispensable trademarks of the New Orleans that tourists expect to see.

kind of headline they had in the papers was: POLK BOARD SEEKS TO CURB STENCH, SINKHOLE WOES and TWO NEW SINKHOLES OPEN: TOLL IS NOW 10 IN POLK. At Cypress Gardens, Mr. Pope has planted flowers in the sinkhole, and instead of its being a problem, people take pictures of it.

You no sooner park your car in the parking lot than a man in a tan pith helmet puts a bright Cypress Gardens bumper sticker on the left front bumper. Left front because it can be seen best, as you head north, by the driver of a southbound car, persuading him to swing past Cypress Gardens. And some million-and-a-half people a year do so. "Constant reiteration," Mr. Pope says, "will wear away the hardest Yankee." One polltaker, who did a lot of driving in 1964, thought that Cypress Gardens was going to be the next President.

Even people who hate flowers have to concede that Mr. Pope's garden has got moxie. Four times a day, every day of the year except the day of Hurricane Donna in 1960, Cypress Gardens puts on a water-ski review. The young men are all sleek, suntanned Adonises, and are referred to by the announcers as Champions, which most of them are. With the slender, lissome Aquamaids, they perform a half hour of prodigious feats out on Lake Eloise in front of the Club House. After the show, the Champions and Aquamaids line up on the grass, with a big sign that says, lest anyone forget, BEAUTIFUL CYPRESS GARDENS for the amateur photographers, "so you can frame it up." There is a photography expert to remind the dudes to take the lens cap off and tell them what setting to use, and at the instructor's signal you can hear a hundred shutters flop. As Mr. Pope says, "You can go to the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls, and nothing *says* it's Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls."

Sidewalk trio, down where the blues began.

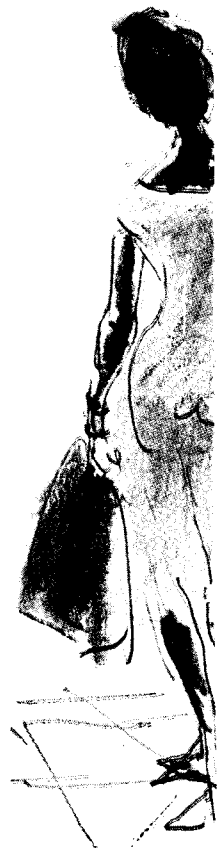
There are three swimming pools, not for swimming, but for shooting movies and commercials in. One of them, 165 feet long, was very busy the day I was there. At one end they were dropping a Champion out of a helicopter next to an Aquamaid on a surfboard for a beer commercial; at the other, a young lady was tossing her blond hair at a Gardens photographer, who was trying to produce something like a picture that Mr. Pope had admired somewhere. A third pool was recently occupied by three elephants doing a commercial for swimming pools.

At Cypress Gardens they crown a Tangerine Queen (The Duke of Bedford crowned her in 1960), Miss Hibiscus, Miss Watermelon, an American Dairy Princess, a Pine Tree Festival Queen, and an International Art Queen. The Gardens, as Pat Callan, the public-relations man, says, has "just about flooded the market with Queens." It is in keeping with Mr. Pope's view of life that the year Miss Gardenia turned out to be allergic to gardenias, with tears streaming down her cheeks, Mr. Pope just explained that she was crying for joy.

ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT SMOKIES

Vice President Humphrey has complained that more than 60 percent of the citizens of this country have never spent a night in a motel. For a crash catch-up course, I recommend Gatlinburg, Tenn., an extraordinary community at the entrance of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, composed of almost nothing but motels. Gatlinburg has only 2,303 inhabitants, but it can put up 13,000 for the night. And since every motel these days should have a swimming pool, it may have more pools per person than anywhere else.

But what makes Gatlinburg incredible, the way things go in this country, is that about 75 percent of the motels and most of the shops and restaurants (which about sums up what there is) belong to the direct descendants of the original settlers who came to this remote valley at the foot of Mount Le Conte in the Smokies in the 1790's, built their primitive cabins there and somehow survived. Their names then were mostly Ogle, Reagan, Whaley, Maples and McCarter. Squire Maples, son of David Crockett Maples Sr., owned the cow pasture where the wax museum and the Peerless Pantry are now, which is next to the fine old lawn of the Pi Beta Phi School, which is about to be paved over for cars. The Maples family owns motels, as do the Whaleys. Daniel Wesley Reagan was the first white child born in the settlement, and his descendants run motels, restaurants, gas stations and shops. Curtis McCarter runs the horseback-riding concession in the park. Noah Ogle started the first store in 1850, and his family still runs it. (And in Gatlinburg stores you find things like handmade dulcimers or handloomed fabrics in colors obtained from sassafras bark, sumac berries, madder roots, onion skins, marigolds and walnut hulls.)



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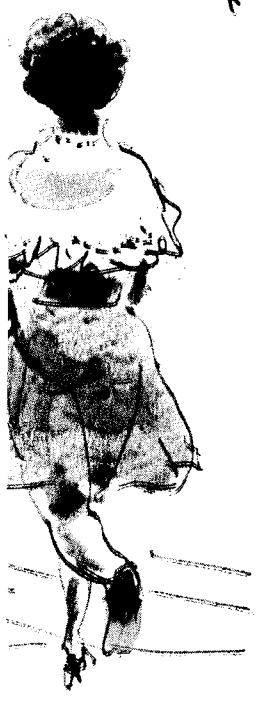
But it was Andrew Jackson Huff, who only moved to Gatlinburg 50 years ago, who started the hotel trend in 1916. He was in the lumber business and found he needed extra rooms to house long-distance customers. Since then his Mountain View Hotel has been rebuilt three times, with a motel and two swimming pools added, but it is still run by Jack Huff, his son. Jack Huff not only hauled the supplies up Mount Le Conte to build The Lodge, a small hotel for hikers and riders at the top (a trip which takes four hours on a strong horse), but carried up a big loom, and wove the hotel

Street scenes: More than most U.S. cities, New Orleans holds its distinctive mood and flavor.



curtains on it. He also carried his mother up on his back before she died so she could see what he'd accomplished.

Since they are built of native stone and then lived in by their owners, many Gatlinburg motels have a startling peculiarity: they're decently built. I thought Gatlinburg was grand.

DOWNHILL FROM THE 18TH CENTURY

Following in the footsteps of Queen Elizabeth II, the President of Upper Volta, the Prime Minister of Malaysia and other highly placed tourists, my Grand Tour included a triumphal passage through Williamsburg, Va. And very unsettling it was, too.

The onetime gracious capital of the Virginia "Collony," which later dwindled into a nondescript little community interspersed with gas stations, has been swept clean, restored and rebuilt into a sort of indoor-outdoor 18th-century stage set, inhabited by live 20th-century people. Archaeologists have sifted Williamsburg trash dumps and abandoned wells as though they were the tombs of Tutankhamen. Architects have pored over old maps, engravings, letters, floor plans or store inventories for clues to past forms. It required searching to find a man who still knew how to make 18th-century-style brick by hand, down in a pit, with a mule turning the wheel.

The gardens grow no plants save those known to the 18th-century colonists, and no TV aerial sprouts from a restored roof. But as the buildings began to take shape, the birds that nestled in the rebuilt eaves turned out to be English sparrows, which only moved to Virginia in the 19th century. That's the kind of thing they have to contend with in Colonial Williamsburg.

No internal-combustion machines pollute the air in Duke of Gloucester Street, where a postilion in tricornered hat and flowing sleeves guides the lead horses of the State carriage. In the shopping area, the management, Colonial Williamsburg, Inc., has assembled a rich cast of 85 costumed craftsmen, plying the timeworn trades of bookbinder, wigmaker, cabinetmaker, baker, silversmith or printer before a million hypnotized visitors a year. Genteel guide ladies, trained in a special school and formidably caparisoned in farthingales, advance like galleons under full sail in the rebuilt Governor's Palace to explain the glistening artifacts with which it has been painstakingly refurbished. At Chowning's Tavern, rebuilt, where you can sit on chairs "of fturdy Conftruction to withftand hard Wear," you can have Roast Beef "ferved cold with Pot Cheefe" and a glass of "Domeftick Pink Rofé" wine.

Chic in "America's Paris."

As a result of this expensive alchemy, the restoration has become as real as the thing it set out to reconstruct. A journey to Williamsburg is apt to implant the nagging idea that, except for modern plumbing, the quality of life in America has gone downhill since 1776.

In fact President Johnson himself has said that "the storm of modern change is threatening to blight and diminish in a few decades what has been cherished and protected for generations."

On *my* trip, in addition to the places I couldn't get to, I missed a lot of fine landmarks because they have been shoved aside for high-rise apartments with plastic plants in the lobby, parking lots and shopping centers. And the people who try to See the U.S.A. next year are going to miss even more.

Even some of the areas which are supposed to be preserved for posterity in their natural state have not exactly survived. Canyonlands, the newest National Park, which has just opened in southern Utah, is still in that rare and delightful stage in which it is a struggle to get to and a struggle to get around in, and when you have done both you feel the better for it. But farther down the Colorado River, where a "colorful new year-round playground" called Lake Powell is backing up behind Glen Canyon Dam, you can see what happens when they start taming the wilderness for the family station wagon.

An Interior Department booklet declares that "to have a deep blue lake where no lake was before seems to bring man a little closer to God." But most of the people I saw seemed to prefer

Night-life-excursion guides shuffle relays of bus riders in and out of Bourbon Street's raucous strip-tease palaces.

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water skiing. They towed their plastic speedboats to the marina launching ramps, rolled them in the water, and went snorting off around the fjords, perfuming the air with essence of exhaust fumes.

Back closer to civilization, I went through town after town where you could see the tantalizing vestiges of the past—with a big cement slash through the middle.

Biltmore House, put up by Commodore Vanderbilt's grandson near Asheville, N.C., is a genuine American château. It is French Renaissance on the outside and railroad-baron baroque on the inside, with damask-covered Italian chairs, Mir Serabend rugs, gothic carvings and Ming Dynasty goldfish bowls. Now that most of us live in square boxes punctuated by plate glass, it is rather soothing to see how some of our own grand dukes lived before taxes.

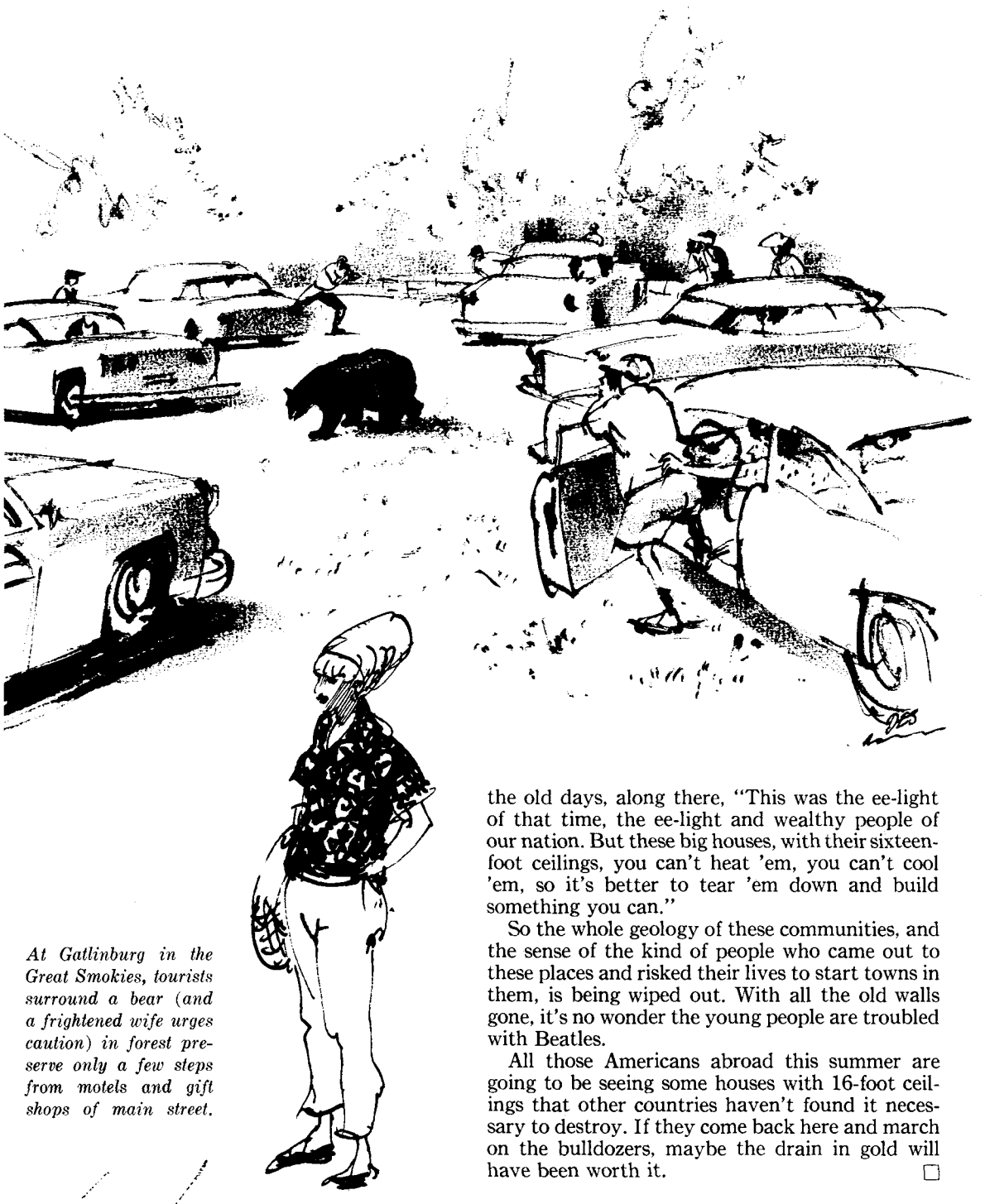
Mr. Vanderbilt could lie in his majestic red-and-gold 18th-century Spanish bed and gaze through windows whose hinges had been fashioned to his order, and see some 125,000 green acres of mountain, farms and woodlands that all belonged to him. If he looked through that window today, he'd see them chopping the trees and carving a raw scar through the hills to put an interstate highway straight across his driveway.

At Evansville, Ind., where we put in aboard the steamboat *Delta Queen*, the old McCurdy Hotel once had a fine graceful lawn and formal gardens stretching all the way to the river front, which was probably the handsomest thing in Evansville. But even though Evansville has an active organization for civic betterment called the West Side Nut Club, nothing prevented the engineers from throwing up an eight-block, four-lane belt of concrete, smack in front of the hotel at eye level. The hotel just took the path of least resistance and turned the rest of the lawn into a parking lot.

In Memphis, while our bus bumbled along that dull, interchangeable thoroughfare which is rolled out between the airport and downtown in every city I saw, our Gray Line guide explained that in the old days, along there, "This was the ee-light of that time, the ee-light and wealthy people of our nation. But these big houses, with their sixteen-foot ceilings, you can't heat 'em, you can't cool 'em, so it's better to tear 'em down and build something you can."

So the whole geology of these communities, and the sense of the kind of people who came out to these places and risked their lives to start towns in them, is being wiped out. With all the old walls gone, it's no wonder the young people are troubled with Beatles.

All those Americans abroad this summer are going to be seeing some houses with 16-foot ceilings that other countries haven't found it necessary to destroy. If they come back here and march on the bulldozers, maybe the drain in gold will have been worth it. □



At Gatlinburg in the Great Smokies, tourists surround a bear (and a frightened wife urges caution) in forest preserve only a few steps from motels and gift shops of main street.

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Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Today's bright moderns know that *real* bourbon flavor—the genuine article—just has to be old-fashioned. What else could give you traditional taste that's so richly rewarding? And what could be more modern than to enjoy the best that time has to offer—today's old-fashioned Old Taylor. *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

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FIRST-CLASS SERVICE!

Example: Need to stop? Phillips 66 rest rooms are clean. Certified clean.

A team of experts continually checks Phillips 66 rest rooms. If the station passes every rigorous test, then—and only then—its rest rooms are certified clean!

The "certified clean" sign at Phillips stations is your assurance that rest rooms will have plenty of towels, the sinks will be clean, the mirror spotless.

Certified clean rest rooms are only one of the extras you can expect from Phillips 66. There are many more. Like vacuum cleaning your car free... carpets, ashtrays, front and back seats.

Stop in at your Phillips 66 station. Get the first-class service and the first-class products that have made Phillips 66 famous in 47 states!

***Go first-class...go Phillips 66!** (It costs no more)*

PHILLIPS 66

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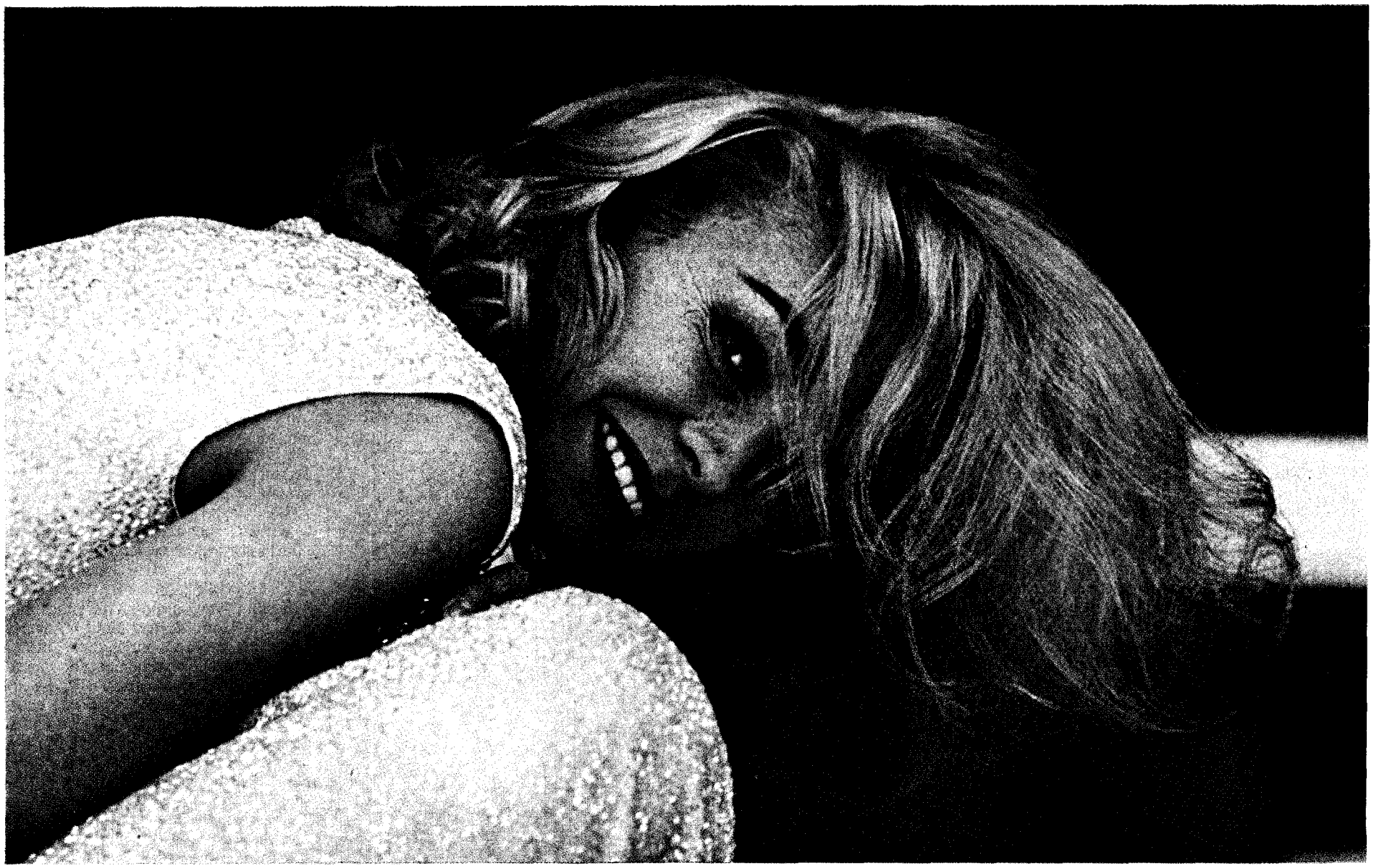

JEAN SIMMONS The mouse becomes a cat

After a three-year absence from films, Jean Simmons returns in the role of a society brat in MISTER BUDDWING.

Jean may *seem* sweet, docile and look as though she should be swathed in crinoline, but the fact is she is as contrary as anyone I know," says Jean Simmons's husband, Richard Brooks. "She can be genteel all right, but she can also be an unpredictable hellion—and she often is. All those pudding parts—she's not like that at *all*.

"Yet when they offered her this loud, wild-broad role which got her out of her self-enforced 'retirement,' she said, 'They must be absolutely mad. I can't do that.' And I said, 'Why not? You do it every day around here, kid.'"

So the kid did it. This spring, for the part of a tony but tough-talking Long Island socialite in the still unreleased *Mister Buddwing*, Jean Simmons took voice lessons to "lower my whine," dyed her "dark-brown, dreary, mouse-colored hair" a glossy blond, and braved the relentless camera eye for the first time in three years. Insiders who have seen the picture call it a stunning comeback, a fulfillment of the promise of 18 years ago when Sir Laurence Olivier selected her for his fair Ophelia in the film version of *Hamlet*.

"We know what we are," Ophelia says in *Hamlet*, "but know not what we may be." It was clear to Olivier then that Jean Simmons was "an exceptionally bright and promising actress." But it was not so clear what she might become. To Olivier's dismay, she spurned his offer to help season her gradually at the Old Vic in Bristol, then the world's most auspicious training ground for actors. "But I was too busy becoming a big *movie* star," says Jean ruefully. Instead, she dashed off to the Fiji Islands to appear in something called *The Blue Lagoon*, in which she wore a sarong, had an illegitimate baby in a rowboat, and died, all for the greater glory of J. Arthur Rank.

An unaffected girl, shy but high-spirited, Jean enjoyed being a movie star. Still, she was acutely aware of having tossed away her talent on frivolous parts. "I still regret all that very much," says Jean, "and I find most of my work since then

By C. Robert Jennings

Photographs by Phil Stern

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rather distressing. And I've worked like hell too."

By the time she was 24, Jean Simmons had made 17 films in England and seven in Hollywood. She married actor Stewart Granger and they lived together for a turbulent 10 years. "It was," according to Brooks, "pressed upon her that she was to work every possible day, to make as much money as possible, to buy some cows and ranches or some such. She was making two to three pictures a year, mostly junk. When I married her, I told her, 'It doesn't make a damn bit of difference if you work.' And she said, 'OK, I won't work then.'"

And she didn't. "After *Spartacus*, which took up two years," says Jean, "and *Elmer Gantry*, I realized I had been too involved in my work, that I had got to the point where there was very little life other than the protected one of the studio, which had become more real for me than real life. Though I'd known him for ten years, the romance with Richard began on *Gantry* [director Brooks also wrote the script]. It was more from my side at first—I had to talk him into it since he's against both marriage *and* children."

In 1960 Jean divorced Granger, charging "cruel and outrageous treatment," married Brooks in Salinas, Calif., and eventually got pregnant. "I realized I had missed a helluva lot with Tracy (her eight-year-old daughter by Granger), and I didn't want to do this with Kate (her four-year-old by Brooks). If you live in a studio most of the day for 20 years, you miss out on a lot of things. Going into semiretirement did me a lot of good personally—I got a lot of things straightened out. I had a lot of wrong values. Things that I used to think were so important I now see in a different perspective."

She nevertheless made one near fatal error: She naïvely assumed that she could "go back anytime to do whatever I wanted in films. I found this was not the case. If you really do want a career, you have to work at it—endlessly—and I wasn't prepared to work at it like that anymore. But to my horror, I found I *couldn't* just casually pick it up again."

Between flying trips from Hollywood to her mother's London flat to locations in the Far East, where Brooks was then filming *Lord Jim*, she suffered paroxysms of rage and anxiety. "It was a period of battling stupid pride and vanity and also thinking, 'I'm no good, I can't do it anymore,'" which alternated with "periods of saying, 'I won't work at all then,' thinking nobody wants me."

Though any sensible outsider might have dismissed Jean's problem, Brooks attempted to help her solve it. "There *is* such a breed as a *movie* actor," he explains. "It's a psychological gypsy world. They function within a short focal length. In their personal lives it's the same—they can exhaust any world in three months."

While Jean had not exactly exhausted her domestic world, she clearly needed something more. She is a hopeless housekeeper, is chronically disorganized, and just writing a check is calculus. Like many actresses she prefers gin rummy, large doses of TV and sleep to art, books and civic chores.

Brooks stepped in peremptorily. "I remember the night, just last year, we had it out," he recalls. "'You are a vain, one-eyed monster,' I said sweetly. 'You've got as much false pride as anybody in this business. They're not coming knocking on your door, and you're too proud to knock on theirs. You must believe what the world thinks of you—a self-contained stone goddess, up on a pedestal. If you're afraid to fail, you've started to move backward. Failure is a part of success, *dare* it. . . .'"

She took the dare, going with two agents in as many months, one of whom she fired because he insisted she take nothing less than $300,000 per picture and let him pick her scripts. "Agents are as vain as actors," says Brooks. But she found one who was at least a pale echo of her husband. "I think you're chicken," the agent told her. "You'd really like to go back to work, and you *should*—but you've got to realize you might not get the biggest parts in the business."

Chastened and, by her own admission, "not so terribly spoiled as before," Jean recklessly agreed to do a stage play, Hugh Wheeler's *Rich Little Rich Girl*. It proved an instant flop. "Richard was very concerned about me after it folded," says Jean. "He thought I'd go back to my little old shell again. But I did a complete reverse. I knew then I had to get cracking before it was too late."

Still, when she heard that director Delbert Mann wanted her for "this noisy, drunken American broad" in *Buddwing*, she felt that she was not up to it. "As much as I wanted to work, I tried to talk them out of taking me. I don't want to sound stupidly humble, but I thought it not right, too alien to anything I'd ever done before." But Mann and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, her old studio, pressed on; and once she finally agreed, she went in fairly shouting. "I didn't creep in as I usually do," she says, "like a mouse."

"Always a bit mousy" is the way Jean describes herself. She was born 36 years ago in a sleazy area of London's East End. "I'm pure Cockney," says Jean with a laugh, "born within the sound of Bow bells."

Her father Charles taught swimming, diving and gymnastics, and her mother spent her life "cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing and making our clothes," says Jean. "The theater was as remote to us as an A-bomb laboratory."

But when she was 14, her mother started her in Miss Aida Foster's Dancing School. With a prod from Miss Aida, who collected an agent's percentage for her efforts, Jean landed her first movie role within two weeks: as a 12-year-old in *Give Us the Moon*. "There had been no preparation for this event," she says, "other than mooning over Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy in the cinema houses."

Over the next four years Jean worked in a variety of pictures including *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Great Expectations* and *Black Narcissus*. There was also a celluloid trifle called *Adam and Evalyn*, with Stewart Granger, who began paying serious court to Jean.

During this period Laurence Olivier offered Jean the role of Ophelia in *Hamlet*. Granger advised against it. "He knew I didn't know a thing about Shakespeare," she says. "Even when I got into it, I didn't know what I was talking about. I wasn't very bright at that sort of thing."

Ophelia won for Jean the highest film-acting awards from Italy, Belgium, Switzerland and Ireland, plus an Academy Award nomination. In 1950, she went to Hollywood to do *Androcles and the Lion* at Howard Hughes's RKO Pictures. Stewart Granger also had gone to Hollywood, and late that year they were married in Tucson, Ariz. "When we returned from the honeymoon," Jean recalls, "I learned that Hughes owned me—he had bought me from J. Arthur Rank like a piece of meat. After that I was ground out of Hughes's epics like sausages, and I was wretched in my work.

"I wouldn't sign with RKO for a million tax-free dollars as long as you are the head of it," she thundered at Hughes when the old Rank contract expired. And after a bitterly fought court battle in 1952, Jean won a measure of freedom. For years she was hailed in the film capital as the only person ever to beat entrepreneur Howard Hughes at anything.

Still, she couldn't boil water, on or off a screen, and Granger then noted: "I have the perfect wife. She cannot cook. She does Gene Kelly routines around the pool while I prepare supper. She cannot make a bed. She will not pick up things. She simply *lives* in her work. She dotes on fan magazines, fish-and-chips, and she'd die for winkles [a shellfish sold in paper bags on the grimier streets of London]. A very *low* taste." Jean remembers: "The hardest thing was that during his absences I almost starved to death. I did learn to cut up the cat's liver—I mean liver for the cat. And I suppose I really *could* have bought, say, new drapes—if those we had fell off the wall."

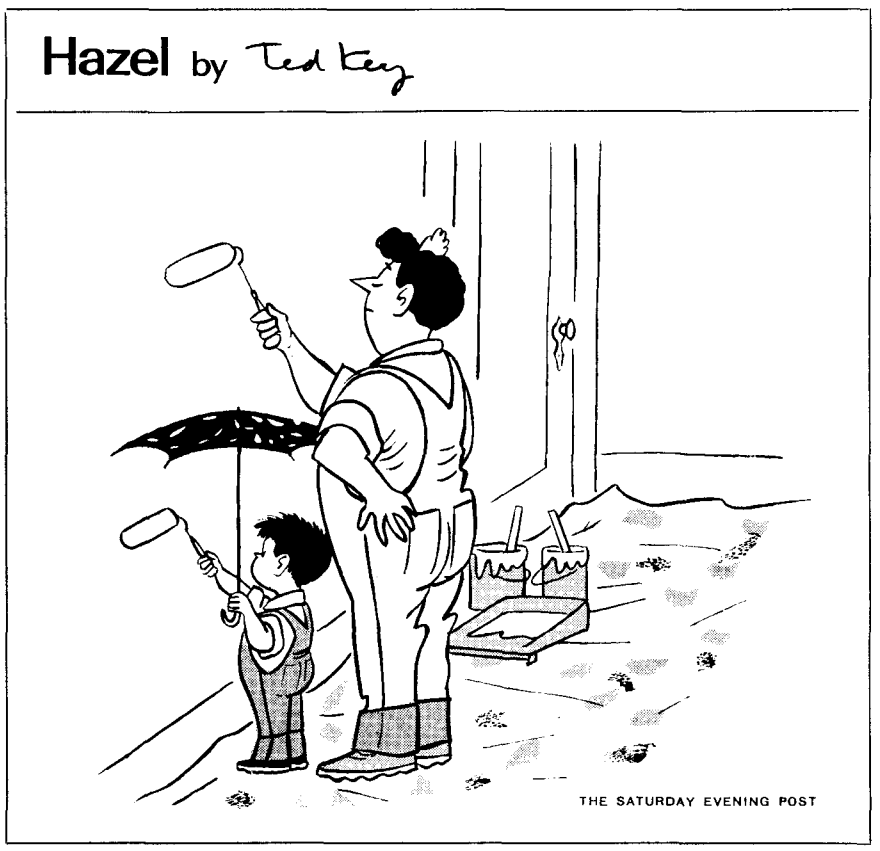
When the California Sugar Beet Growers Association named her the sweetest actress of some forgotten year, she was so sick of her tea-cozy image, she announced: "I'm really a *cat* and a terror when I'm on the warpath." But no one believed her.

Backstage on Sam Goldwyn's *Guys and Dolls* she wrote dirty words on Marlon Brando's back, while before the camera she struggled to save his sinful soul. In *She Couldn't Say No*, Robert Mitchum was supposed to pluck her out of a trout stream, but she nearly broke his back by putting lead in her boots. When he complained, she turned a hose on him. When on *Angel Face* Otto Preminger berated an old character actor who fluffed his lines, Jean protested to the director: "Let's not have any of this! Let the poor man alone!" Stunned, he did.

Small wonder that Granger called her "this strange little creature." Brooks now adds: "She's a natural for lost causes. She's for every underdog, even if the underdog is wrong. She is absolutely fearless when it comes to put-upon people, and she takes animals in like other women take in wash—from birds to fish to turtles to raccoons—it's a zoo around here." Without benefit of publicity, she also has put orphans in clothes, sent poor children off to camps and made quiet trips to veterans' hospitals, where she takes tea with the old, paralyzed and armless.

"She's more realistic about things now," says Brooks with a faint air of triumph. "She *has* to drive the children to dentists and doctors. She *has* to go shopping, to ask the price of something for the first time in her life. She *has* to open her own mail—though it's now about two weeks old. She even returns calls. Though I still have to tell my studio people, 'You must never talk to Jean on the phone, because I'll never get the message.'"

"Richard has been marvelous for me and taught me not to be frightened of *any*thing," Jean says. "I'm still learning to express myself, but at least I'm no longer mousy, and I'm not scared of what people think. He broke me of the Helpless Annie habit of saying, 'I can't do this, I can't do that—' which I got into in the cotton-wool atmosphere of the studio, where everything was done for me since I was fourteen. I can't say I can cope with *every*thing, but at least I'm no longer afraid of having a *bash* at things, of giving everything a bloody good try." □



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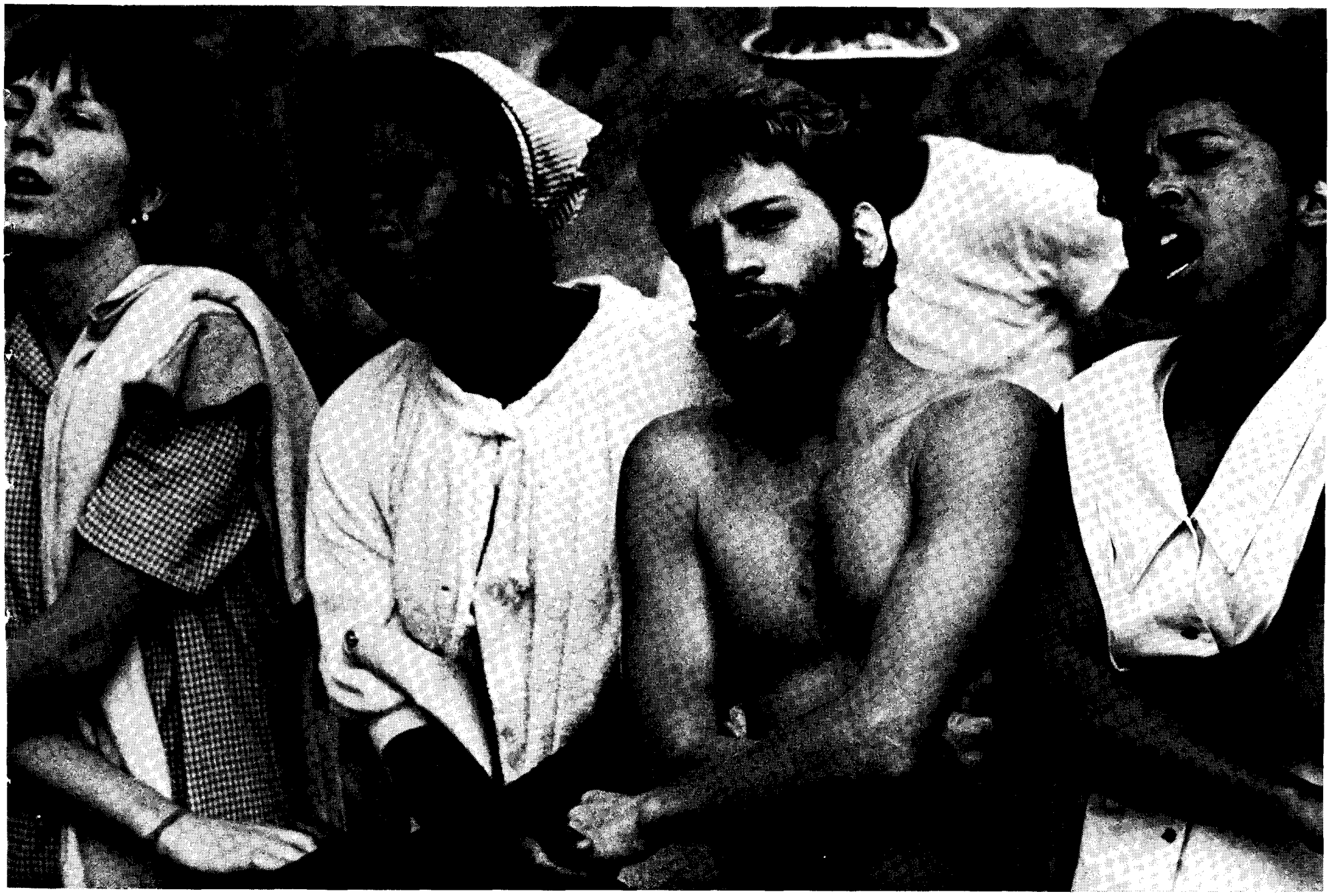
Members of the Freedom Democratic Party join in freedom songs at their recent convention in Canton, Miss. Snick formed the F.D.P. to give voteless Negroes in Mississippi a political voice.



WILL SNICK OVERCOME?

The wildest of the civil-rights groups, Snick is shaking the South by organizing its poorest Negroes and teaching them to challenge whites. Even other Negro leaders fear Snick's young revolutionaries as keen rivals for power.

By RICHARD ARMSTRONG

The freedom songs trailed away in the little brick church in Hattiesburg, Miss., and Lawrence Guyot, a veteran organizer for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, rose to speak. "A few people are going to get killed this summer," Guyot warned. Heads turned as he swung into his oration, prancing back and forth in the front of the church, his heavy frame bouncing. "Not many. Some. But the concept of the Freedom Democratic Party must not be allowed to die! This is the summer we beat Senator Jim Eastland!"

In nearby Poplarville, where a Negro named Mack Parker was lynched six years ago, another S.N.C.C. veteran named Charles Glenn explained: "We're going to open up counties all over the Fifth Congressional District, and that includes some rough ones that have never seen a civil-rights worker before. If there is mass voter registration, there will be mass reprisals. Me, I've got to go through that same bush I went through last summer. But I don't let that fear conquer me."

The second annual summer pilgrimage to the South was on, bringing civil-rights volunteers from all over the nation. They came in greater

Photographs by Harvey Lloyd

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James Forman, 36, is the executive director of Snick. "You don't get change," he says, "without some breakage."

numbers than last year and under the sponsorship of a bewildering variety of organizations. For this was the summer that the southern Negro, by means of the voting-rights bill, hoped to move past token progress to tangible political power. And with that power close at hand, civil-rights organizations have begun to struggle over who will control the movement and to what ends.

There are four main groups. At the center of the movement and with influence on every side stands the Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Martin Luther King, who heads the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.) and its staff of 170. To his right is the oldest, largest, wealthiest, and most conservative of the organizations, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (N.A.A.C.P.), with 500,000 members. Somewhere to King's left comes the Congress of Racial Equality (C.O.R.E.), which like the N.A.A.C.P. is mass-based, with 80,000 members, but difficult to assess; some of its chapters around the country are headed by conservatives and some by radicals.

The fourth group, farthest to the left in traditional political terms, is the tattered band of student revolutionaries that has sent Charles Glenn "through that bush" again this summer in Mississippi. It is around the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, or "Snick" as it is called from its initials, that the warmest controversy within the civil-rights movement now swirls. S.N.C.C. grew in spontaneous and uncharted fashion out of the student sit-ins of 1960 and has been growing ever since. It has 220 staffers, all but 80 of them Negro. A sprinkling of them hold master's degrees, but a good many more were recruited on the spot in the South and have only an eighth-grade education. Their average age is 22; their basic wage is $20 a week. S.N.C.C. has 300 volunteers in the field this summer, mostly white students from the North, and they get no pay.

S.N.C.C. workers are commonly referred to as the "shock troops" of the civil-rights movement—a particularly tough southern sheriff draws them like a magnet. But for shock troops they are uncommonly gentle. A number of them were studying either philosophy or theology when they joined the movement, and several others are aspiring novelists and poets. Apparently equating motion with progress, they roam about the South in caravans

of cars. A reporter may seek them in vain in their ramshackle offices and then find them quite by chance, all in a pack, in some remote Alabama town. For shock troops, too, S.N.C.C. workers are astoundingly disorganized—or, rather, unorganized, for a fervent tenet of S.N.C.C.'s peculiar philosophy is that organization and leaders are superfluous—"people can lead themselves." So deeply runs this mistrust of leadership that Robert Moses, who directed S.N.C.C.'s summer project in Mississippi last year amid a glare of national publicity, decided he owed it to the movement to change his name (to Robert Parris) and drop temporarily out of sight.

"This place reminds me of a progressive nursery school," said one S.N.C.C. staffer, "where the children are encouraged to speak out—all at once."

Yet these disorganized youngsters have consistently displayed the greatest energies and most fertile imaginations at work in civil rights. In Mississippi they have built a powerful grass-roots movement, the Freedom Democratic Party, organized down to the precinct level all over the state. They helped to form a "Freedom Labor Union" of hoe hands and tractor drivers who went on strike in the Mississippi delta this summer. They worked to organize Selma, Ala., and brought in much of the northern manpower for the Selma-Montgomery march (which did havoc to Selma but aroused the country to the need for a voting-rights bill). And through northern affiliates called Friends of S.N.C.C., with 150 chapters mostly on campus, S.N.C.C. had a hand in radicalizing a sizable minority of today's college generation.

Persistent rumor has it that the House Un-

Snick leader Lawrence Guyot is a native Mississippian.

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American Activities Committee will soon start an investigation of S.N.C.C. An official of the committee says that "Snick has been infiltrated by Communists." In a recent report, a commission of the Alabama legislature singled S.N.C.C. out for special attention as a group that is "extensively dominated by Communists." (S.N.C.C. called the report "a lot of rubbish produced by a racist legislature.") But friends of the civil-rights movement, as well as some of its leaders, are also concerned. Early this year, after declaring that "Chinese Communists" were trying to penetrate the civil-rights movement, Roy Wilkins, head of the N.A.A.C.P., broke off support for the S.N.C.C. program in Mississippi.

S.N.C.C.'s radicalism is its own, and too spontaneous and emotional to fit the rigid confines of Marxism. But the S.N.C.C. view of America is harsh, coinciding on some points with the orthodox Communist line. S.N.C.C. believes, as Lawrence Guyot told the Hattiesburg rally, that "a few people in this country control the entire political arena, Democratic and Republican. The political arena has got to be amended to let more and more people in." S.N.C.C.'s economic ideas are hazy but tend toward a planned economy. "If this movement spreads," Guyot told the rally, "you wouldn't need to worry about jobs or food." Silas Norman, S.N.C.C. project director in Alabama, says that "if there were any real democracy in this country, we wouldn't store grain while people go hungry." S.N.C.C. workers are opposed to U.S. involvement in the Dominican Republic and South Vietnam and equate the U.S. role in both places to that of the white cop in the South—"to what Sheriff Jim Clark did in Selma," as S.N.C.C. Chairman John Lewis puts it.

"We go beyond civil rights in a lot of things," Executive Secretary James Forman explains. "We raise threats to the whole value system of our society, to the whole system of young people devoting their lives to money. Most people in S.N.C.C. feel that there has to be a reshaping of American institutions. The kind of votes and deals that go on in Congress have to be changed. The poor have to get a better break. If that's socialism, all right, but most people in S.N.C.C. would shun the word, because there's socialism and socialism. We don't have a rigid program. We are pragmatic, chipping away." Forman adds, "I consider myself basically an agitator seeking a nonviolent revolution in this country."

S.N.C.C. does not think of nonviolence in the "love your enemy" spirit of Martin Luther King but rather, in Forman's words, as "a tactic to be aggressively used." Forman rocked a crowd including northern ministers, rabbis and nuns gathered at Brown's Chapel in Selma last spring for the Selma-Montgomery march with the ringing promise that "if we can't eat at the table, we'll knock the [obscenity] legs off." ("I said it," admits Forman, a moody and impulsive man, "but nobody bothered to mention that I apologized afterward.") Last June, just before his tenth arrest, Forman warned that he did not know "how much longer we can stay nonviolent."

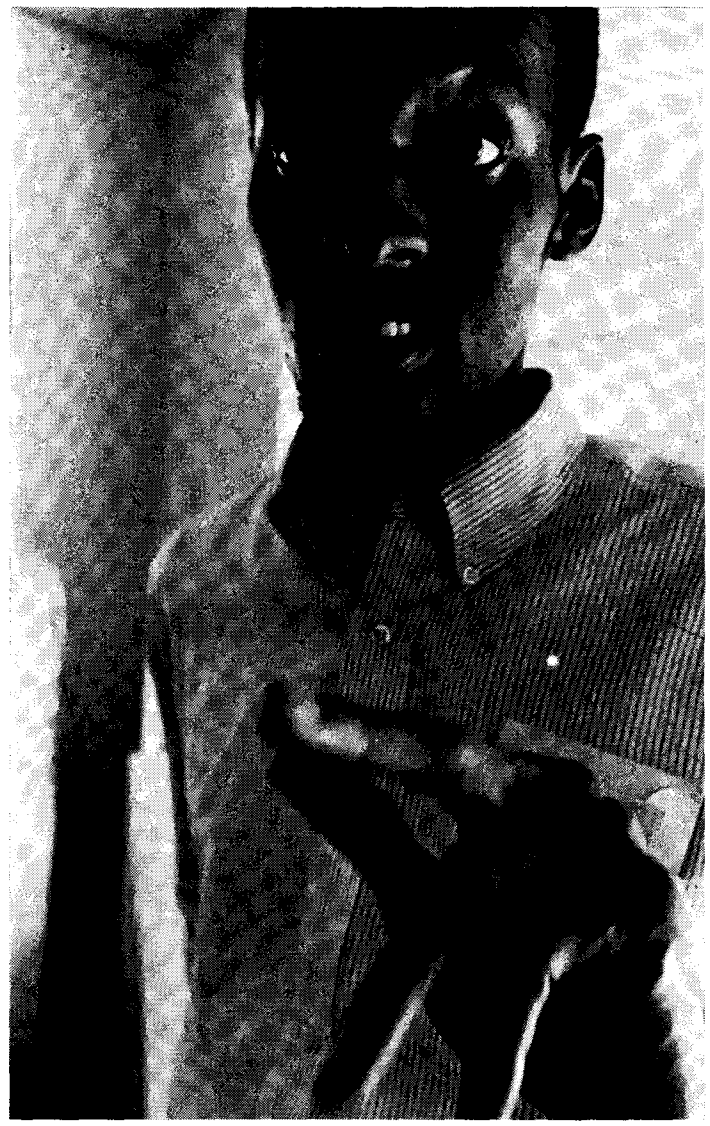
Unhappy with both major political parties, S.N.C.C. opts for something called "direct" or "participatory" democracy at the community level. As S.N.C.C. sees it, the southern Negro has never had voice in his own destiny, and the first need is for him to learn to speak out and begin making some of the decisions that affect his own life. In practice it resembles a Quaker meeting where no vote is ever taken but, after exhaustive discussion, some sort of consensus for action is reached. These meetings are also designed to ready local Negroes for the vote when it comes.

"Now imagine this church is the state of Mississippi," Guyot told the Hattiesburg rally. "And suppose we say all the people on the left-hand side of the aisle will make the laws, and all the people on the right-hand side will have to obey them. Is that fair? Well, that is the situation in Mississippi, which is 42 percent Negro. The white half makes the laws and the Negro half has to obey them." The meeting rambled along in impromptu fashion, with comments and questions from the floor ("How can we find our friends in the other race?") and spontaneous freedom songs. "Everybody is saying we are Communist," Guyot continued, "that we're all Communists. That is because the people who run the political arena in this country can't control us. We are going to see if President Johnson and all the flaming liberals in this country really mean it when they say everybody ought to participate. We're *ready*. After the voting bill passes, we can register everybody you know. Everybody you know!"

"People like the N.A.A.C.P. find our meetings totally bewildering," said a S.N.C.C. worker. "One of them came up to me and said, 'You let that old farmer ramble on for half an hour, and he didn't say a thing worth listening to.' Maybe he didn't say anything important to the N.A.A.C.P. or President Johnson, but he said something important to *him*."

But, though S.N.C.C. exalts the "old farmer" and is doggedly anti-leader, the force that holds this sprawling organization together comes in fact from a dozen or so talented leaders. They have been beaten on courthouse steps, thrown into the hotboxes of county jails and spent months working on penal farms and in road gangs of the South.

The closest thing S.N.C.C. has to a chief is its executive secretary, James Forman, 36, a powerfully built man with an unruly shock of hair and a perpetual scowl. He grew up on a farm in northern Mississippi and was teaching school in Chicago



Lean, intense James Jones leads Snick in Arkansas.

In West Helena, Ark., young, white Snick volunteers from the North sing with pupils of Snick "freedom school."

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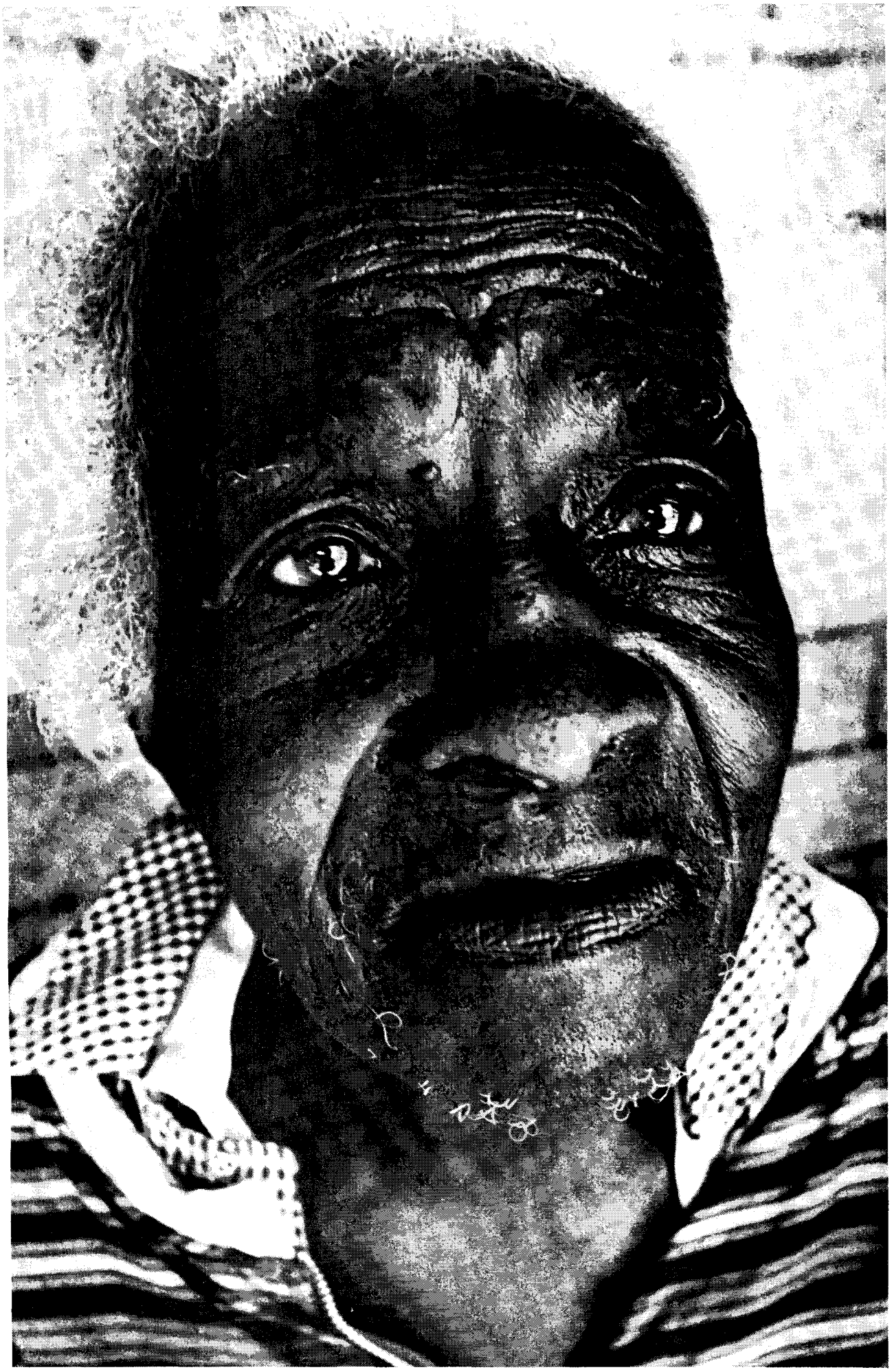

"I'm 94, and I'm going to vote for the first time," says Lucy Crockett of Clarksdale, Miss. Snick got her to register.

when he joined S.N.C.C. He is an angry and effective stump speaker, and his uniform while in the field is a pair of sharecropper-style denim overalls. But he now spends more and more of his time in S.N.C.C.'s newly renovated offices on Nelson Street in Atlanta, resolving S.N.C.C.'s perpetual crises by long-distance telephone.

Chairman John Lewis, 25, small, dignified, almost prim, a native of Alabama, was studying theology at Fisk University in Nashville when he dropped out to join S.N.C.C. He shows S.N.C.C.'s gentler side, accepting nonviolence "both as a philosophy and a tactic." He has been beaten 12 times and jailed 38 times and is much in demand on the fund-raising circuits of the North.

Robert Moses (now Parris) holds an M.A. in mathematics from Harvard and was teaching at the Horace Mann School in New York when he went South to open up Mississippi for S.N.C.C. He is slender, soft-spoken and languid, and his glasses slip down along his thin, aristocratic nose. He is regarded with something akin to hero-worship within the movement, and he is alive today by great good luck. Outside Greenwood, Miss., two years ago, a fusillade riddled the car in which Moses was riding. Two shots hit the driver. Moses grabbed the wheel and stopped the car unharmed. He has now come north to lead demonstrations against the war in Vietnam.

The two top S.N.C.C. leaders who have emerged within Mississippi are Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer of Ruleville in the delta and Lawrence Guyot of Pass Christian in the Creole country along the Gulf Coast. Mrs. Hamer, who is short and plump, has large soft eyes and can make a church meeting quiver with a freedom song. She had been a timekeeper on a delta plantation for 18 years when she tried to register to vote; she was fired the same day and then went to work for S.N.C.C. She was jailed in Winona, Miss., on June 9, 1963, and turned over to Negro trusties by a state trooper who gave the instructions: "Make the bitch wish she was dead." They beat her with blackjacks. Next day, Guyot, a graduate of Tougaloo College, and an impassioned orator who had already spent two months in prison for leading a voter-registration drive, arrived to investigate. He was slapped repeatedly by a state trooper for refusing to say "Yes, sir," then handed over to local whites who beat him and then threw him in jail.

But the beatings were not in vain. For out of southern brutality came S.N.C.C.'s reputation as a band of fearless shock troops. And S.N.C.C. used this reputation to create the two bases of power that have turned it from a tiny group into one of the four major civil-rights organizations. One base is the Friends of S.N.C.C. movement on the campuses and in the cities of the North, whence flow the funds to meet S.N.C.C.'s one-million-dollar annual budget. "First we had to act, dare to confront the white segregationist in the heart of the deep South," says one of the S.N.C.C. founders. "Then we had to go north and tell our personal stories, play hero, which we all found distasteful but necessary. And then the North had to come South, to Selma, and *see* the southern Negro, who had never been connected up in any way with American society before."

The second base of S.N.C.C.'s power was built in the Negro towns of Mississippi. It is the Freedom Democratic Party. Since the Negro Mississippians could not participate in regular party politics (until this summer only 7 percent were registered to vote), S.N.C.C. set out to build a party for them. F.D.P., of which Guyot is chairman, boasts a state committee and has county chairmen and precinct leaders all over the state. It has conducted straw "freedom votes" for congressmen and local officials and elected delegates to the Democratic National Convention last year. With the coming of real voting rights, F.D.P. will change from a training school to the most powerful Negro organization in Mississippi.

F.D.P.'s potential power, and its intransigence, were rudely revealed to the Johnson Administration last summer at the Democratic Convention. The F.D.P. delegation of farmers and domestic servants flatly rejected as tokenism a compromise offer of two seats as delegates-at-large—even though the plan had been thought up by Lyndon Johnson. Johnson was annoyed, and ever since then the Administration has been quietly creating roadblocks in F.D.P.'s path.

F.D.P. has been struggling to unseat Mississippi's five congressmen, on the grounds that disfranchisement of the Negro made their election illegal. But the Administration and the House leadership oppose this measure, and it seems certain to lose, and lose so quietly it will not even count as a propaganda victory. "The challenge illustrates both the simplicity and the deep sense of legalism of F.D.P.," says Guyot, putting the best possible face on the matter. "We used the law to put these five men on trial before the entire country."

In all these endeavors, S.N.C.C. has had to do

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without the support of the N.A.A.C.P. Last month the bad feelings between the two groups broke into the open when the N.A.A.C.P. sent its own small company of 50 northern volunteers into Mississippi to work on voter registration. Wilkins himself flew down for the keynote speech to an audience of 1,000 gathered in the sultry auditorium of the Negro Masonic Lodge Building in Jackson. As he finished, an F.D.P. contingent led by a bearded S.N.C.C. veteran from Greenwood named Willie Peacock tried to storm the stage to challenge him to debate. N.A.A.C.P. elders, one of them wearing a pistol, stopped Peacock and surrounded him. Wilkins left the hall to F.D.P. catcalls and cries of "Uncle Tom," and "That man has sold out the people of Mississippi."

"Our volunteers will be well-dressed," says Aaron Henry, a Clarksdale druggist and Mississippi president of the N.A.A.C.P., obviously alluding to S.N.C.C.'s reputation as a beatnik crowd. "This is the dignified, American way."

The N.A.A.C.P. has sent over 100 voter registration workers into Alabama, where S.N.C.C. has only a few pockets of strength. In the other southern states, too, the N.A.A.C.P.'s well-organized local branches are running their own voter drives. All through the South, the Administration and the N.A.A.C.P. are working to bring Negro and white Democrats gradually together. "The swing of the white southern Democrat to the Republicans is on and will continue," a white liberal in Mississippi explains, "and Johnson is not about to let S.N.C.C. take over the remains of the Democratic Party in the South."

"They ask us, what are you trying to do, break up the Democratic Party?" says Forman. "I say yes, as it's now constituted. We want to let some democracy in. The alliance that has existed between the white South and northern business interests has to be shaken. You don't get any change without some breakage." S.N.C.C. workers often assert that "we have to fight both power structures, white and black." Surveying the current N.A.A.C.P. drive, Guyot says with heavy sarcasm: "If I were L.B.J., I would get together all the Negro beauticians and doctors and lawyers and businessmen and say to heck with these radicals, these 'Communists' in F.D.P. Then L.B.J. wouldn't have to deal with the people of Mississippi at all. He could just deal with the leaders."

The charges of Communism have hurt, and S.N.C.C. could smooth its path by disavowing Communist support. But this S.N.C.C. adamantly refuses to do. "We stand on our affirmative program," says Forman. "We don't ask people what they are. We don't have a security check or a loyalty oath." On campus, young Communists do belong to Friends of S.N.C.C., and in S.N.C.C. field offices a wild variety of far-left newspapers stand in stacks. The papers are read, but a staff member explains: "We don't subscribe to them. They just come every week."

"Snick's radicalism has no relation to the Communist Party apparatus," says Dr. Robert Spike of the National Council of Churches. "I came to this view after long association with these guys. Unfortunately, in this country if you're a radical you're a Communist, when one of the surest forms of anti-Communism is a radical form that is not Marxist." While granting this point, some liberals still worry that the Communists might get a foothold in the civil-rights movement and subvert it or wreck it, as they almost wrecked the labor movement a generation ago. But the very nature of S.N.C.C.—chaotic, undisciplined and every man a king—argues against domination by anybody, including Communists.

S.N.C.C. staffers waste little time disclaiming Communism. They are engrossed in their fight against both "power structures," and the work is nerve-racking and still dangerous. It is true that even the hard-core states, Alabama and Mississippi, have moved from total defiance to tokenism, but murder in the night takes only one man or a handful. S.N.C.C. Chairman Lewis fears that past patterns of violence point to another outburst when Negroes actually begin to register in great numbers. "The next few months will be a time of conflict and tension," he says.

The day-to-day life of the S.N.C.C. worker is not one of terror but of petty frustration, a large element of which is a grinding and constant harassment by the police; one of S.N.C.C.'s major expenses in the South is traffic fines, each one of them set big enough to hurt but not big enough to be worth the cost of appeal. And after a day under the southern sun, pounding the gravel or dirt streets where the Negroes live, a S.N.C.C. worker is dirty, fatigued and often despondent. He has to combat both Negro apathy and Negro fear. "We give a wiener roast, and every kid in town shows up," says Barbara Lee, 17, a native of McComb, Miss., and a S.N.C.C. worker there. "Then that's the last we hear of them." In Jackson, one worker lined up a recruit only by promising to take her to a movie next Saturday afternoon.

Engaged in this difficult, dusty work, the white kids from the North are understandably resentful of the charge that they look like beatniks. "I wear jeans because I am out in the fields all day," says Steve Jones, 20, of Phoenix, Ariz., now working for S.N.C.C. in Hattiesburg. "But they are clean. We are working, not sitting around Greenwich Village smoking pot."

Merely living in proximity and working together is a trying emotional experience for both the southern Negro and the northern white. A white girl from Michigan explains that "you go through two stages with a Negro boy. First he is afraid of you, afraid of getting arrested for reckless eyeballing, which used to be a lynching offense. Then he wonders, 'Why is this white girl paying any attention to me?' and his answer is, 'Why? Because I'm a Negro male.' Oddly enough, the Negro believes this myth of his sexual superiority taught him by the whites. The problem is turning him down without hurting his feelings."

Another problem is the sheer boredom of the bright college student trapped in a small southern town. "I was in Batesville, Mississippi, before I came here," says a white girl in Jackson, "and I was absolutely traumatized. Every light in town went off at nine o'clock at night, and there wasn't a damn thing to do but listen to the corn grow."

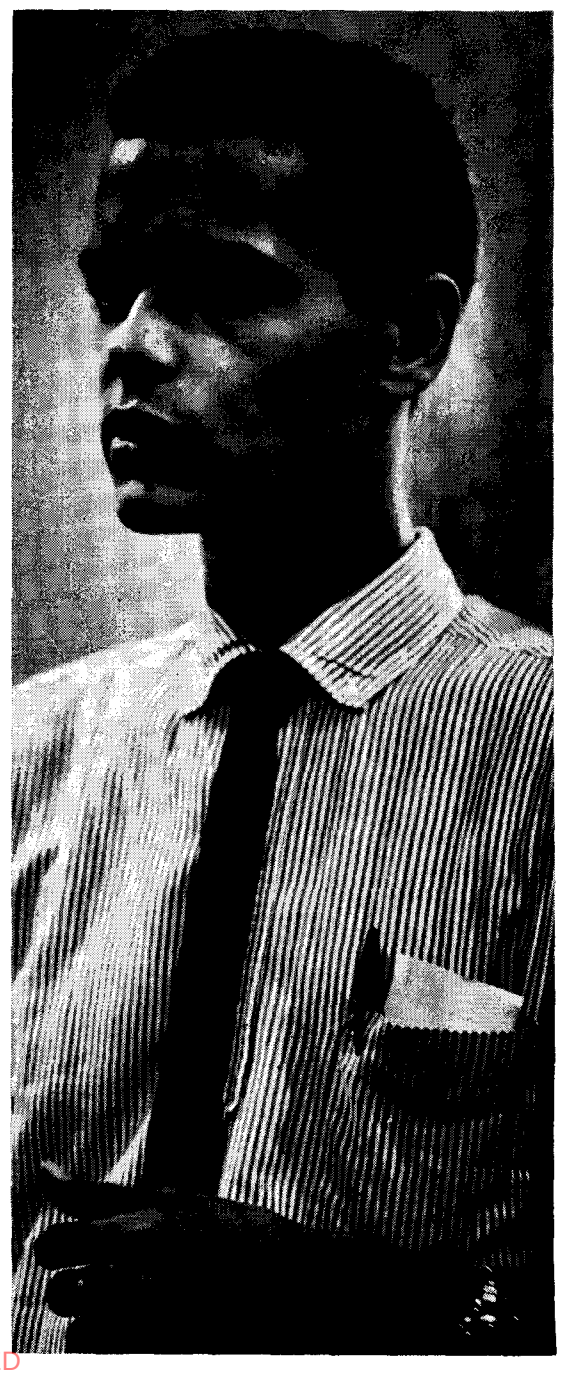
All this nervous tension and frustration, plus a bad diet grabbed at odd hours, have made stomach trouble the occupational disease of the movement. Forman, for example, has come down twice with ulcers. "I haven't enjoyed anything I've done since 1961," he says. "What I would enjoy is to be free to relax, to sleep. I certainly don't like mobilizing people to march against state troopers, but it just has to be done. It's not a question of whether I *like* it but of whether it is *right*."

Yet these weary, battered shock troops keep spinning out fascinating ideas. The newest product of the S.N.C.C. imagination is every bit as revolutionary as F.D.P. It is a Freedom Labor Union of cotton hands in the Mississippi delta, 1,000 of whom have gone on strike demanding the unheard of wage of $1.25 an hour for chopping cotton. (Three dollars for a 10-hour day is the going rate.) Near Tribbett, a dozen tractor drivers and their families threw up a picket line and were promptly thrown out of their homes on a plantation. "They told us to take off those freedom buttons 'cause we had all the freedom we was going to git," one of the Negro mothers explained. "They tried to 'fray us out of it," she said proudly, "but we struck on 'em just the same."

Excited by the delta project, S.N.C.C. workers in the bigger towns have held organizational meetings for a maids' union. The initial reaction from the Negro cooks was fear. But the idea has revolutionary potential, since the most cherished comfort of the "Southern way of life" is the Negro housekeeper. S.N.C.C. workers are also trying to set up cooperative grocery stores to sell good food at cost. And they are mobilizing all out-of-work Negroes to go register at the state employment offices. This device could send official unemployment rates soaring and damage southern claims of rapid economic progress.

The whole concept of building a political force out of tenant farmers, slum-dwellers and the unemployed is a radical departure from American political norms. One problem for the radicals, of course, is that if these Negroes at the bottom of the ladder make economic progress, they would then have something to lose and might well become less militant. "Concessions by the white community could fracture the F.D.P. idea and drain away support," says a white politician in Mississippi. "And what happens when the brilliant, militant F.D.P. leaders like Lawrence Guyot gain political power themselves? They become a part of the establishment too."

"This is a quarrel I have with my friends on the radical left," says an official at C.O.R.E. "They look on us as a means to achieve their ends. They are looking to the Negro to radicalize the country's politics. I think that the Negro will become more political but not necessarily more radical, except possibly in Mississippi. It's really a conservative revolution—a 'revolution' since a whole group that was hopeless before is now going to get its share, and 'conservative' since they want what other people have—a chance to fight crabgrass in the suburbs." □



Snick leader Julian Bond, 25, appalled segregationists by his recent election to Georgia's state legislature.

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Editorials

Humanity in South Africa

" . . . Why are so many people of different backgrounds eager to go there [to South Africa]? Because there is stability, peace and progress in this Republic, which has one of the fastest growing economies in the world. . . . Here any individual can, within his own community, rise to the top of his profession and become a business executive, cabinet minister and a leader among his people."

—THE SOUTH AFRICAN INFORMATION SERVICE

South Africa is indeed a rich and beautiful land. It produces vast amounts of gold and diamonds, bountiful harvests of corn and cotton. South Africans' talents range from the singing of Miriam Makeba to the golfing of Gary Player. Yet South Africa's only Nobel Peace Prize winner, Chief Albert Luthuli, has been under semi-arrest for the past five years. For South Africa, alone among all nations, has decreed racial segregation to be an inviolable law, to be imposed by force on the majority of the population. For more than a decade, while the rest of the world has tried to correct old injustices, the white minority in South Africa has insisted on its right to commit new ones.

It is easy to ignore the internal problems of a faraway land. It is lulling to hear South African officials argue that primitive Bantus prefer their separate-but-equal tribal culture. It is reassuring to see no signs of either Communism or upheaval. But what is easy, lulling and reassuring may also be deceptive.

"The outward appearance of peace," says the noted author Alan Paton, who is forbidden to leave South Africa, "comes about because the government has tremendous powers to silence its opponents, to banish them to remote places, to ban them from attending meetings . . . and all this, mind you, without charge, trial or verdict."

Others do get convicted. Harold Strachan, for one, is a 39-year-old artist who recently wrote an account of his three years as a political prisoner. One scene: "It was a freezingly cold day. I came into the office and saw a little Bushman type of Colored man, short and very thin. . . . Warder Claassens in the office—he was a huge man . . . ordered this little man to go and have a cold shower. . . . It was the fourth time the man had been sent to shower out of doors, in the cold, with no towel, and then brought back into the office in his wet clothes. . . . After leaving this little man standing for about another 15 minutes, Claassens got up and with full force hit the man in his belly, lifted him clean off his feet. . . . Another warder in the office sat and laughed. There was a bucket of dirty water which other prisoners had been using to clean the floor. Claassens held the little man by his feet and stuck his head into the bucket. Then he sent a prisoner to fetch a broom and he gave this little chap squad drill. . . ." When the articles appeared in the *Rand Daily Mail*, the authorities took steps to correct the situation. They placed Strachan under house arrest for five years, raided the *Daily Mail* and threatened to prosecute it.

Will the situation improve? After 17 years under Prime Minister H. F. Verwoerd's Nationalists, the white-supremacy forces are expected to win again in next year's elections (for whites only), but the Johannesburg Department of Non-European Affairs recently issued a pamphlet encouraging better treatment of Bantu servants. It urged employers to pay as much as $22 a month and to limit the servants' work week to 65 hours. "It must be remembered," the document advised, "that domestic servants are human."

In defense of drams and scruples

There's a move under way in Washington to study the merits of scrapping our time-honored system of weights and measures and adopting the European system of meters, liters and grams. The reasons for the change sound impressive: The metric system is more scientific, we're losing lots of foreign trade by clinging to old-fashioned standards, and the requirements of computer technology demand that we modernize our measurements.

These arguments strike us as fairly dubious. The definition of an inch as "three barleycorns laid end to end" may not be overwhelmingly scientific, but what is so awesome about defining a meter as "1,650,763.73 wavelengths of the orange-red line of the gas krypton-86"? And though someone has estimated that our failure to use the metric system may cost us $10 billion a year in foreign trade, it's hard to be fully convinced by such hypothetical statistics. As for the computer's difficulties with non-metric measurements, that scarcely seems a reason for radical innovation.

There is, of course, a purely romantic antiquarianism in the idea of 20 grains making a scruple and three scruples making a dram, in the idea that 20 pennyweights make one troy ounce and that 80 chains make 320 rods or one statute mile. To reduce all these units to meters and grams would reduce still further the richness of variety that makes life interesting. But that is not the point. The question is how we measure value and why we measure it as we do. Not many of us are concerned with engineering problems that require millimetric accuracy, and we have no objections to technicians learning the metric system and using it as their international language. But we do object to their requiring everyone else to learn a kind of scientific Esperanto. The overwhelming majority of us, who have measured our lives in pounds and feet and acres, would much prefer to continue speaking the language that we inherited.

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